

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Vol. IV.—JULY, 1879.—No. 15.

RELIGION AND CULTURE.

THE simple and comprehensive idea of education includes within itself almost everything. It is as many-sided as human nature, and its limits are as wide as the capacities of the soul, which in its hopes, desires, and aspirations is infinite. All things have an educational value, and that man is educable is the great and guiding fact in history. Forms of government, laws, social customs, literature, industrial arts, climate, and soil not only educate, but are esteemed according to the kind of education which they give. Whatever tends to make one more than he is or to hinder him from being less than he is, is a part of education. The various races of men are doubtless unlike in their natural endowments, but they differ far more widely by reason of the dissimilar educational influences which have acted upon them.

It may be affirmed with truth that our good qualities are acquired.

We are taught to be modest, truthful, brave, gentle, humane, as we are taught to speak a language. Excellence is thus a triumph over nature, and virtue is the result of victories over instinctive passion. The tendency so common in our day to exalt instinct, almost to consecrate it, springs from an optimistic theory which is utterly at variance with the facts. The wise man does not follow nature but subdues it into conformity with reason; though to do this he must, of course, work in accordance with the laws of nature. The first and deepest element in the life of the individual as of the race is religious faith, which consequently is the chief and highest instrument of education. Religion is man's supreme effort to rise above nature and above his natural self. It gives him a

definite aim and an absolute ideal. "Be ye perfect," it says, "as your Heavenly Father is perfect." It constitutes him a dweller in a world where mere utility has no place. It gives him high thoughts of himself, and thereby exalts his aims and heightens his standards of conduct. It makes him feel that to be true, to be good, to be beautiful, is most desirable, even though no practical gain or use should thence follow. It turns his thoughts to spiritual worth and diminishes his estimate of what is accidental and phenomenal. It addresses itself to the soul, and seeks to give it that pre-eminence which is the condition of all progress; for, "by the soul only shall the nations be great and free." It proclaims the paramount worth of right conduct, which alone brings a man at peace with himself, and thus makes possible the harmonious development of his being. Little cause for wonder is there that everywhere in all time priests should be the first teachers of the race; that poetry, and music, and painting, and sculpture, and architecture should first become possible when the creative voice of faith in the unseen commands them to exist. But upon this it is not my purpose now to dwell, and I merely intimate that true religion, as it appeals to all man's highest faculties with supreme power, must necessarily promote true culture. The direct aim of religion, however, is not to produce culture, nor is it the immediate aim of culture to produce religion; and it may, therefore, happen that they come in conflict. I take the matter seriously, and have not the faintest desire to join in the easy sneer with which this word, *culture*, is often received. That in the mouths of the frivolous and the vulgar it should be no better than cant, is only what may happen to any word which such persons take up, and it were wiser to reflect that the ideal of culture has exercised an irresistible fascination over many of the most finely endowed minds that have ever lived.

The word itself may not indeed be the best; but it seems to serve the purpose better than any other which we who speak English possess. They who propose culture to us as something desirable, would have us aim at a full and harmonious development of our nature, greater freedom from narrowness and prejudice, more disinterested and expansive sympathies, flexibility and openness of thought, courtesy and gentleness, and whatever else goes to form the idea of a liberal education. And if we ask them what end we may expect to gain by following this advice, we betray our inability to appreciate their words. Culture is an end in itself, and brings its own reward. It is good to have a trained and flexible mind, wide and refined sympathies. Just as those who are truly religious do not value their faith for any worldly advantage which it may give them, so the disciples of culture cannot consider the pursuit of excellence as a means of success. To aim at such a

result would be to deny the virtue of culture. They are little concerned with the usefulness of knowledge. The knowledge is more than its use, and they choose rather to be intelligent than to be rich or powerful or in office.

To urge the pursuit of learning with a view to money-making is apostasy from light, is desertion to the enemies of the soul. This opinion, it is needless to say, is in open conflict with our American notions of education. Utility is our guiding principle in this matter, and to say of any kind of knowledge that it is not useful is to condemn it. The best defence which we can set up in behalf of religion itself is to prove that it promotes the general welfare; that it is useful, not that it is true. Hardly any man with us is able to rise above this spirit, which controls not only our elementary, but equally our higher education. We universally regard knowledge as a means to worldly success. A certain mental training we hold to be essential, and those who go beyond this study with a view to entering some one of the professions. But to study for even a learned profession is not the way to get a liberal education; for this highest culture comes when the mind is disciplined for its own sake, and not with the view to narrow and fit it to any trade or business. Hence, it not unfrequently happens that successful professional men are almost wholly lacking in general intelligence, mental flexibility, and wide sympathies. And this is even used as an argument against culture.

That we take a utilitarian and low view of education is neither accidental nor unintentional. It is the view which our history suggests and seems to justify, and it is the one which we as a people have deliberately chosen to adopt. And in the estimation of a very great many persons the result is satisfactory. The aim is not exalted, and it has been attained with remarkable rapidity and ease. Hence we are self-complacent and inclined to boastfulness. We point with pride to our vast population, to the boundless extent of territory which we have subdued and forced to yield up its wealth, to the roads and cities which we have built, to the schools which are within the reach of all and are the same for all, to the industrial and commercial enterprise which enables us to compete successfully in the markets of the world with the oldest and richest nations, to the inventive genius which leads in the application of mechanical contrivances to the production of personal and social comfort, and to crown our happiness we are the freest of all peoples. That we are faultless no one pretends to claim; but our achievements are so real and valuable, that we should not be slow to believe that the methods which have enabled us to accomplish so much will give us also the power to overcome the dangers which may threaten our peace and progress. Our aims are mechanical,

and in congratulating ourselves upon the success with which we attain them we lose sight of the fact that these aims ought not to be pursued as ends in themselves. Freedom and wealth, like railroads and telegraphs, are means and not ends. Their value is not in themselves, but in what is made possible through them; and it is the office of culture to force people to recognize this. The cultivated mind is smitten with the love of an internal and spiritual beauty, and holds machinery cheap. It is bent upon seeing things as they are; it looks through marble walls and gaudy liveries and the smoke of factories, and will not be content until it discovers what beauty and truth, if any, are hidden under these shows. It is wholly free from the superstition of wealth and success. If the rich man is ignorant, coarse, and narrow, he is a beggar in the eyes of culture. Fond parents in this land find great comfort in the thought that their boy may one day be President of the United States; but if the President is a sot or a boor, culture will ignore him though he should hold office for life.

We cannot laugh at culture to any good purpose, for it has the spiritual mind which judges all things. To the opinions of the vulgar it gives no heed, and they who have insight are reverent, seeing that it is good. It can be indifferent even to fame. Here again we may remark that its unworldly temper and spiritual standard of perfection bring it into friendly relation with religion. Culture is concerned with the formation of the mind and the character, and values all things with reference to this end. It does not despise temporal and mechanical benefits, but seeks to turn them to the account of the soul. The man is more than his money, or his office, or his trade. Wealth is good in that it gives freedom and independence, the opportunity for self-improvement. The worth of all this money-getting industrialism which absorbs our life is in the preparation which it makes for culture. The test of civilization is the degree of human perfection which it produces. To dwell with complacency upon the thought of our cities, railroads, and wealth, is to be narrow and vulgar. We are not concerned with wood, and stone, and iron, but with man. What kind of man will this social mechanism shape? This is what we are interested to know, and this is what culture would have us keep in view. There are many intelligent, and otherwise not unfriendly persons, who placing themselves at this standpoint, find it impossible to look with enthusiasm or even complacency upon our American life. M. Renan, for instance, with whom the idea of culture is supreme, takes no pains to conceal his opinion of us. "The countries," he says, "which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction, without any serious higher education, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity,

their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence."

Again: "The ideal of American society is further removed than that of any other from the ideal of a society governed by science. The principle that society exists only for the welfare and freedom of the individuals of which it is composed, would seem to be contrary to the plans of nature, who takes care of the species, but sacrifices the individual. It is greatly to be feared lest the final outcome of this kind of democracy be a social state in which the degenerate masses will have no other desire than to indulge in the ignoble pleasures of the lower and vulgar man." And M. Renan thinks it probable that the senseless vanity of a population which has received elementary instruction, will make it unwilling to contribute to the maintenance of an education superior to its own; and he, therefore, has little hope that democracy will prove favorable to culture and the production of great men, which, in his opinion, is the end for which the human race exists. With this view of American life Mr. Matthew Arnold coincides. The circumstances of the case force him to think that America, the chosen home of newspapers and politics, is without general intelligence; "and that in the things of the mind, and in culture and totality, America, instead of surpassing us all, falls short." The cause of this he finds not so much in our democratic form of government as in the inherited tendencies of the people of the United States, which issues from the English Puritan middle class and reproduces its narrow conception of man's spiritual range.

The Puritan character with all its good points is undoubtedly angular, partial, and without æsthetic sympathy or appreciation, and the predominant influence of New England more than democracy has stood in the way of the harmonious development of American life. What literature we have is almost exclusively of Puritan origin; and when it smells of the soil it is narrow and provincial, and when it is the echo of European schools of thought it is tame and feeble. Theodore Parker, for instance, who is looked upon as one of the most liberal and cultivated minds of New England, is hard and fanatical, and almost wholly lacking in the sweetness and light which are essential elements of culture. His skeptical and rationalistic temper leaves him as deficient in totality as though he were one of the original Pilgrim Fathers. And in Mr. Emerson, who is generally supposed to come nearer the ideal of culture than any other American, there is a whimsicalness, a lack of sanity, and a mannerism, both of thought and expression, which are wholly at variance with completeness of character. We must not, however, be unfair to New England, which has been and still is the home of American culture, and though it be not the highest

it is the best we have. The South has never shown any love of intellectual excellence for its own sake. Its great men are politicians, partisan leaders; and some of the most famous, as Henry Clay, for instance, without liberal education. The West, in the public opinion, is only another name for coarseness and vulgarity and it was hardly to be expected that a generation which had to fell the forest and drain the prairie should find leisure or opportunity for higher culture. Let us then receive with equanimity and good nature the criticism which finds us so greatly deficient in knowledge and refinement. Our ability to do this is of itself encouraging. The era in which it was possible to think that whatever is American is excellent has fortunately passed, and a greater familiarity with the history, the literature, and the manners of other nations has taken the freshness from our self-conceit. The sweet uses of adversity too have taught us most admirable lessons. Every man may have a vote, and every child may go to school, and the time may still be out of joint; the increase of national wealth need not protect the multitude from poverty and suffering, and the growth of intelligence may coexist with the decay of morals and the loss of faith.

"It is not fatal to Americans," says Mr. Arnold, "to have no religious establishments, and no effective centres of high culture, but it is fatal to them to be told by their flatterers, and to believe, that they are the most intelligent people in the world, when of intelligence in the true and fruitful sense of the word, they even singularly, as we have seen, come short."

Admitting all, even the worst that can be said of us on this point, our very enemies must nevertheless concede that the preparations for a higher culture have been made by us and exist under altogether favorable conditions. Great fault may be justly found with our whole educational mechanism. The colleges and universities are doubtless imperfect enough and often obstacles to the development of intelligence. But the remedy is in our hands.

Our wealth and industrialism place within easy reach whatever can be accomplished by money, and there are no difficulties which may not be overcome by earnest faith in the ideal which culture presents. The important question for us is whether this ideal ought to excite our admiration and love. A very great number of sincere and enlightened men, representing conflicting tendencies and opposite schools of thought, look upon the ideal of culture as false and hurtful to the best interests of man; and the objections which they urge are numerous and weighty. The masses of mankind, they say, have neither the opportunity nor the desire for culture; and this is fortunate, for devotion to this ideal has an unmistakable tendency to diminish zeal for the general welfare. The

men of culture hold themselves aloof from the crowd and take no interest in the practical questions of the day. They live in a dreamland of poesy, and in the consciousness of their inability to help forward any good cause content themselves with criticism which unsettles convictions and weakens the zest for action. They preach loud enough that the end of life is an act and not a thought, and yet both their example and their teaching tend to obscure all the ways of life in which men are accustomed to labor. Goethe writes poetry and preserves his philosophic serenity in the midst of the appalling calamities of his country, of which he seems to be altogether oblivious. Mr. Carlyle, through half a century, chides his fellow-men, accepts neither faith nor science, neither acts himself nor points out to others how they may labor to good purpose. Mr. Arnold frankly admits that he has no desire to see men of culture intrusted with power, and were he consulted by his countrymen on questions of actual moment he could only repeat the precept of Socrates, "Know thyself." When France lay crushed and bleeding at the feet of Germany, M. Renan withdrew to a quiet retreat to compose Platonic dialogues, in which he gives expression to his contempt for the crowd and his distrust of all the popular movements of the age. Culture thus seems to produce a skeptical and fickle habit of mind which is incompatible with strong and abiding convictions, and consequently destructive of resolution and enthusiasm, without which man cannot accomplish any great purpose in life; and Mr. Frederic Harrison may not be wholly mistaken in thinking that the men of culture are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be intrusted with power. This he says of England, and without reference to America, where this class can hardly be said to exist at all; and the apprehension of their getting into power need not, therefore, be a cause of anxiety to our statesmen, whose mental resources, even as things are, seem to be not more than sufficient to meet the demands which are made upon them. The believers in culture, it is further urged, are propagandists of a cosmopolitan and non-national spirit, which undermines patriotism, directs attention to an impossible ideal, and disenchants men of their inherited character, which, whatever may be its faults, is the essential basis of virtue and excellence. The education derived from the national genius, like that of the family, cannot be supplied by any other agency, and the cosmopolitanism which ignores this must necessarily tend to create a temper like that of the ideal Epicurean, who is described as indifferent to public affairs and the fate of empires, and not subject to any such weakness as pity for the poor or jealousy of the rich. In this view then culture is destructive of patriotism.

Other objections are urged against its ethical character. Cul-

ture, it is said, is only a refined epicureanism. Its aim is to educate man so as to fit him for the enjoyment of the greatest possible pleasure. It shrinks from vice, not because it is evil, but because it is gross and disgusting. The men of culture, like the ancient Greeks, are without the sense of sin, and consequently at best have but a conventional morality.

Aristophanes was not more pagan than Goethe, who is the typical representative of the new religion. He it is who taught that to be beautiful is higher than to be good; and his denial of sin is implied in the doctrine that repentance is wrong. He assumes that there is no objective standard of right and wrong. Man is a law unto himself, and the pursuit of perfection is the effort to bring all his faculties into free and unhindered play. That which I feel to be true is true for me; that which I feel to be good is good for me; and therefore creeds and dogmas, whether religious or philosophic, cease to have either life or meaning as soon as the time-spirit has flown from them. The web of life is woven of necessity and chance; we must yield to destiny and seek to make the most of chance. Happiness is to be sought not in the fulfilment of duty, but in the sweetness and light, which are the results of the complete and harmonious development of our nature. "Woe be to every kind of education," says Goethe, "which destroys the means of obtaining true culture, and points our attention to the end instead of securing our happiness on the way." The philosophy of culture is then, it would appear, only another form of utilitarianism, and tacitly assumes that greatest happiness-principle, against which it so loudly protests.

It, in fact, looks upon this life as alone real and enjoyable, and considers him a madman, who troubles himself here in the hope of attaining blessedness hereafter. Morality consequently is nothing absolute, and whatever secures our "happiness on the way" is good. The point sought to be made is this: that, as culture results intellectually in universal criticism and doubt, so it morally ends in unlimited indulgence. The vulgar herd, finding no delight in the refined and studied pleasures of the cultivated, will have no other way of showing its appreciation of their theories than by wallowing in Epicurus's sty. And this, indeed, is the history of culture amongst all peoples. We know from Aristophanes what was the moral condition of the age of Pericles; and he ascribes the frightful degeneracy from the standard of conduct which made the men who fought and won at Marathon, to what he most aptly calls the "new education," or in the language of our time, modern culture. The same story is repeated in Rome. Virtue and public spirit flourished in the midst of poverty and rustic manners; but when conquered Greece with the silken

chords of culture led her captors captive, together with letters and refinement every kind of corruption was introduced into the state; and the Latin classics almost universally attribute the ruin of their country to this cause. Sallust considers a taste for painting as a vice no less than drunkenness; and Horace abounds in praise of the rigid virtue and simple ways of the fathers. And in modern times the age of Leo X. was an era of moral degeneracy, and that of Louis XIV. was immediately followed by the most humiliating and disgraceful epoch in French history; while in England, culture, as represented by the court of Charles II. fostered the most loathsome and hideous sensuality. Germany's culture period, too, is one of moral paralysis, and it is not surprising that it should have created the philosophy of hate and despair as taught by Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann. Goethe himself may inspire admiration and enthusiasm, but not respect.

It is further urged that this historical relationship between culture and licentiousness is founded in the nature of things; that polite literature and the elegant arts necessarily tend to create frivolous and effeminate habits of thought and feeling, because they separate the sentiment from the deed, whereas the end of feeling is to impel us to act. To luxuriate therefore in fine sentiments, noble thoughts, and the elegancies of style, and to rest in this indulgence is of itself immoral. The springs of action are thereby perverted from their proper use, and a character is developed like that of novel readers who weep over the misfortunes of imaginary heroes, and spurn the wretched from their door. The lovers of culture themselves recognize the evil and the danger, and hence they vociferously preach the necessity of action; but in vain, as their own example shows. They give us fine theories, but have no hope of realizing them; which is not surprising, for the habit of considering things from every point of view, and of weighing all that can be said for and against every opinion, begets a sophistical and hesitating disposition, which as a matter of course renders action distasteful, and moreover warps the practical judgment and unfits it for deciding upon any right course of conduct. A dreamer is not a man of action, and the work of the world is not done by critics.

St. Paul's examples of men who wrought great things by faith may be generalized and applied universally. All heroic conduct springs from the confidence which comes of faith. Knowledge does not suffice; for what will be the outcome of a given series of human acts cannot be known, and must therefore be taken on trust. Men who perform grandly see what ought to be done and move forward; that is, they trust their intuitions, and not the analysis of a critical survey of the situation. At the battle of

Lodi, Napoleon said the bridge must be taken; his officers declared it impregnable; he unsheathed his sword and passed over it behind the fleeing enemy. Culture is dilettantism. It may fill up an idle hour, but is as impotent to lead the world as millinery. In fact Mr. Arnold himself seems to perceive that it is just here that the special weakness of the new philosophy is revealed. The men of culture have failed conspicuously in conduct. They are unable even to subdue "the great faults of our animality." "They have failed in morality, and morality is indispensable." He insists again and again upon the paramount importance of conduct, and for the development of this ethical character he trusts to religion and not to culture. Hence though for him God is only "the stream of tendency," he will not give up the Bible. He throws aside indeed the whole dogmatic basis upon which the Bible rests, and yet would still seem to think that it is possible to preserve its moral teaching; and this leads us to another objection which is urged by the opponents of culture, viz., that it is irreligious. That this objection is not unfounded appears plainly to follow from what has already been said; for if culture fatally ends in universal criticism and immorality it is obviously in open conflict with religion. There is, it is true, an apparent similarity in their aims and ideals. Both propose perfection as the end to be sought for, and both place this perfection in an inward spiritual state, and not in any outward condition; and neither therefore looks upon material progress with the complacency which is so natural to the mere worldling. A deeper view however will discover the latent antagonism. The perfection at which culture aims is purely natural and has reference to this life alone. It loves excellence rather than virtue and is enamoured of beauty rather than of goodness. Religion emphasizes the evil of sin; culture its grossness. The thoughts of the religious are with God, while the lovers of culture are occupied with themselves, and hence humility is the attitude of the one and pride of the other. Self-denial is accepted by culture only as a means to higher and purer pleasure; by religion it is inculcated as the proof of love. Culture believes in this life only; religion in the life to come. And finally culture looks upon itself as an end; but in the eyes of religion it can be at best merely a means.

As it is not my purpose to enter a plea on behalf of culture I shall be at no pains to attempt an answer in detail to all these objections. That many of them at least are not captious, but are based upon real views of the subject I am ready to admit; and nevertheless the case of those who dispute the validity of the inference which is drawn, is, as I take it, not desperate. To those who urge that culture is cosmopolitan and weakens the spirit of patriotism, the reply may be made that an exaggerated nationalism

has been the cause of numberless woes to the human race. This is the stronghold of war and of all the train of evils which follow in its wake; this is the source of that restrictive legislation which has interfered with free trade and built barriers in the way of progress; this is the foment of that fatal prejudice which has nurtured a narrow conceit that shuts the rational mind of each country against the world's experience. Nor must it be forgotten that in this respect the influence of culture is in harmony with that of the Catholic Church, which is cosmopolitan and non-national.

The Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of all men, and of one world-wide spiritual kingdom in which all may receive the rights of citizenship, would seem to point towards a social state in which differences of race and country, if not obliterated, will at least remain comparatively inoperative. Again, the great battles of the Church with heresy have nearly all been waged against those who were striving to compress a Catholic religion into a national mould. That the men of culture would make but sorry statesmen or leaders of party we may grant. But a poet is not found fault with because he is not a metaphysician, nor is a general criticized for lack of taste in the fine arts. It is quite as important surely that there should be calm and enlightened thinkers as that there should be sturdy and indefatigable workers; and precisely where men are busiest with their temporal projects and mechanical contrivances, it is well that there should be found those who assume a loftier tone and point to higher aims. Every supreme mind, like the loftiest mountain peaks, rises into a region, where it dwells, far above the storm-cloud, in serene solitude; and, therefore, is it said that genius is melancholy. The most perfect culture also partakes of this loneliness, and is ill at ease in the crowd; but this only serves to enhance the value of the criticism which it pronounces upon the common ways and aims of men. He who, free from the passion and blinding dust of the conflict, surveys the field from an eminence, sees many things which are hidden from the eyes of the combatants. It is the fault of the eager rivalry of busy life that it leaves no time for calm reflection, and hence active workers grow narrow and would bend the universe to their little schemes. The salvation of society is made to depend upon the crotchet of a politician or upon the opening up of a new market for some article of commerce, or it is held to be within the competency of a school system to bring on the millennium. It is certainly of the first importance that men be fed, and clothed, and governed; but, as Goethe says, "the useful encourages itself, for the crowd produce it and none can dispense with it; the beautiful needs encouragement, for few can create it, and it is required by many." If the men of culture do not act they at least furnish the means of activity to others.

The old alchemists were no better than dreamers and idlers, but to them we are indebted for our physical science. It is easier to act than to think; and hence the world abounds in busy men, whereas a real thinker is hardly to be met with. Should we then employ all our efforts to stimulate an activity which is already feverish, and do nothing to encourage wider and profounder habits of thought? To take the lowest view, it will hardly be denied that the power to think correctly is useful. Idealists are often laughed at in their own day; but the dreams of the present not unfrequently become the recognized principles of action of the future. The common man, of course, living in the present, is impatient to see his labors bear immediate fruit; and a vulgar generation attaches little value to the good which can be enjoyed only by those who come after it; but without self-denial neither wisdom nor virtue can exist, and to aim at the reward which comes of right conduct is the certain way to disappointment. The charge that culture has an immoral tendency is more serious, and possibly not so easily set aside, for history seems to bear out the assertion that ages of luxury and refinement have been invariably remarkable for licentiousness of manners. It is plain, however, that the vices as well as the virtues of a civilized people differ from those of barbarians. The highway robber is generally no sybarite. Civilization brings large bodies of men together in cities, encourages industry, protects wealth, creates classes that abound in opulence and leisure, and it consequently offers opportunities for the indulgence of effeminate and luxurious habits. The spirit of an age of refinement is humane and merciful. Its tastes are nice and its pleasures attractive. The tempers of men are softened, and war itself smooths its rugged front, and is waged without vindictive cruelty. The weak are protected, the orphan is cared for, and the poor find sympathy. The man of culture sins by over-refinement, the vulgar man by excess in indulgence. Savages and barbarians are not epicures, but they are the slaves of gluttony and drunkenness to a greater extent than the civilized races. Again, venality and bribery will not be common in an age in which the ambitious and covetous find it easier to attain their ends by violence. It must be borne in mind too that the literature of an age of culture generally becomes classic, and hence the vices of those ages are made immortal while the memory of the crimes of barbarians perishes. And there is ever a spirit of restlessness and discontent in an epoch of refinement, which causes men to yield more readily to the natural propensity to depreciate the present and unduly exalt the past; and it so happens that its vices are precisely those which lend themselves most effectively to the purpose of the satirist. The misleading power of literature in this respect is painfully evident to Catho-

lies, who have so often been its victims. A few examples of cruelty and licentiousness are fastened upon, and are so perverted as to be made to appear to be the law to which they are only exceptions.

To consider the subject then apart from the question as to the relation which exists between religious faith and morality, and this is the view we now take of it, it does not appear that a state of culture is more favorable to vice than barbarism. It would seem on the contrary that knowledge, refinement, and industry tend to make men virtuous. If we hear less of the crimes of savage and barbarous peoples it is not because they do not abound, but because they are not recorded, or when recorded repel us, since a cultivated mind can find no pleasure in reading of rapine, and murder, and brutish orgies; whereas, unfortunately, such is the weakness of man, when sin loses its grossness, it seems even to those who are not depraved to lose something of its evil. Why a Catholic should be anxious to extenuate the faults of barbarians is not evident, for it has ever been the aim of the enemies of the Church to make her responsible for the crimes of the barbarous populations which she was leading to purer modes of life and higher thoughts.

But after all has been said, it must be confessed that the history of culture does not justify us in thinking that it is able to create a pure and genuine morality. At best it but throws the cloak of decency over the ulcer which it is powerless to heal. Ascetic writers tell us that in order to successfully combat sin we must have a real abhorrence of it, and this culture lacks. With it virtue is a point of good taste and vice want of breeding; and it does not hate the evil, but fears the shame and confusion of detection. This, I say, is the ethical character of historical culture, and I now proceed to examine whether it is a defect inherent in the nature of culture, or an accident attributable to the conditions under which it has been developed.

Culture, in the modern sense of the word, and considered apart from the influence of Christianity, is derived from Athens, the city of mind and the world's first university. No people has ever equalled the Athenian in mental versatility, grace, penetration, and originality. Goethe's proverb—"That to think is difficult, to act easy"—seems to be untrue in their case. Thought was as natural and as easy to them as to breathe, and there is hardly an intellectual or poetical conception in modern literature which may not be found in germ at least even in the comparatively small portion of their writings that have come down to us; and their language is still the most perfect instrument of thought known to men. They were, and to a great extent still are, the teachers of Europe in philosophy, eloquence, poetry, and art, and they have, therefore, necessarily exerted whether for good or evil a vast ethical influence. Now

to the Greek virtue and beauty are identical. His religion is the worship of the beautiful; and the good are the fair, the harmonious, the musical. The very name which he gave to the universe indicated that it revealed itself to his mind primarily under the aspect of harmony and proportion; and hence for conscience he substituted taste, a kind of exquisite sense of the graceful and the decorous, and his religion embodied itself in art. His sacred books were poems, his temples, which were models of grace and symmetry, were opened to the heavens and bathed in the cheerful light of day, and when he offered sacrifice and prayer he was crowned with flowers and quaffed the golden wine with song and dance. In his maturity he is only a handsome youth in whose veins the current of life is full and strong. He walks in a perennial spring, and the flowers bloom wherever he goes, and the air trills with the matin songs of birds. He lives in a world of delights and dreads nothing but death. He has no thought of sin, the very gods love what he loves and think no wrong. And when he praises virtue it is because it is noble, and beautiful, and full of pleasant sweetness. It is a fine figure, graceful and fair as a statue of Pentelic marble chiselled by the hand of Phidias. Unfortunately a theory based upon the assumption that to do right is to do only what is pleasant, will not fit into a world which has been wrenched from its original harmony. The sense of the beautiful was soon sunk in sensuous voluptuousness, and Athens has left us nothing to admire except her genius. And yet the ideal of life which her great minds have traced out for us is so noble, so generous, that we are hardly surprised that its winning grace and brightness should create a kind of worship in the sensitive souls of poets and artists, and thus impress ineffaceably its own fair features upon the culture of all succeeding ages. But as this ideal is without moral force and the seriousness of character which is thence derived, it is, like many fairest things, frail and unsuited to the stern work of a world where self-conquest is the price of victory. There is want of correspondence between the inward strength and the outward form, and in thinking of this noble dream of genius we can but repeat the poet's lament for Italy:

"Italia! oh Italia, thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame."

Culture is akin to poetry, but life is mostly prose and must rest upon a more substantial basis. Is it not possible, then, we ask, to bring to the help of this fine and artistic ideal of human perfection some force, not its own, from which it may derive the strength not

to yield to the fatality of its natural bent? In other words, can religion, whose dominant idea is morality, be brought into friendly relationship with culture, the ruling thought of which is beauty, or to use the accepted phrase, sweetness and light? In introducing the present examination I stated that there need be no antagonism between true religion and true culture, and I now find that I am called upon to defend or else to withdraw this affirmation. Deny thyself, is the word of Christ: Think of living, is the precept of culture; and certainly the self-indulgent and pleasure-seeking life of the Greek is the very opposite of the ideal which is presented to the Christian. The one looks upon this earth as a garden of delight; the other has no abiding city here, but passes as a pilgrim, who in the midst of gay scenes is restless, for his thoughts are with those he loves in the far-off home. The Greek rests in nature and worships it; the Christian looks through nature to God, and places it beneath his feet. To the one the cross is foolishness; to the other it is the power and wisdom of God. That culture is not Christianity needs no proof. Its whole history is characterized by the absence of that moral earnestness which is the very soul of religious faith, and it therefore lacks an element which is the chief constituent of human perfection. If culture is not Christianity, is Christianity culture; or is it also partial and without the power to create a full-developed humanity? This is the charge that Mr. Arnold, while frankly confessing the shortcomings of culture, brings against religion, which, he thinks, takes a narrow view of man, and is destined finally to be transformed and governed by the Hellenic idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides. His criticisms on this subject, which are aimed chiefly at the Protestant theory of Christianity, are sprightly and entertaining. The Pilgrim Fathers, he says, and their standard of perfection are rightly judged "when we figure to ourselves Shakespeare or Virgil—*souls* in whom sweetness and light and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakespeare and Virgil would have found them." The ideal of the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion is, he says, "a life of jealousy of the Establishment, disputes, tea-meetings, openings of chapels, sermons;" which is doubtless dreary enough, and the very contrary of what one would naturally look for in a religion of love, whose divine Founder came to bring peace to men. Mr. Arnold probably never heard of "donation parties," in which a whole congregation descend upon a helpless minister with bean sacks, tin pans, and slippers, in the full belief that they are creating in him an inward sense of sweetness and light; nor of "sociables," which receive their name from defect of the quality implied; nor of "temperance

anniversaries," when model wives invite their friends and neighbors to tea and lemonade, that they may again recount the unspeakable woes that come of having husbands who have not taken the pledge, though he may possibly have something of this in his mind when he declares that Americans are Philistines, but a livelier sort of Philistine than the British.

"And the work," he says, "which we collective children of God do, our grand centre of life, our *city*, which we have builded for us to dwell in, is London! London, with its unutterable external hideousness, and with its internal canker of *publice egestas, privatim opulentia*—to use the words which Sallust puts into Cato's mouth about Rome,—unequalled in the world! The word, again, which we children of God speak, the voice which most hits our collective thought, the newspaper with the largest circulation in England, nay, with the largest circulation in the whole world, is the *Daily Telegraph*!" which is the English New York *Herald* or Chicago *Times*. Real Protestantism, Mr. Arnold thinks, is not merely lacking in sweetness and light, but is positively hideous and grotesque; and he very justly remarks that there are things in which defect of beauty is defect of truth. "Behavior," he says, "is not intelligible, does not account for itself to the mind and show the reason for its existing, unless it is beautiful. The same with discourse, the same with song, the same with worship, all of them modes in which man proves his activity and expresses himself. To think that when one produces in these what is mean or vulgar or hideous, one can be permitted to plead that one has that within which passes show; to suppose that what benefits and satisfies one part of our nature can make allowable either discourse like Mr. Murphy's, or poetry like the hymns we all hear, or places of worship like the chapels we all see,—this it is abhorrent to the nature of Hellenism to concede." Again: "Instead of our 'one thing needful' justifying in us vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence,—our vulgarity, hideousness, ignorance, violence are really so many touchstones which try our one thing needful, and which prove that in the state, at any rate, in which we ourselves have it, it is not all we want."

That all this is not applicable to the Catholic Church is plain, and is implied in the traditional objections which Protestants make to our worship, and may also be inferred from the graceful tribute which Mr. Arnold pays to a man in whom the humblest and most trusting faith is united in sweet accord with the most perfect culture of this age. "And who," he asks, "will estimate how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class

liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism, who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared the way for its sudden collapse and supersession?" "Catholic worship," says Mr. Arnold, "is likely, however modified, to survive as the general worship of Christians, because it is the worship which, in a sphere where poetry is permissible and natural, unites the most of the elements of poetry." This, however, is only the æsthetic side of culture, and when the clever and sprightly critic whom I have been quoting views the subject from an intellectual standpoint, he takes up an altogether different position towards the Church, though he does not fall in with the vulgar prejudice which assumes that Protestantism has an intellectual superiority over Catholicism. On the contrary he finds such pretensions quite illusory. "For Hellenism," he says, "for the thinking side in man as distinguished from the acting side, the attitude of mind of Protestantism towards the Bible in no respect differs from the attitude of mind of Catholicism towards the Church." And again: "A free play of individual thought is at least as much impeded by membership of a small congregation as by membership of a great Church. Thinking by batches of fifties is to the full as fatal to free thought as thinking by batches of thousands." That men who accept the Old and the New Testament as literally God's word, should take on airs and look with pity upon the ignorance and credulity of Catholics who hold such articles of faith as the communion of saints and the absolving power of the priesthood, is a palmary example of the ridiculous absurdities into which the victims of a shallow conceit are betrayed. In Mr. Arnold's opinion then between æsthetic culture and the Church there is no antagonism, while moral culture can be attained only through religion; and towards intellectual culture Catholicism and Protestantism stand in a like unfriendly attitude. The advantage is on the side of the Church, and if there is any hope of an alliance between culture and religion, we must, it would seem, look to her to bring it about. If the thought of such an alliance is not to be entertained, then the more fairminded among the lovers of culture will themselves confess that it should perish rather than religion, which alone gives to the human heart hope and the promise of a future. The critical school holds that the solution of the difficulty is to be found in the abandonment of dogmatic faith, and the objection to the Church which it urges is not that it teaches this or that article of belief, but that it insists upon the necessity of believing in any doctrine whatever; and this is Mr. Arnold's meaning when he declares that we can neither do without Christianity

nor with it as it is. We cannot do without it, for upon it rests conduct, which is three-fourths of human life, and it is moreover a something incomparably beneficent; "the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection." To lose Christianity would be to lose all hope: it is indispensable; but the old grounds upon which men were accustomed to rest their belief in it are, so this critic at least, thinks, no longer solid, but have been undermined by the time-spirit. The Christian religion, to be plain, postulates the existence of a personal God, and Mr. Arnold holds that this is a pure assumption which cannot possibly be verified; and Celsus, he thinks, was therefore right when he charged the Christians with want of intellectual seriousness. He recognizes nothing but a "stream of tendency," a something not ourselves, which, as he believes, makes for what he imagines to be righteousness, and he seriously proposes to save the Bible and Christianity by floating them on this "stream of tendency;" and in the midst of such solemn trifling he takes occasion to read Christians a lesson on their lack of intellectual seriousness. To maintain that all we know of God is that there is a power or law or modality, not ourselves, and that what we call right conduct is in accordance with this law, is only a way of saying that God is unknowable; and Mr. Arnold himself has pointed out the absurdity of attempting to found a religion upon such a conception. "No man," he says, "could ever have cared anything about God in so far as he is simply unknowable. 'The unknowable is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble,' is what would occur to no man to think or say." Not less preposterous is it to imagine that men, who doubt the existence of a personal God, will still be able to read the Bible with reverence or profit.

Mr. Arnold's culturism is not original any more than Mr. Carlyle's mysticism. The one and the other are only English interpretations of German and French thought, and Mr. Arnold himself would be the first to acknowledge this; nay, he has confessed as much in the following words: "Now, as far as real thought is concerned, thought which affects the best reason and spirit of man, the scientific or the imaginative thought of the world, the only thought which deserves speaking of in this solemn way, America has up to the present time been hardly more than a province of England, and even now would not herself claim to be more than abreast of England; and of this only real human thought English thought itself is not just now, as we must all admit, the most significant factor." To get a satisfactory view of his position we must, therefore, pass over to the continent of Europe, with the understanding, however, that no attempt be made to reduce his views to a system. Lacordaire declared that, by the grace of God, he abhorred the

commonplace; and Mr. Arnold, probably without such grace, abhors all systems, whether mechanical, political, metaphysical, or theological. His chapters on "the God of Metaphysics," in which by a few simple etymologies and with perfect *gaieté de cœur* he dissipates into thin air the profoundest thought of the greatest minds who have ever lived, will doubtless be immortal as a curiosity of literature. He has no system, but he has a method, which is that of the modern critical school, which assumes as fundamental the celebrated maxim of Protagoras, "That man is the measure of all things." The eternal, the all-perfect does not exist except as a mode of thought, which is simply the effort of the thinker to posit himself as an absolute principle and to refer all things to himself. True and fruitful thought consequently is not that which is in accord with any definite and fixed object, but that which moves in harmony with the stream of tendency and is carried upon the outspread wings of the time-spirit. There is, in fact, no truth, but only opinions; no color, but only shades, and we must, therefore, abandon as utterly hopeless the effort to know things in themselves, and content ourselves with studying their evolutions; throw aside metaphysics and psychology as the childish toys of an infantine race, and take up in their stead history and criticism. The characteristic mark of the true critic is a disinterested curiosity, and that this word has in English only a bad and feminine sense Mr. Arnold thinks a grievance. The critic does not search for the truth which does not exist, but he seeks to supple his mind so that he may be able to see things on all sides, and remain an enlightened and impartial spectator of the dissolving views of a world which is only an eternal flux; and that his appreciation may be the keener he becomes a part of all that he beholds. He is a citizen of the universe and moves in calm indifference in all times and places, amongst all religions and philosophies. He, however, has an unmistakable penchant for religious discussions, as though after having denied the reality of God and the soul he were still haunted by their phantoms. He is capable, even as M. Renan, Ewald, and Mr. Arnold have shown, of a sort of poetical and sad devoutness, which, if it were not ridiculous, would be pathetic. He has no toleration for the unintelligent and vulgar rage against religion which is manifested by popular liberalism and atheism. When Professor Clifford breaks out into violent invectives and calls Christianity an awful plague, Mr. Arnold in a sweet and winning tone gives him a gentle rebuke, though his anger is not aroused in this instance as it was by Bishop Wilberforce, when he spoke of laboring for the honor and glory of God. "One reads it all," he says, "half sighing, half smiling, as the declamation of a clever and confident youth, with the hopeless inexperience, irredeemable by any

cleverness of his age. Only when one is young and headstrong can one thus prefer bravado to experience, can one stand by the Sea of Time, and instead of listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of its waves, choose to fill the air with one's own whoopings to start the echo." His writings, in fact, he takes the trouble to inform us, have no other object than to save the Christian religion from its friends, who by teaching that it is inseparable from specific dogmas are placing it and themselves in fatal antagonism to the time-spirit and the critic, who is its prophet. In reality the essential thought of culturism, as conceived by the school from which Mr. Arnold has drawn his opinions, does not differ from that of mysticism or any of the other forms of modern pantheism. Its distinguishing characteristic is found not in its idea but in its temper. As an intellectual theory it is purely pantheistic. It regards the universe as its own final and efficient cause, and maintains that it is absurd to affirm the existence of any being distinct from the cosmos; and hence it teaches that God is not a person who knows and loves, but a "stream of tendency," a law, a modality; or, to take M. Renan's definition, the form under which we conceive the ideal, as space and time are the forms under which matter is made intelligible to us. God is only the category of the ideal, and when the German pantheists declare that man makes God, that man creates God in thinking of Him, they do not mean to blaspheme or to be smart, but merely pronounce a logical conclusion from their own theories. But when men who make God a modality, a form of thought, talk about saving the Bible and Christianity, we have a perfect right to turn away from them as solemn triflers in a matter which, least of all, admits of such proceeding. The idea then of culturism is pantheistic, which is the equivalent of atheistic; and as atheism is the negation of religion, any attempt to bring about an alliance between religion and culture, upon the intellectual basis offered by the critical school, is preposterous, for the simple reason that the hypothesis which this school accepts as true, makes religion impossible. When M. Renan and Mr. Arnold assure us that they do not seek to weaken the religious sentiment but to purify it, we can but liken them to a physician who in order to purge out the humors of the blood should think it necessary first to destroy life.

A religion of sweetness and light in a Godless world, which crushes beneath the iron wheel of fate the weak and the helpless, and has no favors except for the strong, is a piece of Mephistophelean irony, compared with which the pessimism of Schopenhauer is as soothing as the quiet landscape to one who flies from the feverish life of the noisy crowd. Is it not enough that these men are persuaded that there is no God and no soul? Why should they come to us proclaiming that the earth is only a charnel-house, and

in the same breath grow eloquent over the refreshing and refining influence which this discovery of theirs must have upon those who are able to appreciate its importance? To be just, however, I must leave Mr. Arnold to bear alone the burden of this officious piety. One must be an Englishman to be able to deny God and still continue to preach with all the unction of a Methodist exhorter. M. Renan is consistent, and therefore assumes a different tone. He is absolutely without zeal or the spirit of proselytism. He has nothing to say of the beneficent influence of sweetness and light; he seems rather disposed to think that when the whole truth is known existence may become unbearable; that the planets in which life is extinct are probably those in which criticism has achieved its work. He eschews controversy, and takes little interest in the questions which occupy the thoughts of men. His aims are purely speculative, and have no relevancy to contemporaneous events. He is an artist, seated on the brow of a hill, who sketches the landscape, but has nothing in common with the herds that graze upon the plain below. He is in fact a quietist, and from the eminence of his exceptional position surveys the world with a feeling akin to that which a spirit from some higher sphere might be supposed to have in contemplating the busy, fussy little ants that jostle one another on this mole-hill of an earth. God is only an idea; nature exists, but is immoral; good and evil are alike indifferent to her; and history, from an ethical point of view, is a permanent scandal. This is the final word of culture as revealed by M. Renan, and he naturally enough partakes of the Buddhist temper, to which annihilation appears to be the supreme good. And this is doubtless the mood which culture, as understood by the critical school, tends to produce. Its intellectual principle is pantheism, its ethical principle is the identity of the good and the beautiful, and historically it evolves itself either into the animalism of the senses or into the quietism of a fatalistic philosophy; and whichever form it assumes, it must inevitably fail to make reason and the will of God prevail.

But one may surely be a lover of culture without being forced to adopt the principles of M. Renan and Mr. Arnold; as one may be reasonable and yet hold to positive beliefs; as one may have taste without denying conscience.

Culture may indeed easily become the insidious foe of revealed religion, but it may also be its serviceable ally; and since in our day many of the most thoroughly trained and versatile minds are employed in the service of unbelief, it is certainly most desirable, and from a human point of view even necessary, that they be met by intellects of equal discipline and power. We are living in an epoch of transition. The decay of faith in the Protestant sects is

accelerated by the consciousness that their existence is a contradiction of the fundamental principle of Protestantism ; and among Catholics a widespread indifference, and new modes of thought created by the scientific developments of the age, have cooled the zeal and weakened the faith of many. The wavering of religious belief has unsettled all other things, so that nothing seems any longer to rest upon a firm and immovable basis. The new theories are in the air, and precautionary measures are ineffectual, at least with regard to society in general. There has never been a time in the world's history, in which the influence of literature was so all-pervading as at present, and this power is in great measure anonymous and irresponsible. Reviews and newspapers discuss everything and are read by everybody, so that any youth is prepared to pronounce you an authoritative judgment as to whether there is a God or a hell. The gravest and most sacred subjects are treated in a mock-serious tone which is worse than open blasphemy. The old Protestant controversy is as obsolete as the dress of the Pilgrim Fathers. Questions of grace, election, and free-will, have ceased to have any interest for men, who, insisting upon their right of private judgment and the supremacy of the individual mind, are puzzled to know whether God or the soul exists ; and the famous ministerial jousts, in which the doughty champions were wont to brandish their favorite texts like flaming swords, have lost their dramatic effect and are grown altogether tame in the eyes of a generation which hears every day that the Bible itself is but the fairy tale of an ignorant and superstitious age. Every true Protestant, from the necessities of his position, has made overtures to the enemies of Christianity, as the logical inference implied in the traditional Protestant warfare on the Church is that the religion of Christ is not supernatural and divine ; for if the Church is what Protestants have always said she is, then is historical Christianity but one of the world's superstitions, and of a kind with Buddhism, Paganism, and Mohammedanism. The old disputes will doubtless survive for a time, and individuals and even classes may be helped by them, but the real issue, so far as the active mind of the age is concerned, has already been transferred to quite other grounds, and it is the immediate and urgent duty of Catholics to fit themselves for the new conflict, which is not between the Church and the sects, but between the Church and infidelity. The argument is to be made fundamental and exhaustive. All philosophies and sciences are to be interrogated ; all literatures to be studied ; all forms of belief are to be analyzed ; all methods are to be used ; and the infinitely great and the infinitesimally small are to be required to give up their secret. The religious import of the sciences is precisely what lends to this study its mysterious charm. The physical

comfort which may be derived from a wider and truer acquaintance with nature is of minor importance. That which the philosopher and the man of the world are yearning to learn from all this eager and ceaseless peering into the forms and workings of matter, is whether or not any authentic response will be given to the eternal questionings of the human heart about God, the soul, and the life that is to be. This restlessness and skepticism is doubtless pathological. If men had faith, they would not be tormented by the feverish anxiety to surprise God in the mysteries which he has hidden from human eye; but they have no faith, and since it is impossible for the mind to remain indifferent to the infinite mystery which is everywhere in all that it sees and thinks, therefore do men who have ceased to believe, seek to satisfy by knowledge the inborn craving of the soul for some tidings from the inner truth of things. They will take nothing for granted, but make God himself questionable. And here at once we may perceive the arduousness of the task which is imposed upon those who are called to the defence of the faith in our day. The first step their adversaries take leads into the bottomless abyss of endless speculation and doubt. In the Protestant controversy there was the common and certain ground of the Written Word, to which in the confusion of debate it was possible to return to take bearings, while the deists of the last century agreed with their opponents in admitting the existence of God as indisputably evident to the natural reason. The argument that those who accept Christianity as a divinely revealed religion must necessarily accept the Church as its true and historical embodiment is comparatively simple, and is logical and conclusive against the Protestants, and the argument from analogy is irrefragable when used against the deist who affirms that God is the creator and ruler of the world; and hence the common saying that there is no resting-place between Catholicism and atheism. But the new phase of infidelity would make knowledge itself inconclusive in all matters where our concern is with the absolute truth of things. It denies that there is any such truth, or at least that it is discoverable by man. I find in all the current theories of unbelief the assumption that all that can be known is the relative, and that the highest conceivable philosophy is only phenomenology. With men who hold such opinions it is impossible to reason from fixed principles. The old methods fail to reach them. All the syllogisms that can be strung together can never compass a higher truth than that which is given in the original intuition, and if this does not attain to the reality underlying the phenomenon neither will our conclusions. The assumption that knowledge is only the perception of relations, makes all discussions as to what anything is in itself appear futile and childish. Hence the contempt of the

modern schools for metaphysics and the scholastic methods. The great practical difficulty, as I take it, in successfully controverting the new theories, lies in the fact that they represent modes of viewing things rather than states of mind. They are not held as conclusions from unanswerable arguments, but as a way of accounting for phenomena which is justified by the convergence of innumerable plausibilities towards a given line of thought. It is considered to be enough that they are in accord with the tendencies of the age, and in harmony with the great time-spirit, who, as these philosophers teach, has usurped the throne of the Eternal and Omnipotent God. A few words will suffice to sketch in general outline this system, and at the same time to show how widely it prevails. It is assumed that God is not or cannot be known to be, and as philosophy is phenomenology, it starts with matter in the state in which it is possible for the mind first to detect it. Space is filled with incandescent gas, star-dust, from which the sidereal systems are evolved. This view, for the correctness of which many arguments are adduced, receives additional weight from the study of our own planet, which, beginning as an incandescent mass, has during long ages been gradually cooling. When life first appears, it is in its lowest forms, and there is progression up to man. To this point it is maintained the astronomer and the geologist are able to conduct us. The zoologist now comes to trace the descent of man, as the geologist has followed the evolution of the globe, and Mr. Darwin and others find that he has been developed by natural processes from the lowest forms of life. The question of man's special endowments thus presents itself, and the psychologist attempts to show that thought is transformed sensation, and will transformed emotion, as man is a transformed animal.

The principle of evolution is applied to the history of language and of races in philology and ethnology, and these sciences are made auxiliary to the new theories. The sociologist next appears to unravel the infinitely complicated and intricate network of human relations, and to point out how this marvellous and entangled scheme is but the product of a few rudimentary instincts. And finally, the philosopher of history proposes to account for the whole life and all the achievements of the human race by the aid of fatalistic laws. Given the race, and its surroundings, and impulse, and he will offer you a mechanical rule by which you will be able to explain everything, religion, literature, and social institutions. It would, of course, be beside my present purpose to stop to point out the absurdities and the gaps in all this, but what I wish to call attention to is the fact that this is a way of looking at the universe, and that little or nothing is gained by insisting upon errors in detail or by showing that certain data of science are in accord with

revealed truth. The fault is radical and universal, and the only effective method of dealing with it is to be sought in a comprehensive philosophy, which starting from a true theory of knowledge will embrace the whole range of science, and by correcting the false interpretations of its data, will educate men and lead them to see that a theory of the universe which excludes God is not only unintelligible but destructive of the essential principles of reason. The intellectual difficulties with which the present generation of believers have to contend, as Dr. Newman is reported to have said, are greater than in any past age. It is not possible to laugh at our adversaries unless we are content to make ourselves ridiculous. In matters of this kind sarcasm and vituperation are not only out of place, but are no better than the language of the devil. Smart hits intended for the crowd fail of effect even with the masses.

That in the end, and after never so much science and theory, the perfect wisdom of humble and trusting faith will be made only the more evident is in no way doubtful; but in the meantime Catholics may not stand as idle lookers-on, and as though they had no part or concern in this mighty and painful conflict.

It was a principle with St. Ignatius of Loyola that a Christian should have the faith which hopes everything from God, and then act as though he expected nothing except from his own exertions.

No maxim could be more applicable to the emergency of which I am writing. I know that our blessed Lord is with his Church, and that he can turn our ignorance and supineness to the good of those who love him. I know that whatever we may do we are useless servants. The prayer of the humble is better than the thoughts of the learned, and a great saint is able to do a holier work than the most perfectly cultivated genius.

All this is indisputable, and one benefit to be hoped for from a higher culture would be the power to realize more truly what we are so ready to admit in theory. My words, if addressed to those devout and saintly souls who with unutterable groanings raise to God the voice of prayer which penetrates the heavens, would be an impertinence. It may well be that were it not for these just ones we should all perish. My thought is lower and is intended for those who, in the midst of a thousand imperfections, feel that they are better fitted to fight in the plain below than to lift up hands of supplication on the holy mount.

The issue indeed is in God's keeping, but we must strive to quit ourselves like men, and as though all depended upon our skill and courage. Without thorough training and mental discipline we shall only cumber the ground and block the way.

Now, the best culture of the intellect has for three centuries been

made impossible to Catholics who speak English, and even yet it can hardly be said to be within our reach. If we see fit, however, to make use of the means which are in our hands we can hasten the day when it will be attainable. To speak the truth frankly, the Catholics of the United States are in this respect the very last to show a disposition to take advantage of their providential opportunities. Ireland has its university, England has its university, Canada has its university, and we have nothing but the old Latin school, founded nearly a century ago. If Americans in general are justly chargeable with lack of culture, may not this charge be brought home with even greater force to American Catholics? What other proof of this is needed than our self-complacency? We speak of our numbers as though the kingdom of God consisted in numbers, and as though the increase of the Catholic population were not merely a part of a general and wider growth. We boast of our schools, and do not think it necessary to stop to inquire what they really are or what kind of education they give. We dwell with pride upon the number of churches which have been built, and the number of dioceses which have been organized, as if this were not a certain consequence of the influx and outspread of a vast Catholic population. We praise the devotedness and generosity of our Catholics as though this were not chiefly the blossoming of the faith of a people who have suddenly escaped into the open air of freedom from the bitter night of three centuries of martyrdom.

This self-complacent temper does not dispose men to take a wide and enlightened view of the wants of the Church. So long as we are content with a progress for which we deserve little credit, and which is often more apparent than real, there is small hope that any serious effort will be made to create a higher spiritual and intellectual life among our Catholic people.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Acta et Decreta Synodi Plenarie Episcoporum Hiberniæ Habite apud Maynutiam, An. MDCCCLXXV. Dublin: Typis Browne et Nolan, MDCCCLXXVII.

The Speeches and Public Letters of the Liberator. By M. F. Cusack. Dublin: McClaghan & Gill, 50 Upper Sackville Street, 1875. 2 vols.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Rt. Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Three vols., complete in one. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1856.

New Ireland. By A. M. Sullivan, M.P. P. F. Collier, 1878.

WE purpose in this paper to offer a sketch of the present political state of Ireland. This we are well aware is a delicate task, owing to the conflicting aims of the different political parties. "A good book," says Count de Maistre, "is not one that satisfies everybody, otherwise there never would be a good book; a good book is one which satisfies the reader of the good faith of the author and of the labor he has taken to master his subject, and, if possible, to present it under a new aspect." In something of this spirit we sit down to write. We do not propose to set forth and advocate any line of action of our own, but rather to give that acted or being acted upon by others. If the writer has any political leanings, they will leak out in the course of this article.

During the last eighteen years of the last century Ireland was acknowledged to be an independent country—the declaration ran that "the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland should alone make laws for Ireland." Delusive phrase! The King of Ireland was the king of England. Who were the Lords? Not the old aristocracy to whom the Irish used to look up with pride. Sixty years before, Swift in his sarcastic way said that the real nobility of Ireland could be found in the "Liberties"—that is the poorest parts of Dublin. Most of the Lords were men who owed their elevation not to great services rendered to their country, but were rather like Lord Clare, whose father Fitzgibbon was a Catholic in humble sphere, but did not follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, who "chose to suffer persecution with the people of God rather than have the pleasure of sin for a time." Who were the Commons? Not men elected to represent the views and interests of the country. Of three hundred members, two-thirds were the nominees of about one hundred persons. Thus the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland formed a Parliament almost without a constituency. Yet unreal as it was, such is the potency of *home rule* of any sort, that during

the few years of its existence Ireland made greater strides in prosperity than any other country in Europe.

We are not to suppose that England yielded this measure of independence with a hearty good-will. The lion in the jungle relaxes his hold on his prey only to pounce on it again. The government intended to reassert the supremacy of the English Parliament on the first opportunity; and this was soon offered by the Regency question. George III. became insane. Pitt resolved to put the crown, so to speak, in commission, and make the great Seal of England equal to the royal signature; but the Irish Parliament declared the Prince of Wales *Regent* in the *interim*. Here was a conflict of authority. Pitt determined this dualism of government should not exist. The doom of the Irish Parliament was sealed. *Virtus an dolus quis in hoste requirat?* Every means was resorted to. The Catholics were cajoled with the hope of emancipation. The Presbyterians, who were then troublesome in the North, were pacified by the *regium donum*, or an annual sum voted to support their ecclesiastical college. The Episcopalians were secured by money or peerages; and the obstinate were trampled down by horse, foot, and dragoons. The Act of Union was carried and Ireland in the year 1800 ceased to be a nation.

The spirit of the country seemed broken. The very men whose eloquence in opposition to the Union electrified the people in less than five years, with few exceptions, were either judges or high civil functionaries. O'Connell witnessed all this. He was just entering on his career, being admitted to the bar in 1798. From the very first he resolved on the two great labors of his life,—Catholic emancipation and repeal of the Union. He succeeded in the first, but failed in the second.

It would be presumption in the present writer to attempt to pass judgment on the career of O'Connell. *Defunctus amabitur idem* was proven in his case. His ablest English opponents eulogized him after death. We were, therefore, surprised at an article in the great *Review* partly founded by himself, in which it was asserted that with all his ability he was more of a demagogue than a statesman. He is compared to Edmund Burke, and the comparison is unfavorable to O'Connell. He must have studied all Burke's great disquisitions on political philosophy. The stars in the heavens are not jealous because one may be more brilliant than the other. Great men do not feel jealous when their paths do not cross nor interfere with each other; and O'Connell was not jealous of Burke, and certainly he did not follow his example. Whether O'Connell ever could have been a great statesman may be relegated to "the unknowable," because he had no state to administer. Had he had Ireland for the Irish, perhaps he might have exhibited many of the

qualities which the *Dublin Review*,¹ as most men do, admires in the great Anglo-Irish statesman. O'Connell discarded philosophical disquisition and deliberately entered on the course of an *agitor*—a course in which he persevered through good report and evil report to the hour of his death. This he himself assures us in his reply to the Earl of Shrewsbury. At one time his annual professional emoluments were £8000 or nearly \$40,000. He says of himself:

“If I had abandoned politics, even the honors of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me. But I dreamt a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy and gentry of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality, or else unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

“I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages, which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honors and dignities—I embraced the cause of my country; and come weal or come woe, I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.”

Whenever another man arises with O'Connell's powers and self-devotion to the cause of his country, the days of Home Rule will be nigh.

But though O'Connell was the Gylippus on whom rested the hopes of the Catholics, he received great assistance from distinguished Protestants. Henry Grattan soon after his entrance into the House of Commons became the standard-bearer of their cause; but with all his earnestness he was in many ways unaccommodating towards the very people he labored to emancipate. Grattan, as we learn from his life written by his son, studied closely the great writers of antiquity with a view to bring their experience to bear on the political questions of his day. Yet, notwithstanding all his researches, he could not divest himself of certain fears of his Catholic countrymen. He seemed to overlook the plain truth that allegiance is merely a civil duty; and that loyalty and obedience are all that government need claim from its subjects. He desired to give the government a veto on the appointment of the Bishops, and that Catholic members of Parliament should swear they would not do this thing or that—restricting their actions where others were free; thereby putting them almost in the condition of a delegate from Dakota, who can speak but not vote on questions affecting the interests of his Territory. After Grattan's death, another great advocate of the cause was Lord Plunkett. By one speech he gained twenty-one votes, a triumph never before obtained in the House of

¹ *Dublin Review*, October, 1875.

Commons. Thus, though exclusion from Parliament was originally wrought by Protestants, the Catholics of Ireland can never forget that it was by Protestant votes their disabilities were removed.

But the most effective support O'Connell received was from the great body of the Catholic clergy and independent yeomanry, for there were even then thousands such. At first he stood almost alone. The few Catholic lords and most of the bishops kept aloof; their own social status was tacitly recognized and they scarcely aspired to anything more. For twenty years the burden of the cause was thrown on him; during that period he received only £74 or about \$350. But there was the great *residuum* of patriotism in the parochial clergy and independent farmers. To these he addressed himself, and not in vain. Like Antæus,¹ his strength was renewed when he touched the mother earth. He needed not to waste his energies in organizing meetings through the country, for they were ready at his hand. Had he had a hundred tongues he could not have addressed them all, for there were over two thousand Catholic churches in Ireland and they were filled every Sunday. When Mass was over, the people resolved themselves into parochial meetings. The Catholic priests were of the people, and several of them were almost rivals of O'Connell in eloquence. Through the instrumentality of these meetings the spirit of the country was roused, bigotry was awed into submission, and emancipation was gained.

O'Connell now rested for awhile. He wished to watch the effects of emancipation on the country. It should be borne in mind that he never aimed at separation. He was too experienced a man to be ensnared in the vagaries of ideal liberty. Pure liberty dwelt once on this globe of ours, but only for a short time, and never will again, except among those whom the Son of Man makes truly free. In political as in other human affairs we must put up with a partial good. The seminal principles of the British Constitution were sown in Catholic times, and it now contains the great safeguards of rational liberty. Most of the ideas embodied in the United States Constitution are borrowed from it. What O'Connell desired was that the spirit and not the letter of the Constitution should be extended to Ireland, that the Union should be one not only of two countries but a real one of two people, and that its benefits should be felt in Kerry as fully as in Kent. In England the curfew no longer tolls to warn the people to extinguish the light; no, they can lie down or rise when they please, or as their avocations demand. The English delight in manly exercises and the free use of the gun; they can travel by day and by night, and have none to

¹ This figure is applied to O'Connell by Lord Bulwer.

fear but the highway robber. No policeman dare interfere except when armed with a sworn warrant. All these and several other benefits of the Constitution the Englishman claims as his birth-right. Why should not the Irish enjoy them just as well, if the Union be a reality? But they do not. The *habeas corpus* act has been suspended constantly in three-fourths of the country; no man, however law-abiding, can carry a musket unless under the strictest conditions; and any petty constable, who labors to become a sergeant, can enter at any hour of the night and disturb the most helpless family. The excuse was and is, you cannot trust the Irish. Why not? Men do not generally rise against a government that protects and elevates them. "Moralize the laws," said Grattan, "and you moralize the people." Here in America this is simple enough; but the English could not purge themselves of their traditionary¹ fears and prejudices against the Irish. O'Connell saw that he should take up the great question of Repeal.

The die was cast. His course was mapped out, and henceforth there was to be no hesitation. He again threw himself on his country, and was greeted with the most wonderful reception known to ancient or modern times. He analyzed the Act of Union, and exposed its enormities. He proved by the speeches of the ablest men in the Irish Parliament that it was in every respect unfair and unjust; in fact that it was a new conquest, and was not binding in conscience, and was to be obeyed only as a matter of expediency. *Ireland*, which had only a *small* debt, was forced to bear an unequal share of the enormous *English* public debt, in the contracting of which she had no part. He demonstrated that Ireland had not a fair representation in the Imperial Parliament. According to the basis of representation in England, in a Parliament of 658 members, Ireland should have at least 178 members, whereas she has only 105. The electoral franchise is also unfairly restricted in Ireland, and remains so to the year of grace 1879, as a few figures from Thom's Official Directory will prove. Mayo with a population of 245,707 has only 3375 Parliamentary electors, while Denbighshire with 84,875 has 7315. The city of Limerick with a population of 49,853 has only 1804 electors; but Bedford (England) with only 16,850 has 2468 electors. Besides, by the Reform Act of 1832 every county in England with more than 50,000 inhabitants got an increase of one member, those counties with more than

¹ "They say it is the fatal destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are for good will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it proceed from the very *genius* of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England, is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."—Spenser's View, etc.

100,000 inhabitants got an increase of two members. But no such boon was extended to Ireland. These and various other arguments O'Connell employed to stir up the spirit of the people.

When O'Connell commenced the Repeal agitation he was about fifty-eight years old; not too old certainly to discharge the most important affairs of life, but in his special instance it was a great misfortune that he was not twenty years younger. Of the tried friends who stood by him during the long struggle for emancipation, some were dead; many, having secured to themselves the avenue to place and honor, grew cold and fell away; and others, such as Moore, flung the galling shaft of ridicule against him. The Catholic clergy stood faithful; but he was compelled almost to begin anew and gather around him a fresh body of talented men whom he could inspire with his own principles, and in whom he could confide. But this was the work of years, and his years were growing few. O'Connell boasted that he knew the law so well that he could drive a coach through its most difficult and narrowest paths; but he was made to feel that, like the ancient philosopher, he could not argue with a general at the head of forty thousand men. No matter how penetrating and comprehensive the mind of any man may be others will look at things differently, and will dwell on his mistakes. So it happened to O'Connell. Young men seeing his discomfiture began to disregard his counsels as either vacillating or timid. Impatient of restraint and delay, they adopted a different course, but they were quickly overwhelmed in disaster.

Of the prominent men who formed what is known as the Young Ireland party the writer would not speak with disrespect. They differed from O'Connell on principle. His ways and means of redressing national wrongs are well known; they are fully explained in the two volumes at the head of this article. To be brief we quote his ideas and not his words. He took a very serious and religious view of life. Wars he looked on as an abomination. In armies are encamped on a vast scale all the vices and crimes that degrade men and send their souls to hell. Hence he could not endure an appeal to the sword as the remedy for Ireland's wrongs.

The Young Ireland party took a different view. They thought O'Connell's principles were a damper on the national spirit, and also that they were not sustained by the facts of history. In other words, on the question must national wrongs be remedied solely by moral persuasion, or is a recourse to arms or physical force never allowable, there were two clashing principles. In their application to Ireland on this occasion both failed. Repeal was not carried by argument, and separation was not accomplished by the sword. But if O'Connell failed in this instance he succeeded on

other occasions; whereas, thus far, the sword has not wrought the independence of Ireland.

And here we hope we may be pardoned some reflections, as we may have occasion to refer to this subject again.

We do not read in the Gospel the principle of resistance to established power; but we do find that men were commanded to obey a government that persecuted them. The Catholic Church is opposed to revolution *per se*, but she has not committed herself to the doctrine of passive obedience at all times and under all circumstances. She has lived through many stormy periods of revolution, and though pronouncing no authoritative solution of the difficulty in her official capacity for the guidance of her children, her theologians have elaborated the question in all its bearings. We could fill pages from their writings, but it might seem an affectation of learning we do not possess. We will content ourselves with the reflections of *Sir James Mackintosh*, who, we are inclined to think, borrowed them from the great Catholic theologians.

He says that in the awful conjunctures when men deliberate between rendering legal obedience and an appeal to arms, their conduct, considering the time, place, opinion, example, temptation, and obstacles, must be judged by the immutable principles of morality. He considers war in general; and points out that there may be occasions in which a war even in self-defence by a nation may be unjustifiable. By the same principles he examines into the justice of a war by a people against their own government. Government exists to protect men from each other's injustice, and this duty it cannot perform without obedience from the people. But when a government systematically oppresses a people, it commits the same species of wrong towards them which warrants an appeal to arms against a foreign enemy. Thus far civil and foreign war stand on the same moral foundation; but he draws this grave difference between the two. Though the passage be lengthy, owing to its grave importance, we give it without a verbal alteration.¹ He thus continues:

"But there are certain peculiarities of great importance in point of fact, which in other respects permanently distinguish them from each other. The evils of failure are greater in civil than in foreign war. A State generally incurs no more than a loss in war: a body of insurgents is exposed to ruin. The probabilities of success are more difficult to calculate in cases of internal contest than in a war between States, where it is easy to compare those merely material means of attack and defence which may be measured or numbered. An unsuccessful revolt strengthens the power and sharpens the cruelty of the tyrannical ruler, while an unfortunate war may produce little of the former evil and of the latter nothing. It is almost peculiar to intestine war that success may be as mischievous as defeat. The victorious leaders may be borne along by the current of events far beyond their destination; a government may be overthrown

¹ Review of the Causes of the Revolution of 1688, chap. 9, p. 382.

which ought to have been only repaired; and a new, perhaps more formidable, tyranny may spring out of victory. A regular government may stop before its fall becomes precipitate, or check a career of conquest when it threatens destruction to itself; but the feeble authority of the chiefs of insurgents is rarely able, in the one case to maintain the courage, in the other to repress the impetuosity of their voluntary adherents. Finally, the cruelty and misery incident to all warfare are greater in domestic dissension than in contests with foreign enemies."

Then pointing out some of the special evil consequences of civil war, such as the loss of virtue, the estrangement of families, the perpetuation of feuds, etc., he concludes:

"A wanton rebellion, when considered with the aggravation of its ordinary consequences, is one of the greatest crimes. The chiefs of an inconsiderable and ill-concerted revolt, however provoked, incur the most formidable responsibility to their followers and country. An insurrection rendered necessary by oppression and warranted by a reasonable probability of a happy termination is an act of public virtue, always environed with so much peril as to merit admiration."

The leaders of the new departure read and knew all this, for Smith O'Brien, Gavan Duffey, John Dillon, and other prominent men were men of extensive information. The writer of this remembers having had many and long conversations regarding the crisis, though it may be indelicate to mention it, with the late Richard Dalton Williams, one of the greatest of men, and the poet, almost *par excellence*, of the *Nation*. His complaint was that himself and friends were openly denounced as at least almost infidels, when they felt conscious they were not. They thought "they had a reasonable probability of a happy termination," for they had on paper an army of over tens of thousands of men. The country clubs sent in the most glowing accounts; young men on the threshold of manhood convinced of their own sincerity and courage would promise to make any sacrifice. They had yet these two withering lessons to learn; that there may be betrayers in their midst, and that personal courage without military discipline and training is of little avail; for to the eyes of the bravest civilian the veriest coward clad in the panoply of war generally seems to be a giant.

In critical times the people clamor for success, and scarcely have eyes to see or ears to hear the causes of failure. Smith O'Brien, trusting to the paper army returned by the clubs, cast himself upon the country, and found too late that the foregoing reflections were too true. He could, however, have destroyed hundreds of her Majesty's army, as we know from trustworthy men who were on the spot. Wellington said a tender-hearted man was unfit to be a general. O'Brien revolted from unavailing bloodshed. He saw that all was lost; he was not backed by even a respectable part of the nation. He himself has left on record that he was willing to

sacrifice his life for his country, but he was not willing to head a *jacquerie*. He was right. His life and fortunes were wrecked; but we are pretty certain that his good name will never be disparaged in Ireland. And when, in 1859, he visited America, he was received in a private way, because he so wished it, with marked courtesy by the first men of every section of the United States and Canada.

Again, as half a century before, the cause of Ireland seemed to be dead; but it was not. A new party was organized on the Land question as a basis. Certainly it did not effect what it aimed at; but it helped to keep alive the spirit of the people; it made manifest the grievous thralldom of the tenant farmers, and, perhaps, ultimately led to the *modicum* of legal protection now awarded them. Some few used the organization as a stepping-stone to power, though almost sworn to hold themselves independent of the government. But they soon fell from "their bad eminence," and made their exit from the stage of life after the manner of Castle-reagh.

Had the British Government, after a reasonable time, forgotten the *cmente* of '48, as she would have done had it occurred in Yorkshire, tranquillity and, perhaps, contentment would soon have been restored. She would only have acted on the political maxims of her own best statesmen. But instead of doing so, the occasion was used as a plea for renewed oppression. Insult was added to defeat. The doctrine of the inalienable right to revolutionize was still preached up in the English press. The Irish were taunted with the sneer, that they could fight bravely everywhere except at home, though they were designedly deprived of arms with which to fight. But if the right to revolution be so universal, can loyalty be a virtue? Such a right is a mockery; it means the right to be shot. Under such circumstances in 1825, Bishop Doyle wrote of the Irish: "Reject them, insult them, continue to deprive them of hope, and they will league with Beelzebub against you. Revenge is sweet, and the pride of a nation, like the vanity of a woman, when wounded, is relentless." Just so.

Of the lesser lights among the men of '48, there were still some in Ireland who adhered to the plan of armed revolution. Seeing the utter failure of open warfare, they resolved to work by means of secret societies. They put themselves in connection with leaders of the *Commune* and Lodges on the Continent, and copied their methods of operation. In due time outcropped the vastly ramified organization known as the *Fenian Society*. It was spread not only through Ireland and England, but assumed a bold and imposing appearance in the United States. All things seemed favorable to

its plans for a time, but when the day for action came we know the result—sad discomfiture.

The organization is slowly dying out, and we do not wish to revive agitation on the subject. That several of the leaders were opposed to all religion, and would wish to inspire irreligious views into their followers, is well known. But we by no means imagine that the great majority of the members of the society intended to upset the Catholic Church. And last year, when a man of singular ability as a writer, Charles Kickham, fell into financial embarrassments, we find that persons of all creeds and parties, headed by the Catholic archbishop of his own diocese, contributed generously to his relief.

But good impulses on the part of many of its members could not justify the society. It was impracticable and wrong in principle. Experience has proven, especially in Ireland, that no society can be so easily betrayed as oath-bound secret societies. It was so with the United Irishmen in '98. The government was regularly informed of all their plans. The Fenians found it so in 1865. Notwithstanding all their oaths of secrecy, the government was able to anticipate all their movements. Governments live by force, and will meet and crush all armed opposition, be it public or private. This is an elementary truth.

It is strange that the promoters of the movement did not seem to anticipate any opposition from the United States. The government must enforce its own treaties. It was at peace with England and could not allow armed expeditions against a friendly power to be fitted out within its borders. To allow it would be tantamount to a declaration of war. The leaders were permitted all freedom of public discussion, but when they began to act they found themselves checked by the United States Army. Thus they had not only England, but also the United States Government against them. Those who put themselves outside the pale of the civil law must expect that the law will oppose them:

It is well known that the Church is opposed on principle to secret revolutionary societies. Some have insisted that the Church has not expressly condemned the Fenian Society here in America. But she has. We have the decision before us, but deem it unnecessary to give its actual words.¹ We presume it is left to the discretion of the Ordinaries to publish and enforce it. The reason why the Church condemns secret oath-bound societies is very simple. Without going into the depths of theology, no man has a right to

¹ *Acta Sæ Sedis*, vol. vi., in note on the *Constitution Apostolicæ Sedis*.

take an oath except for a known and just purpose, and under proper sanctions and authority. The Catechism teaches children that it is sinful to take a rash oath, and it is sinful to keep it.

The leaders caring little for, or forgetting the principles by which the Church is governed, have not hesitated to ascribe unworthy motives to its clergy. Priests ordained at Maynooth have been singled out for special obloquy. It was charged that they took an oath to maintain the British Government, and, therefore, it was that they opposed the movement. In America we are free. No English gold purchases the Church here, and yet she condemns the society. As to the Maynooth priests, they differ in nothing from priests ordained elsewhere. With us, when the government confers any special trust on a citizen, it requires such a person to renew his oath of allegiance; thus a sheriff or a postmaster, before he enters on his duties, must take such an oath. This is precisely what is required of priests at Maynooth. By the fact of their birth they were already bound; but as they are made the recipients of a special favor, they are required, as is done elsewhere, to renew their allegiance.

The Holy Father even did not escape censure. It was asserted that he favored England at the expense of Ireland. England has never been very friendly to the Popes. In Catholic times she grumbled at paying the Peter's pence. By the *Premunire* Act she made it a penal offence to publish the Pope's Apostolic Letters. There can be no special reason, therefore, why the Pope should compromise Ireland to gratify England. The duties of the Holy Father extend to peoples and governments the most distant and diverse. He has to rebuke the despotism of Russia; he has to resist the cruel tyranny of Germany, and the butchery of the *Commune* in France; and, when the occasion demands, he hesitates not to pronounce censure on secret societies in Ireland.

There have been occasions in days gone by when the Popes feared not to come to the assistance of Ireland. We will refer only to one eventful period. When the Confederate Catholics, in 1642, rose to defend their religion and country, the Pope promptly aided them with money and arms. He commissioned a Nuncio to counsel and encourage them. But Ormond, a man of subtle and treacherous intellect, baffled his plans and caused division among the Confederates. The Nuncio was compelled to excommunicate the party that thwarted him. Ormond had theologians in his council. They raised the question then agitated in France, whether the right of patronage to Episcopal sees was not vested in the Crown; and also the other more serious question, whether a General Council was above the Pope. If so, the censures of the Nuncio

could be disregarded, even though ratified at Rome.¹ The scheme succeeded. The two ablest generals in the Confederate army, O'Neill and Preston, instead of fighting the common enemy, actually marched their armies against each other. Thus while they were arguing about the discussions of the Sorbonne and the *liberties of the Gallican Church*, Ormond was enabled to crush the liberties, not only of the Church, but of Ireland. Had the Infallibility of the Pope been then defined as an article of faith, such controversies could not have occurred, and the condition of Ireland would be very different from what it is to-day.

But perhaps we have written at unnecessary length on this topic.

The movement which at present occupies public attention is known as "Home Rule." It originated in 1870, chiefly under the inspiration of the late Mr. Butt. Like all new great political parties, it is viewed differently by persons of different bias. Many consider it good; others think it bad; and some look on it with indifference. Many English and Irish Protestants pretend that *Home Rule* means *Rome Rule*. Such is not the case. Rome has ruled pretty extensively in Ireland since the days of St. Patrick, and her sway is more solid to-day than ever. But Rome rules in spiritual matters, and does not aim to dictate any particular line of politics. Rome knows that Catholics and Protestants—though differing in religion—may unite on questions appertaining to the welfare of their common country, and she interposes no positive difficulty. Those who look on with indifference are either persons who are satisfied with things as they are, or such as desire separation—the Nationalists. We notice that some of the Home Rulers are not averse to receiving aid from the Nationalists. They know that the pressure of the physical argument has often been effective with the government. But notwithstanding, is not this division of forces damaging to the cause of Ireland? Though something has been conceded to revolutionary threats, it is a question whether much more could not be accomplished by a widespread, harmonious, and persevering combination of all classes of the people.

Mr. Sullivan in his book styled *New Ireland* gives the fundamental principles of the Home Rule association. They are as follows:

I. "This association is formed for the purpose of obtaining for Ireland the right of self-government by means of a National Parliament.

II. "It is hereby declared, as the essential principle of this association, that the objects, and *the only objects*, contemplated by its organization are:

"To obtain for our country the right and privilege of managing our own affairs, by

¹ Confederation of Kilkenny, by Rev. C. P. Meehan. Also vide Hib. Domin. and Bishop French's Unkind Deserter. Bishop French was a most prominent actor in those events.

a Parliament assembled in Ireland, composed of her Majesty the Sovereign, and her successors, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland;

“To secure for that parliament, under a federal arrangement, the right of legislating for and regulating all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, and control over Irish resources and revenues, subject to the obligation of contributing our just proportion of the imperial expenditures;

“To leave to an imperial parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the imperial crown and government, legislation regarding the colonies and other dependencies of the crown, the relations of the United Empire with foreign States, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the empire at large;

“To attain such an adjustment of the relations between the two countries, without any interference with the prerogatives of the crown, or any disturbance of the principles of the Constitution.’

III. “The association invites the co-operation of all Irishmen who are willing to join in seeking for Ireland a federal arrangement based upon these general principles.

IV. “The association will endeavor to forward the object it has in view, by using all the legitimate means of influencing public sentiment, both in Ireland and Great Britain, by taking all opportunities of instructing and informing public opinion, and by seeking to unite Irishmen of all creeds and classes in one national movement, in support of the great national object hereby contemplated.

V. “It is declared to be an essential principle of the association that, while every member is understood by joining it to concur in its general object and plan of action, no person so joining is committed to any political opinion, except the advisability of seeking for Ireland the amount of self-government contemplated in the objects of the association.”

It has been objected that these articles are too vague and do not distinguish between imperial and Irish questions. They were drawn up intentionally so, merely as a basis of organization, leaving to the proper time to define terms and details. Home Rule implies the federal system. Many look on it as an anomaly in Irish politics, and think it will not work. But even now the outward form of the connection with England is federative. Cromwell discarded circuitous ways and troubled himself but little about Articles of Union. He ordered that members from among his followers in Ireland should be sent to his Parliament at Westminster. The Union of 1800 also was actually a conquest, but the external legal forms were observed. The official style and title of the kingdom is, “the United Kingdom of Great Britain *and* Ireland.” Scotland is merged into Britain, but Ireland is mentioned separately. Ireland has also an executive of its own, the Lord-Lieutenant and Council. It has also a separate judiciary; so there is still something of the federal system left in existence. Repeal involved the federal system. Mr. Sullivan states that O’Connell could not give a clear outline of what he meant by simple repeal. We think he is mistaken. In the volumes already quoted, O’Connell mentions some of the difficulties attending repeal, but he did not think them unsurmountable. The English Parliament, if it granted repeal, could by an act make all the necessary alterations so as to adapt it to the changed condition of the countries.

Thus the federal idea is not altogether new in Ireland. The principles of Home Rule embodied in the resolutions have been explained on many and various occasions since they were first promulgated. Home Rule means the perpetuation of the connection with England. In its very nature it is complex. Its advocates know that mathematical precision is not to be expected in constitutions of government; in fact, it would be a positive injury, as the most logical form of government is a puny despotism. Constitutional governments are made up of checks and balances. In federal governments it is not always easy to draw the line that separates home from national questions. Under the United States Constitution it has cost much thought and trouble to ascertain the line dividing questions appertaining to the State and to the General Government. Yet few will hazard the assertion that the legislature of Pennsylvania is a mere empty bauble without the power of doing good. So also a federal Parliament assembled in Dublin could render incalculable services to Ireland. It would have control over the education question, the land question, and the reclaiming the waste places, the encouragement of manufactures; in a word, all the various matters that with us are reserved to the State legislatures. Ought Ireland to reject what New York is content with? It would be well if she could only secure it. Some influential men in Ireland object again that Home Rule would degrade the Irish peerage. A peer sitting in a federal Parliament, they say, would make a sorry figure. They seem to forget that the peerage, since the Union, has been degraded. Irish peers, as such, cannot sit in the imperial Parliament. Only a certain number, twenty-one we believe, can enter, and they are voted for from among themselves when a vacancy occurs; whereas English peers take their seat by virtue of their creation. Besides, would there not arise questions in the Irish Parliament worthy of the attention of the proudest peer? It is further objected that still the army and navy would belong to England; but only in a qualified sense. The advocates of Home Rule insist that Ireland has helped largely to build up the vast fabric of the British Empire, and has, therefore, a just claim to share her greatness and prosperity. Ireland would still have perhaps an enlarged representation at Westminster to watch over her interests. Thus the army and navy would belong to Ireland as well as to Great Britain, just as the United States Army and Navy may be said to belong to Illinois as well as to Massachusetts.

Such is a general outline of the Home Rule movement. It has great difficulties to encounter from within as well as from without. When Grattan was asked why he did not labor for Repeal, he said he would when backed by the nation; that he considered hopeless. Yet O'Connell combined the nation and carried emancipation. So

it may be with Home Rule. But the great difficulty is that the MAN has not yet appeared equal to the crisis. Mr. Butt was a man of commanding abilities and large Parliamentary experience; but he had serious drawbacks, and, to use Grattan's figure, he was the oak of the forest, too old to be transplanted at fifty. He espoused the national cause too late in life to establish a firm hold on the confidence of the people. However, his example proves that it is not now necessary that a man should be a Catholic to become a great leader of the Irish people. The majority of the Irish members of Parliament are Protestants. What is demanded is ability, patience, and unswerving self-devotion to the cause of his country; and, we may add, an independent personal property. We do believe no poor man, no matter what his attainments, can sustain himself as a popular leader in Ireland. When a man steps forward as the champion of the national cause, he must expect opposition. His motives and actions will be closely scrutinized and frequently censured. There is a constant ebb and flow in public opinion; one month it bears a man aloft on the top of the crest of the wave, and the next month it casts him high and dry upon the strand. But if he possesses the requisite resources in property and purpose, he can afford to wait until the current sets in his favor again. This happened to Grattan and to O'Connell.

Circumstances that so much favored O'Connell scarcely any longer exist. The Catholic priests readily adopted his views and instilled them into their people. The priest now fills but a small place in Irish political agitation. Since 1850, under the direction of the late Cardinal Cullen, ecclesiastical discipline has undergone a great change. Priests are more confined to their official duties. Not that a man by becoming a priest thereby ceases to be a citizen, and loses his right to uphold what he believes to be the interests of his country. But, knowing the bitter passions that political contests call forth, it is deemed more proper for the priest to cease to be prominent. The Synod of Maynooth "strictly forbids priests, during the solemnity of the Mass, so plainly unbecoming, or even in the Church at all, to discuss political questions, because such discussions tend to produce division between the pastor and the people."

Besides it was considered that the time had arrived when the laymen were or should be able to understand and take care of their own political interests. In the April number of the REVIEW it was shown that the youth of Ireland have been receiving a general education. The rising generation are growing in intelligence. The fourth estate, the press, representing various shades of political opinions, is cheap and widely circulated; and under the informing influence of the Church we have little fear but that Young Ireland

will know how to turn their advantages to good account. Some, perhaps, in the heyday of life may rush into the snares of secret revolutionary societies, but the vast majority are aware that in a great national struggle the interests of a people cannot be split into classes. A nation to be strong needs the support of all her children. And whenever the right and true man appears and by trial is made manifest, he will be able to organize all these elementary forces and compel their combined voice to be heard.

Here we must stop. After all it will be urged that the adoption of these ideas would necessitate the surrender of all the aspirations for which the Irish have so long and so often bled. We would not surrender these traditions if we could. But this world is constantly undergoing changes. The governments of every existing civilized country have suffered change. Ireland cannot and should not go back to her old condition. In Catholic times the Irish asked for the benefits of the British Constitution. By united effort she can yet obtain it. England listens to the "logic of facts," and is gradually abandoning her anti-Irish bigotry. She knows where the strength and the weakness of the empire lie. She will understand that it will be strengthened by conceding Home Rule to the Irish. Under the fostering care of a domestic legislature the best characteristics of the Irish people would be preserved and perpetuated. Ireland may not be, as the poet says, "great, glorious, and free;" but she could be happy, and prosperous, and more truly than ever before, "the first flower of the earth and the first gem of the sea."

SOCIALISM,¹ CONSIDERED IN ITS ORIGIN AND FIRST MANIFESTATIONS.

Analyse de la Doctrine De Babeuf. Paris, 1796.

Théorie des Quatre Mouvements. By Charles Fourier. Leipsig (Lyons), 1808.

Some Barriers between Labor and Capital. Cath. World. Nov. 1878.

THE ominous expansion of Socialism during the last few years, not only all over Europe, but, to a certain extent, even in this country, requires that all intelligent men should thoroughly understand its purposes and aims, and the means its leaders intend to adopt for their furtherance. This, until recently, appeared to many persons somewhat indistinct, so that even great political leaders paid little attention to this new sect, and acted as if it had no existence whatever. It was only yesterday, as it were, that Mr. Disraeli, who was not yet known as Lord Beaconsfield, thought proper, for the first time, to say a few words in a public speech on the advent of the monstrous *giant* on the political stage; and it was still more recently that M. de Bismarck condescended to acknowledge it and prepared to fight it out, as he is at present attempting with great energy. In his last manifesto, just before his death, M. Thiers, who ought to have appreciated it better, on account of recent events in France, called it merely *an epidemic*, as if it would be only a momentary scourge, like the yellow fever of last summer in Louisiana.

This long-enduring indifference towards socialism must have in those three influential leaders the effect of wilful blindness, for they could not but be aware that the socialistic idea is much older than they seem to suppose. Its present attitude can scarcely be understood, unless we go back to its origin and first manifestations. This will be the main object of the present paper; although, of necessity, allusion will often be made to occurrences of the day, and people will judge whether it is merely an epidemic, as M. Thiers fondly imagined.

Socialism, which under the euphuistic name of *Sociology*, has lately been made in England a branch of science, has a much more extensive meaning than that formerly assigned to it by lexicographers. They often confound it with communism; but it would be unjust now to do so, although many socialistic systems end in the

¹ A very important paper on Communism in the United States, was published in the July number of 1878. The object of this is altogether different, as the reader can easily recognize, and contains, in fact, a history of Socialism in all European countries.

community of property. The main idea of the thing itself is that of association, with the ultimate purpose of improving the condition of the lower classes, and through them, of all mankind. Thus any religious or philosophical scheme in which the amelioration of human society is considered as the theorizer's main object, can be called a socialist system. In this sense Plato's *Republic*, More's *Utopia*, Campanella's *Civitas Solis*, Fenelon's *Telemachus*, and many other celebrated books of the same kind, can be rightfully designated as innocent attempts at ameliorating man's social condition. In fact, when first published, they were mainly considered as inoffensive descriptions of an impossible state of things on earth, aiming at public good, and thus they were socialistic utopias.

When these speculations are examined from a practical point of view, it is easy to see that a mere philosopher, even of the highest rank, cannot be competent to construct or arrange a social system perfectly faultless, unless he is inspired and has actually received a mission from heaven for the noble purpose he has in view. Any one who has reflected seriously on the subject, must be persuaded that human society could not have started on its career except on the supposition that God himself had assigned laws to it, as well as to everything else. If the physical world imperiously requires physical laws, much more does the moral and social order necessitate moral and social principles. Until the evolutionists furnish us the demonstration that the material creation has made itself, and follows only the blind fatality of its own falling into line without a previous design, sensible men, even if not Christians, will continue firmly to believe that God alone *could* make the world and *has* made it. Then, too, moral and social order is of a far higher character than that which is purely physical, and God is much more needed for its establishment than even for the mighty energy by which the material creation was brought into existence.

What renders many men blind to the acknowledgment of this grand truth is, that God has allowed us to co-operate with Him in the practical workings of social order; and then, too, political institutions, which in great part come from man, and the constant shifting of natural human life in the course of its history, react powerfully on social institutions and can modify them to a great extent. But all these peculiarities cannot weaken the positive fact that God is the sole author of the social order, has given it its original direction, watches with paternal care over the observance of its laws, and alone prevents it from falling into confusion by His ever present action in the moral and social, as He likewise does in the physical world. Man, therefore, undertakes more than he can do when he attempts to frame a social scheme, *de toutes piécés*, as the French say,

irrespective of the divine laws which have presided at the foundation of society and which must constantly regulate its development.

The social system is intimately connected with politics, but is far deeper, as being the necessary *substratum* of all governments. It is entirely interwoven with all the domestic concerns of man, inasmuch as the family is the first and most necessary element of society. It is inseparable also from the teachings of religion, which necessarily forms the basis of any commonwealth on earth. All these considerations are so many proofs that the human social system must have come from God's hands, and that it is the height of presumption on the part of man to think of building it up without having received a mission from heaven.

This is perfectly clear to every intelligent man who has not lost the use of his reason by too long a practice of sophism. It is true, nevertheless, that the great socialistic leaders of the day discard all this, and refuse to admit God's authority in politics, in the family, in the commonwealth, in all the concerns of man. But for this very reason all their social systems are not only untrue, but monstrous and absurd, as we hope to make clearly appear before we have done. We maintain again that no philosopher, as such, can frame for man a social system perfect in all its details, and sure to win the acceptance of all, for the reasons which have just been assigned.

It might not be unprofitable to recite again the various stages which human society has passed through from the beginning down to our own day. The hand of Providence would surely appear in the details which we might recount, and history would teach us better than philosophical speculation what social plan God has designed for man from the primitive ages, and how this plan has been in part thwarted by the follies and errors of man. But this would be beyond our scope; and we are reduced to consider only one of those social stages, the most conspicuous in fact, namely, the establishment of Christianity.

For, the social changes which the Christian religion brought into the world, are so remarkable that no one who merely opens his eyes can gainsay them; and every one is obliged to admit the truth of these words of St. Paul: *Pietas ad omnia utilis est, promissionem habens vitæ quæ nunc est et futuræ*, 1 Tim. iv. 8. This alone, is more than sufficient to prove that God's hand has founded human society, and preserved it from ruin whenever man interfered too violently with His plan. Ancient history, moreover, has been searched into of late years for this very purpose of discovering the early civilization of man, which is another name for God's plan; and if crude theories have been devised, derogatory both to man's dignity and to God's power or goodness, other inquiries have vin-

icated both, and proved the correctness of the biblical account. It is evident that if human society has often been subject to frightful evils, it is mainly because the divine designs have been opposed and resisted in all their elements, political, social, industrial, domestic, and individual. What has been well ascertained of the workings of the Christian religion on human life under all these aspects, demonstrate that it was intended to repair the wrong, and render happiness possible in human society; so that Montesquieu's saying is profoundly true: "It is wonderful indeed that Christianity, whose great object is to prepare man for a happy hereafter, is likewise the best calculated to procure his felicity in this life."

The necessary limits of this paper allow us only to furnish here a very short, and consequently imperfect sketch of this most important subject, but it cannot be altogether omitted. Despotic power of the most monstrous kind had replaced in the Roman world the former paternal forms of all *political* institutions. The *social* hierarchy of ranks in the primitive commonwealth had been totally subverted by dividing all men into the mere dualism of the few and the many, the free and the slave, both in the most extreme meaning of the terms; the former enjoying all freedom's privileges, the latter being subjected to all the horrors of the most abject servitude. Slavery had also altogether spoiled the *industrial* system, founded primitively on universal labor according to each individual's capacity. This normal rule, dating from Adam's fall, had been replaced by abject labor imposed on the slave, which rendered free corporations simply impossible. The *domestic* institution was rapidly running to its destruction by the introduction of repeated divorces, which would soon have brought on the degrading custom of promiscuity. Finally, the *individual* abandoned to himself, and free from any other restraint except that of exterior force, appeared to have at last obtained his independence, only to fall under the crushing heel of despotism.

The Christian religion, considered as a human institution—it bears also this aspect—corrected fundamentally all these fatal effects of a universal decline among the nations, and inaugurated the modern, or rather, mediæval social system. Happy, if men had better appreciated it and kept it. The Imperial Roman absolutism was replaced either by the Christian idea of moderate monarchy, or by the aristocratic governments of the mediæval republics, very different from the former Grecian democracies; all these institutions being at the same time under the control of the Pope's mediation, in case of discord among the rulers. The Third Estate soon appeared everywhere to secure the rights of the lower classes, and the great word, freedom, acquired a meaning which it never had in ancient times. This new political society was at once established on

the firmest basis by the great Christian principle that "All power comes from God." The noblest social axioms were embodied in the sublime virtue of charity—*charitas*—which remedied as far as it is possible, the evils necessarily derived from the inequality of rank, of wealth, of knowledge. It was admitted that this inequality is founded on man's nature, and that it would be sheer folly to attempt a levelling of fortunes, of power, of ideas, and that in case this should be done for a moment, it could never last owing to the immense variety of aptitudes and of opportunities which a wise Providence has decreed should entirely rule human affairs. The modern industrial system was introduced step by step, by the gradual abolition of slavery, which had rendered impossible among the ancients what we now call free industry. It was in the monasteries that free labor was first born, and there was then no conflict whatever between it and capital. There would, in fact, never have been any conflict of importance between them even in modern times, such as we witness at this day, if the old corporations and guilds, created by the Church in the Middle Ages, had not been totally destroyed first by the Reformation, and afterwards more completely still by the French Revolution. To have a sufficient idea of this, it is sufficient to consult the *History of the Reformation*, by Cobbett. No one has ever been able to confute the statements of the great English radical on the important subject he has treated. He has indeed completely unveiled the true cause of modern pauperism, which is the last expression of this frightful phenomenon of our day, viz., *the total subjection of labor by capital*. As to the results of the French Revolution, M. Taine's last work, *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, to the same effect as Cobbett's, it is impossible to refute. Finally, there is no need of dwelling on the consideration of the social unit called the family, since every one now admits, except the extreme Socialists, that the Christian ideal of it, with all its consequences, is the only one acceptable to reason and morality. Even non-Christians begin to shudder at the social decomposition produced by the introduction of divorce in marriage, and of independence among unruly children so common in our age.

All these considerations are irrespective of many other ameliorations which Christianity has introduced into human society, such as the principle of association, the smoothing away of international asperities, the introduction of humanity in war, the mildness of modern manners, etc. It is very doubtful, to say the least, if any modern theorists will ever find out a social system preferable to the one which has just been described. And it is remarkable that the immense and universal success attending it has not been confined to the first ages of the Church, when the Blessed Saviour's

doctrine spread so rapidly all over the globe, and produced such radical and beneficial changes in human society, on so large a scale. But even in our day, the same power of the true Christian apostle has exerted a like influence wherever in his zeal for man's welfare he can act without his efforts being opposed and thwarted by inveterate enemies. Thus in Paraguay, as soon as the missionaries of the Church obtained from the Kings of Spain permission to lay the foundation of their "Reductions" (as they were called) without the interference of outsiders, the Christian social idea was realized in such degree as surprised and delighted all unprejudiced minds. The most uncouth and barbarous savages learned in a few years all the arts of civilized life, and lived supremely contented in their miniature republics, happy with innocent festivities, and cheered by the sweetest emotions of religion. The only fault the most captious critics could find, was that the Indians were children, and their religious teachers not bold enough in their theories. The first defect was certainly charming as a novelty in the midst of the cold and surfeited eighteenth century, when they flourished. The second weak side of it rather pleases us as a contrast to the more than cold utopias of modern socialists, of which we shall speak presently.

It is true that in all her social schemes, Christianity assumes that man is a sinner; not a totally depraved creature, as John Calvin pretended, but inclined to evil, and rushing into it unless he effectually uses the means which God places at his disposal, and which we call divine grace. Modern socialism, on the contrary, invariably starts with the assumption that man is a perfect being, always preferring good to evil, and infallibly drawn by a powerful *attraction* towards what is conformable to his best nature. A sad experience has more than proved which is the true view of human nature; and the complete collapse, one after another, of all socialistic systems antagonistic to religion, would be another proof were it needed. After these general considerations on true *Sociology*, it is time to come to the history of Socialism itself, its true origin and first manifestations.

Before the outbreak of the French Revolution, Socialism, as it is now understood and preached, was totally unknown. If Protestantism did not give birth to it, it powerfully disposed men towards it. The social theorists, from the Middle Ages down to the latter part of the last century, were all more or less Christian, such as Roger Bacon, More, Campanella, and Fénelon. The books they wrote were, on the whole, inoffensive romances, and the most timid men could not reasonably have been frightened by the total adoption of their wildest dreams. During the second part of the last century the sect of Economists arose in France, with Turgot at

its head, and in England, Adam Smith, J. Balny, and others elaborated the system of what has been called political economy. A very remarkable feature in both these theories was the total exclusion of Christian ideas which all writers had previously connected more or less with social systems of every kind. Even those who previously had never said a word about Christianity, as Fénelon, in his Republic of Salentum—an episode of Telemachus—were evidently swayed by their Christian belief. But the new considerations on capital and labor, on the production of wealth, etc., which were the main objects of economists in England and France, took no account whatever of Christian principles, and discussed social problems in the simple light of unaided human reason and altogether irrespective of morality. But still most of the axioms on which human society had so far relied for its security, appeared to remain untouched by the new systems; and it required very careful study to detect any danger in those theories, though there certainly was. The step had been made, however, and for the first time social science boldly stalked forth in a form which was altogether independent of Christianity, and outside of every moral consideration.

The French Revolution boldly and avowedly went much further, and a few years after its first explosion, in 1789, the wildest social theories began to assume shape, and were not only *emancipated*, as the word has it, from all religious notions (as were those of the economists) but altogether antagonistic to them. Babeuf was the first to openly proclaim them, in 1796; but they had surely brewed in his mind from the very beginning of this political and social effervescence. Is it possible to point out at this day the true genesis of Babeuf's ideas with which many other men were soon found to coincide? We cannot see any other explanation of it than is found in the pregnant revolutionary motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," which, as every one knows, became the sole object of thought and enthusiastic desire for multitudes of Frenchmen during this period of madness. The reader will be better able to judge of this after we shall have briefly commented upon it.

Liberty or freedom did not mean in this motto what it had meant for our ancestors from the beginning of the Middle Ages. Freedom was then thought to be the enjoyment of certain rights consecrated by the existing hierarchy of ranks. These were the rights of the Church and the rights of the king or ruler. There were those, too, of noblemen and of churchmen; those of burghers and of peasants; those of military men, consecrated by the rules of chivalry, and those of civil guilds and trade corporations; those of craftsmen and of students in universities, etc.

Whenever a man was not prevented from enjoying those rights he was said to have the enjoyment of his freedom. If an arbitrary

power of any kind deprived him of any of them, he was regarded as deprived of his freedom. When Magna Charta was extorted from the king in England it was merely the restoration of the rights of the Church, of the nobility, of the common people, which had been taken away or curtailed by a tyrant. But the word, liberty, was understood very differently by the French revolutionists. It was even the very reverse of all this, and became in their estimation complete emancipation from all superior powers; from those of the Church, of the king, of the nobility, of the parliament considered as a corporation, of the civil, religious, and trades' guilds, which still existed, etc. It was, in fact, under the name of liberty, the complete destruction of *freedom* as it had been defined, because the rights of all were sacrificed at once; and there remained nothing but the rabble, to which was granted supreme power, under the name of *sovereignty of the people*. But as no human society can exist without a power of some kind, *all* power was henceforth vested in the state as the executive servant of the people. This is precisely the fundamental principle of socialism, as it is now generally understood.

As to equality, the consequence of it is more glaring still, and it is especially out of this particular hobby that socialism was born. No one had ever imagined before that human society could exist without a well-determined hierarchy of ranks, and an indefinite inequality of functions. The idea of equality before the law is very different. A Christian can have no objection to it, because it is evidently founded on the most elementary principles of the Christian religion. But the new revolutionists in France gave a very different meaning to the notion of equality. According to many of them, at least, a happy social state absolutely *required* that all should have the same rights, the same degrees of enjoyment, the same quantity of property even, or an approach to it, the same means of pushing themselves in the world and reaching posts of honor; nay, the same amount of knowledge, as we will soon have an opportunity to see. This was evidently all derived from Rousseau's principles; and Rousseau's *Contrat Social* was the new gospel. All his doctrine culminated in equality, and by consequence in the suppression of superiority of any kind.

These new theorists—we mean the revolution's most ardent promoters—imagined that by obliging all men to come down to the same level, they would establish on earth a most happy social state, such as the world had never seen before. They seemed to be intimately persuaded that until their time men had been miserable only because some had been rich and others poor; some had ruled and others had obeyed; some had been honored and others unknown; some had led mankind by the loftiness of their thoughts

and others had to follow the lead of their betters. Their avowed object was to remedy the enormous evils under which mankind had grown from centuries, owing to the inequality of condition in which men are born, live, and die. Totally rejecting the Christian view, they thought that man is naturally good, was not born in sin; that he possessed in himself all the elements of happiness; that, were it not for his surroundings, namely, for the trammels of an artificial society, in which he was enslaved, he would have the means of asserting his freedom and enjoying life, unless he first entirely destroyed the universal cause of all his evils, by overturning the social edifice in which he was immured as in a dungeon, and out of which he must first emerge before he could build up the palace which his imagination had created.

It is undeniable that these dreams were openly indulged in by many Frenchmen at that time; and this alone explains the alacrity with which they abolished in a single night all the privileges of the nobility, the nobles themselves taking the lead in the strange process. All social distinctions forthwith were to disappear; all classes were to be reduced to a dead level; thenceforth no one should be able to raise his head above his fellows. Ever since that day, the importance of preserving in society as perfect a social equality as possible, has been the hobby of very many Frenchmen. By public opinion, by legislation, by every means in their power, they have endeavored to give to their nation an aspect which men have had nowhere else. They were certainly working against nature in fulfilling that hard task, for no law is so constantly and visibly active in this world as that of variety and inequality. This is evident everywhere in the universe, but it is seen pre-eminently in man's nature. For his faculties of soul and body, his aspirations and aims, even his unconscious opportunities during life, are all of them most multiform and various, and the progress of time constantly tends to increase these differences, so as to render them truly ineradicable. A large class of socialists of our day pretend that man's nature can change in that respect, by evolution; that it has already been greatly modified, and is destined to undergo modifications of far greater importance. We will come back to the consideration of this subject in another paper.

Those men, indeed, from the beginning, were so blind as not to see their folly; and particularly during the whole period of the revolution, the master spirits among them were endeavoring to bring down the entire nation to the rude state of life known as *sansculottism*, in which no individual could ever think of rising above his fellows, except as regards the bombast of his noisy *patriotism*, always with the proviso that all should be satisfied with iron and bread, *du fer et du pain*. This was especially the theory of St. Just,

the great metaphysician of the party, who can be called without injustice to his memory, one of the coolest monsters that ever existed.

But as nature always vindicates her rights, and eventually triumphs over the folly of men, many distinctions continued to exist, and many more were brought back by Bonaparte when his time came. On this very subject of equality, the two great *montagnards*, Robespierre and Marat, had not exactly the same notions. The first, although he was the bosom friend of St. Just, and though he always used the most endearing expressions when addressing the *poor* people, and commiserating their distress, invariably took good care to distinguish himself from them, at least by his dress, his habits, and his language. The second, Marat, took a sort of pride, not only in expressing pity for his dear *sansculottes*, but dressed, ate, and spoke exactly as they did. This last-named apostle of freedom was altogether consistent in his advocacy of equal rights, the other was not. It is needless to carry the description further; and it must suffice here to say that most of the features of the subsequent socialism were evidently copied from this model, and the communism which naturally followed was destined to be the complete realization of this great doctrine of equality.

Of Fraternity, the last term of the revolutionary triad, less needs be said. It may all be comprised in the remark that the great ostensible object of socialism is to establish a true brotherhood among men, and to realize consequently, the third term of the celebrated motto. Like results, however, befell this socialist *brotherhood*, which was the fate of the revolutionists' *fraternity*. It is well known that it all ended in a universal fight of factions. By a just retribution inflicted on them by Almighty God, the first idea they had as brothers, of clubbing together to trample on the rights of foreign nations, and on those of the superior classes among themselves, which they ferociously hated, terminated in a worse than fratricidal war, in which they seemed to have no other political object than literally to cut each other's throats. Our children will see, in case socialism succeeds in its plans, if its ultimate end will be very different.

Before leaving this part of our subject, it is proper to say a word on the remarkable hatred of religion during the revolutionary period, and which many socialistic systems of our day seem to have inherited from their ancestors. It is true, some pleasant eulogists of that period in France (where there are still so many admirers of the French Revolution), have thought that nearly all the principles advocated by it were Christian principles. The fact is, however, that the chief endeavor of most of its leaders, was evidently to destroy every kind of religion, even simple theism itself. God's

authority was from the beginning severely excluded from the new social organization. It was much later on that Robespierre tried to introduce his *Être Suprême*. There was no thought of it when *liberty was founded*. There was consequently no superior being on whom any one depended. Each one was his own master, even in obeying the law, because law, according to Rousseau, was only *the expression of the universal will*, and every individual's own will was included in this; every one obeyed himself in obeying the law. To this point had they carried the folly of emancipation; and it is impossible to see how there could be any religion among them. As to Catholicity, it is well known how they hated it, and what frightful and odious persecution was raised against it. We fear that nothing very different can be expected from socialism if it succeeds, and if the open shedding of blood is not so much to be feared in this century, legislative enactments will be invented and enforced strong enough to suppress every exterior manifestation of the Church's zeal, in the hope that faith itself will die in the heart when it can no longer be outwardly professed.

Babeuf was the true founder of Socialism. In proof of this it suffices to give the main points of his doctrine. There was not, perhaps, much science, as they say, in his projects. These showed, however, a deep foresight of the main difficulties the system would meet in its realization, and remarkably sound judgment in the solution of those difficulties, as far as there can be sound judgment in madness. It has always been to us a matter of wonder that modern Socialists have not, long before this, made a hero of Babeuf, of whom they never speak. He undoubtedly was the clearest and most logical utopist among them all, and died a martyr to the cause, by stabbing himself in open court, on hearing the death sentence passed upon him on account of his anti-social conspiracy.

Before he was arrested, with his chief followers, by orders from the French *Directoire*, the party published, in 1796, an *Analyse de la doctrine de Babeuf*, which spread dismay among the Parisians. A few phrases of it will give a sufficient idea of the system, which evidently contained all the germs of Socialism and Communism, at a time when no one in England or Germany had yet thought of it.

"Nature has bestowed on every man an equal right to all enjoyments. Human society can have no other object than to secure that equal right, whenever it is assailed by powerful and wicked men, and to increase the sensual gratification of each citizen by the coöperation of all in the same object. Nature imposes on all the obligations of bodily labor, and no one can shrink from it without crime. Labor and enjoyment must be common. There is oppression whenever a man must shorten his life by labor and yet suffers from want, whilst another lives in luxury without working. No one can claim for himself without crime the exclusive possession of any property either real or industrial. In a society rightfully constituted, there must be neither rich nor poor. Wealthy men who refuse to give up their superfluous property in favor of the indigent, are the people's enemies. . . . No one can use his endeavors to deprive another man of the instruction necessary for happiness: instruction must be common."

The reader will remark how Communism in all its branches was already sketched in this short programme. Enjoyment, real estate, personal property, industry, instruction, everything on which Socialistic treatises comment at length, and rave more or less in Germany, Russia or France, in our day, had been canvassed in the mind of this obscure Frenchman from Picardy, who began life as editor of the *Correspondant Picard* in Amiens, and at the end of it was not far from succeeding in overturning the *Directoire* in France, and establishing the purest Communism on the ruins of order, such as it then was.

But he was not a secondhand dreamer. All these *principles*, it is true, had been advocated by Rousseau, Malby, Condillac, and other theorists of the same school. None of them, however, knew how to give a practical turn to their theories, and to show how all this could be set on foot in a great nation. Babeuf alone among them, worked practically on the theory. Hear how Buonarotti, his most intimate friend, the second best man of the party of "Equals," as its founder named it, resumed the whole plan in a subsequent volume.

"As soon as the French people shall be declared sole proprietor of the national territory, the bodily labor of each individual citizen must become a public function regulated by law. The citizens, partitioned into various classes, will receive each one a task to perform, exactly alike for all. Each one in his turn must submit to go through whatever is less pleasant in physical labor. The social power, represented by officials needed for the purpose, will assign due limits for production all over the country, regulate the interior transportation and foreign trade, and watch over the apportionment of raw material kept in the public stores, so as to give an equal proportion of it to each citizen. The constant effort of legislation must have for its object to bring back popular manners and customs to a primitive simplicity. It was expected that very soon men would remove in great numbers from the too-populous cities created by a surfeit of civilization, distribute themselves more equally over the whole territory, and give birth in general to simple and modest villages."

With regard to public instruction and literature in general, some very curious considerations have been presented by Buonarotti in a *Summary* of the discussions which took place in Babeuf's house, between the heads of the party, when it was just being organized.

"The Committee, convinced that nothing is less important to a nation than the pruriency of shedding a false intellectual light over the world, have made up their minds not to allow the pretended votaries of science to keep aloof from the ordinary duties of citizens, and to look for happiness in another field than the common one of physical labor. They were unanimous in the intention of putting down all theological and philosophical discussions, and felt sure that the total abolition of wages and salaries, which was a part of their system, would soon cure the French from their natural inclination to shine by their wit, and even from writing books. The only knowledge necessary to the citizens, was that which enabled them to serve and defend their country. Learned bodies or corporations would never be permitted to exist. There could not be any longer either moral or intellectual pre-eminence. Genius itself could not assert its rights as against the strict equality of all men. To read, write, cipher, show a good power of reasoning, know the Republic's history and laws, be somewhat acquainted

with its topography and productions; such would be the school programme for all citizens alike. . . . Above all, the press must be strictly prevented from ever attempting to introduce anything not included in the prescribed circle of studies."

This was certainly working on a large scale, since the whole of France was included in the scheme; and one almost regrets that for the instruction of all men, Babeuf was not allowed to realize his theory. The world would have witnessed a strange sight at the expense of a foolish nation. The attempts made subsequently by the Saint-Simonians, with their priests, artists, and *industriels*, and by the Fourierites with their phalansterian system, were but childish performances compared to the universal schemes of Babeuf, could he have succeeded even for a time. It is known that some member of his newly formed party sold the whole plot to the police, and thus enabled the government to nip the bold project in the bud. Had not this taken place, it is very likely that the rash conspirator would have captured, with his well-organized legion of a few hundred desperadoes, both the legislative council and the executive itself; that he would have sent them adrift or cut off their heads, and started his theory on the way to practical realization. Then France, or rather the world, would have witnessed monstrous things. But he failed and forfeited his life, and for many years his ideas remained dormant in a few minds.

They were not dead, however, and the subversive principles detailed above, had taken too strong a hold of many minds, to remain for a very long time altogether inoperative. It was not, however, before 1830, that socialism again woke up in France. Aberlé, in the *Dictionnaire de théologie Catholique* (*Art. Socialisme*), attributes this surprising lull of the storm after its first blast, to the wars of the Republic and the Empire, which materially reduced in number the laboring classes in France, on which alone socialism could rely for success. This may have been in part the cause of this strange want of activity in the new doctrine; but a more powerful one in our opinion, was the well-ascertained fact that the *proletarians*, as Aberlé calls them, were still strongly religious in Babeuf's time, and continued to be so until after 1830. With the exception of a small number of workingmen in large cities, and of the rural classes in a radius of twenty leagues around Paris, the lower orders in France remained firmly attached to the old religion, and on this account they hailed with joy the *concordat* between Napoleon and Pius VII. The *bourgeoisie* alone, with a part of the nobility, had lost their faith; the mass of the people was sound to the core. As all the former principles of religious morality were openly set at defiance by the new social scheme, the French in a body could not yet accept it; and it is certain, in our opinion, that had Babeuf succeeded at first, his monstrous project would soon have met with

universal opposition. The reader must not lose sight of the incontrovertible fact that the first socialistic attempt, on the very face of it, embraced the destruction of all Christian principles on which society is founded, and that no aggregation of men desirous of remaining faithful to religion could for a moment entertain the idea of becoming socialists.

There is no doubt a social science which has not broken loose from Christianity, much less from natural religion, and consequently there is a Christian socialism which at this moment is strongly supported in France, particularly by men of a high degree of intellect. But of this there can be no discussion here, since we are now speaking of the time immediately subsequent to Babeuf's death, when true social science had not yet been born, except as to its principles, which are contained in the great works of the old schoolmen, of St. Thomas Aquinas in particular. It was the remaining strength of those mediæval principles which would have preserved France in 1796 from the socialistic fury, so that most of the agriculturists and workingmen would certainly have opposed Babeuf. At that time, the blatant revolutionists who had upheld the system of terror, were comparatively few in France, though they were noisy and active. Their extraordinary power for mischief was due to the strict discipline of the Jacobin society, which had spread all over France, and had enlisted everywhere a small number of active and energetic men, who carried everything before them by audacity and violence. But this Jacobin society had been utterly destroyed after Robespierre's fall, by a few thousand young men in Paris, armed only with clubs. This seems to us the true reason why there was no development whatever of Babeuf's ideas during a period of more than thirty years. France was still too much attached to the social principles which had obtained for more than ten centuries.

Hence not even the word socialism, or communism, was ever heard or written in France during the whole period of the first Empire, and the Restoration. The memory of the writer still vividly preserves the remembrance of the startling effect produced on all Frenchmen by the bold proclamation of the newly organized society of St. Simonians. At the beginning of August, 1830, directly after Charles Xth's fall, innumerable posters openly announced all over the country their projects and hopes, and called attention to their organization, their new establishments, and the books and periodicals they began to publish for the spread of their ideas. This appeared as new to all as if Babeuf had never existed.

It will not be unprofitable, however, to briefly show that this new outbreak which was to inaugurate a long era of popular conflicts and revolutions all over the world, was fatally opportune, though

unexpected. The way had been opened and smoothed for it by many events which had strongly modified human society, and prepared it for still worse changes. If any one wishes to know the "reason why" of socialism, he has only to seriously reflect on the following considerations.

The Christian religion had established on earth a well-known and sound social state, and this was eminently favorable to the poor, Christ himself having blessed the poor. Many able books have been written, clearly proving the many social advantages derived from Christianity; and a number of men of our own day, most proficient in social science, even of the *collective* school, as it is called in France and Germany (that is, in favor of vesting all property in the community or state, not in individuals; pure socialists, consequently), recognize in the people of the fourteenth century, for instance, a far greater degree of well-being than is now enjoyed by the same classes. There was then no conflict between capital and labor; in general there was a good understanding between them, and the great law of charity softened all the social asperities which now threaten to issue in open civil war. The agriculturists, with their perpetual tenure, and the workingmen in cities with their communal system, corporations and guilds, lived in much greater comfort than they ever did before or since. The convents were always present in their midst, to come to their relief in times of scarcity, sickness, or business depression. This is now admitted by all intelligent men; and it is also certain that there did not exist at that time anything like what we call the proletarian class. It is proper to assign to this its true origin and causes, in order to fully understand the origin and causes of socialism, its "reason why," and when it was invented as a universal remedy against all evils. In a single word, Protestantism began the work, and the French Revolution completed it. This has to be briefly explained.

Both did it, particularly the last, by destroying the corporations, whether religious or civil, which had been founded by Christian tenderness, charity, and consideration for the laboring classes, and leaving them to confront alone and unassisted, a cold, calculating, and crushing money-power. The Religious Corporations, or Orders in the Church, had for many centuries been most effective in protecting and aiding the poor; but the civil associations of every kind were no less productive of most beneficial results. It was the fashion, a few years ago, never to speak of these last; and if the first—the Religious Orders—were alluded to, it was often with a sneer, as if the help they afforded to the people was as degrading as that of the poor laws which have been substituted for them. At the present time a well-informed man would blush to institute such a comparison between Religious Corporations and the poor laws; the

then existing civil associations also are in general perfectly well known and appreciated. It is acknowledged that from them arose 1st, the development of modern industry ; and, 2d, the birth of the "Third Estate," as a political power. Both of them were immense factors in the social organization of Europe during the Middle Ages. Protestantism destroyed a great number of these admirable institutions ; and the French Revolution took a wild pleasure in abolishing them at one stroke, and depriving the people of all the strongest props of their prosperity, of everything, in fact, which could be a protecting power to them.

But the poor could not be destroyed, and, according to the Saviour's declaration, they must forever continue among us. Henceforth the benefactions of the convents and civil institutions were to be replaced by the poor laws ; and, deprived also of the strength they had found in the union fostered by their guilds, the people were left to the shift of agreeing individually for wages with those who had money. Thus two immense dangers to society arose, namely, pauperism, the necessary result of the poor laws, and the struggle of labor against capital, which has become one of the most prominent features of this century.

This ominous social revolution, effected gradually during the last three centuries, and intensified a hundredfold during the last one, has finally added political to social hatred by the extension of the franchise, and *necessitated* the advent of Socialism and Communism. For, as soon as the lower orders were inoculated with the spirit of indifference to religion, or of positive infidelity, no barrier was left standing against the spread of a fearful antagonism between rich and poor ; and the wildest schemes were set afloat to bring back happiness and contentment among mankind by an altogether new social doctrine. This was the origin of Socialism.

There is no denying that human society, such as Protestantism and the Revolution have made it, is groaning under the most intolerable abuses ; and under the superficial varnish of an astonishing civilization, the greatest part of mankind has strong reasons to complain that it is reduced to a state almost worse than slavery by an almost constant lowering of wages, and as constant a rising in price of the necessities of life. The most important question, however, for the laboring classes, is the pregnant one comprised in a short phrase, "Is Socialism the true remedy?" The best way to answer it is to consider what steps have already been taken by the advocates of the new doctrine for ameliorating the condition of the poor, and to revert to the history of that doctrine.

When, in 1830, Saint-Simonism, and soon after Fourierism unveiled their secrets, Europe had received no warning of the coming crisis. The words Socialism and Communism were absolutely un-

known. The germ, however, deposited by Babeuf had not fallen into a barren soil. It had been slowly growing in the minds of a few men; and the little club of these ardent theorists was prepared to receive any number of proselytes, to plant the tree, and foster its growth and expansion.

Comte de St. Simon had been first a soldier. He had fought under Lafayette and Washington in the American war. The French Revolution, in which he took no part, made him foolishly believe that Catholicism was dead, and must be replaced by a better religious organization. This became the dream of his whole life. For a moment, it is true, he thought of grounding all his plans on industry alone, and was on the point of coming at once to the last stage of Socialism, such as it is in our day, when it is mainly an attempt to place labor above capital. But he soon saw that some sort of moral principle was needed for the foundation of human society (a fact which modern Socialists do not perceive, in their blindness). In his bold attempt at replacing Christian principles by larger views, as he thought, he went directly to the extreme of proposing the establishment of a new religion, from which, however, all supernatural notions should be excluded, except in name. This was the origin of his system, in which mankind were to be divided into three categories, viz., priests; artists, or *savants*; and workmen, or *industriels*. It took the shape, therefore, of a new system of castes, in which attraction replaced equality.

He had prepared himself for his task by three years of hard study of various philosophical subjects, and afterwards by several years of travel through Europe. It is remarkable that when he came back to France, his view of England was simply that "in that country there was no new conception worth mentioning on the subject of social science." And of Germany he said that "universal science was yet in its infancy, because everything was made dependent on mystic principles." This was just before 1808. There was, therefore, no Socialism anywhere, and it is certainly in France that the doctrine has originated, since political economy had not yet deserved the name.

There is no need of entering into further details of the views of this dreamer, St. Simon, because they are now altogether forgotten. He died in 1825, fully persuaded that "the kingdom of God was coming, and that all the prophecies would soon be accomplished." His last words to his disciples were: "The fruit is ripe, you shall gather it." His friends and followers thought, in 1830, that the moment had arrived. Their antics became at once so excessive, that in 1832 the government suppressed the new society, and the French people in general applauded the decision against a sect which in their eyes was only ludicrous. That there was, however,

something very serious in it appears from the terms of the sentence pronounced against them. They were condemned to fine and imprisonment for having preached more openly even than the Jacobins the insurrection of the poor against the rich, the abolition of property, of authority, of all the rights and prerogatives of the state. They had besides set forth "that human society, as it was constituted, was either despotic or anarchical, and must be totally destroyed before a better one could be built up." Thus they were steadily walking in Babeuf's steps, but without carrying out his system of equality.

Nobody pitied the St. Simonians in France; but a few years after the suppression of their society, another suddenly loomed up, which took much deeper roots, and spread far beyond France. Fourier was its founder, and from the publication of his books dates the origin of Socialism in the United States and England, preparatory to its introduction into Germany and Russia.

Charles Fourier elaborated his system altogether independently of St. Simon, but at the very same time, since his first book, *Théorie des Quatre Mouvements*, was published at Lyons under the false name of Leipsic, in 1808. No one, at first, paid any attention to his productions, which were in fact the most fanciful the world had ever seen. In 1830 he tried to coalesce with the St. Simonians, only to fall out and quarrel with them. He escaped, consequently, their fate, and in 1832 he began to receive the adhesion of several men of note; and one of them, Victor Considérant, soon attracted a great number of followers to the new system. Considérant made it more palatable to the public taste by throwing into the shade many of the founder's visionary rhapsodies. How could any one, even in France, accept Fourier's conceptions in theology, cosmogony, psychology, socialism even, and industrialism? For he embraced all these branches of science in his utopias. In theology he admitted a pretended Trinity, composed of God, matter, and mathematics or forces. His God was deprived of will, freedom, even of consciousness in a great degree. His matter was eternal and independent of God. His mathematics or forces were nothing but the laws of nature, which he pretended were eternal and self-existing. His cosmology was more ridiculous even than his theology. All the heavenly bodies—stars, comets, planets, etc.—were intelligent beings, able to produce others of the same kind by a process similar to that of animals or plants. This was owing to an aroma which each of them possessed. The earth's aroma had the fragrance of violet and jessamine, etc. The psychology of Fourier was as immoral as his theology and cosmology were absurd. It could all be reduced to the principle that the passions are everything in man, and consequently must not be opposed.

The human soul, according to him, was a fragment of the universal soul by which stars and planets are animated; the passions are simply the soul's attractions for the fulfilment of its destiny. To oppose them would be suicidal. As to the socialism and industrialism of this dreamer, they were merely the application of his psychology. This culminated in the organization of his phalansteries, which were the only part of his system acceptable to men who were not altogether deprived of their senses; and it is by developing in a more rational way the ideas of Fourier on *association* and *attraction* that his most talented disciples succeeded at last in founding some phalansteries in France and America, and presented to the world a practical socialism, which it is proper to consider more attentively.

And, first, the liberty which the new sect enjoyed everywhere of putting their ideas into practice, came from the care Fourier and his followers took not to openly discuss philosophical questions concerning property, the family, government, etc., though their principles were as destructive of human society as were those of Babeuf and St. Simon. Fourier published his first work at the time of Napoleon's greatest power, and he could not in full security have broached his crude theories, had he openly deduced their consequences. The name of Leipsic instead of Lyons on the title-page, would not even have saved him from the acute police of Fouché, had his book produced a sensation. As, however, nobody read it, this was an additional reason for not making any noise about it. Under the Restoration, Fourier and his disciples were not disquieted by the government, because they spoke only of forming associations for industrial purposes. They did not appear to walk in Babeuf's footsteps, and never pretended to form a political party with anti-social principles. This was a remarkable feature in their organization; and the new theory must be first discussed from the single point of view of industrialism, to use a new word most appropriate to the purpose, which brought back Socialism to the former discussions of political economy.

What did it amount to in Fourier's mind? To the project of opening *convents* of men and women living together, having only one object, that of production in all branches of ordinary industry, and following certain rules of their own. They are called here convents, though they were simply lay associations, and the sect never advanced any pretension to the name of a Church, as did the St. Simonian organization, because their establishments were in fact, houses of seclusion, like those of the former monks, from whom they differed chiefly by their objects, which concerned only this life and the principles of industry. Both monks and Fourierites were certainly ruled by the principles of *association* and *at-*

traction, but of a very different kind. The monks had a twofold object; their own eternal salvation, and that of their neighbor. Concurrently with this, their labors secured the well-being of the poor by whom they were surrounded. For these various purposes they formed strict *associations*; and there was a strong *attraction* that knit them together, derived from the threefold precept of faith, hope, and charity, included in the first commandment of the Decalogue. The grace of God was of course the chief source of this attraction, and during the many centuries of their existence, it has continued to give proofs of its strength by their rapid expansion and the great works they undertook and carried on. The Fourierites, on the contrary, had only one ostensible object; to improve the condition of the lower orders in this world by the organization of industry and labor. For this, lay associations were required, and they endeavored to found large establishments for this purpose. Each phalanstery, according to Fourier's plan, was to contain eight hundred inmates, and if the ancient monasteries were often less numerous, it frequently happened, at the beginning chiefly, that they contained several thousand persons. But the peculiarity which mainly requires our attention, is the new *attraction* invented by Fourier in order to bring harmony into the system, and secure its durability by the introduction of laws supposed to be founded on man's nature. This was nothing else than the consecration of human passions, which it was taught by Fourier were infused into all human souls at their birth, for the fulfilment of their destiny. To interfere with those passions, even with the worst of them, yea, to try to soften them, modify them, much more to subdue them, was declared to be contrary to man's nature, and to render the fulfilment of his destiny impossible. This was at once to declare that all the previous ideas of morality were wrong. Man was not inclined to evil; he had not to struggle against that inclination; and there would be a perfect harmony in human society if all the human passions had their full play. Only they must be organized, systematized, combined by groups, from which harmony would arise as it does from accords and discords in a concert. This was in fact the simile used by Fourier, who was, it seems, a great adept in music.

Many persons believed this, and from that time on, the idea began to prevail among many students of social science, that morality, virtue, and even truth, constantly changes, and that rules altogether different from those which hitherto had prevailed, must be now adopted for the good of human society, because, as they pretend, it is proved by the theory of evolution that even man's nature is perpetually subject to radical alterations. This perversion of good sense is at this moment very prevalent in a large

school of German socialists. We shall have occasion to speak of it at length in a future paper. It is sufficient here to trace its origin to Fourier's system.

Fourierism has now forever passed away, and it is needless to discuss it any longer. After a few years of sickly existence in France, England, and the United States, it died, and the impracticability of the whole scheme must be accepted by all. But it was necessary to speak of it because that system forms a link between the wild plans of Babeuf and of St. Simon on the one side, and the socialistic systems of our own day on the other, which seem to be brought back to the main notions of former economists of the Manchester school, as it is called, adding to them political aspirations and anti-social maxims, constantly growing bolder. In giving pre-eminence to the industrial element in his scheme, Fourier had struck the right key in an age which is given to production and commerce. Babeuf had scarcely spoken of it, except as a function of the state, and St. Simon had placed industrialism in the last and lowest place of his system of castes. From the time of Fourier to the present, socialism is intimately connected with the political economy of the Adam Smith school, only the principles which ought to regulate labor, capital, production, consumption, the distribution of wealth, the circulation of products, the enjoyment of the fruits of industry, etc., are altogether different from those of the first fathers of the new social science, namely, Adam Smith, John B. Say and others in England, as well as Turgot, Quesnay, Mirabeau, and the economists in France, as well as from their successors, the Manchester economists. The previous axioms are generally repudiated as favorable only to capital, and the new ones, in England and Germany, particularly, are more than ever opposed to religion, morality, and the former social principles. But this point cannot be discussed in this paper. The only thing that remains to be done is to contrast the results so far achieved by the first manifestations of socialism as we have studied it, with the state of society created by Christian ideas in previous ages. The question is a pregnant one, and we find it clearly stated in a New York paper of November 25th, 1878. "Have not the developments of society under the application of economical principles, subjected many millions of the people in European countries generally to a condition practically as bad as it was in feudal times, and for which political alleviations afford no equivalent?"

The only exception we would take to this way of stating the question, is the supposition, on the part of the writer, that the people's condition in feudal times was as bad as it is at this moment, and that there have been in our age "political alleviations" of any kind, though in the writer's opinion they do not afford an equiva-

lent. The view here taken of the social state, "in feudal times," is still considered by many as a correct one; but several authors of note in France, and also in England, have lately proved that it is all a mistake. We will not, however, here discuss this point, which has already been touched upon, though very slightly. The only matter of importance at this moment, is the actual situation of the lower classes, after all the efforts of Socialists and Economists, during a whole century, to improve their condition. We could not, if we would, describe it better than we find it stated in a short paper published in the *New York Catholic World*, of the month of November, 1878, and under the title of "Some Barriers between Labor and Capital." There is not, it is true, any discussion in it of the situation in Europe; and it is well known that the United States so far have suffered much less from Socialistic agitation than any European nation. Still, the wretched situation of the people in this country, as will be described, is due mainly to the same causes, because the industrial system of this country is only the reflex of that which prevails on the old continent, and even supposing that there was not in the United States a single man in favor of Socialism, the doings of the sect in Europe would produce here the same baneful effects, though not perhaps on so large a scale.

"What do we see in our own land, blessed by Heaven above others in the extent, variety, and fertility of her agricultural soil, her internal and external natural channels of intercourse, her marvellous mineral wealth, her wholesome climate, and her free government? Our fields have just yielded a harvest unequalled in quantity; our barns and store-houses are bursting with grain; the entire production of the country, it is estimated, will not be less than 600,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 1,200,000,000 bushels of corn; countless herds of cattle graze in our pastures, or are driven across our prairies; abundance so great that figures fail to give an idea of it, and that even the most moderate description of it seems an extravagance, prevails on every hand; and yet men, women and children are actually in want in the midst of this incredible plenty; beggars throng our cities, and armies of sturdy 'tramps' infest our country lanes. We build miles of new dwellings; in Philadelphia, alone, a recent statement showed that there were 15,000 houses in that city without occupants; and yet thousands of men, women and children are houseless. We manufacture each year shoes enough to supply one-third of the whole human race; but there are hosts of people at our doors going barefoot. We make clothing enough to attire in decency and comfort not only our own population, but that of England and Germany besides; and yet many of our people have scarcely rags to cover their nakedness. The whirling wheels of industry and trade revolve unceasingly, production doubles, trebles, and quadruples itself; distribution is carried on with surprising facility and rapidity by a vast system of railways and steamboats; labor-saving machines decrease the cost and increase the supply of manufactured articles in a constantly-augmenting ratio; the gold and silver mines of the Pacific Slope add to the actual supply of the precious metals an annual sum of from ninety to one hundred millions of dollars; and yet not only do the poor grow more numerous and poorer, and the rich fewer and richer, but a feeling of estrangement between the two classes—a sense of bitterness, anger and oppression on one hand, and of contempt, carelessness, indifference, selfishness and pride on the other—is growing up and manifesting itself in forms that threaten the greatest disasters. *What is wrong?*"

A little further on the same writer describes the inward feelings

of discontent which begin to prevail in the United States among the *toilers* who think they are unjustly dealt with by society, and his picture is far from being exaggerated. Unable to give the whole of it, we confine ourselves to the last part of this sketch.

"If we go a little further down, and peer into the hearts of the actual hewers of wood and drawers of water—the men who dig our sewers, pave our streets, carry hods, hew stones, drive our horse-cars, labor on our docks, toil hard all day long, and sometimes all night long, for wages that barely give them and their families what are now considered by our increased and quickened wants, necessities of life—we shall find a keen and by no means a dumb spirit of discontent and unrest. The writer has talked with these men at their noonday meal, when they were eating their hard earned dinner, with a lime-splashed plank for their seat and their table, and their bruised and begrimed hands for knives and forks; he has seen them in their poor homes, where comfort was unknown, health a miracle, and domestic privacy impossible. They feel that their lot is harder than it need be; what is the cause of it they scarcely know; but they listen earnestly to every one who proposes a remedy, however wild or chimerical. These are they who have listened so eagerly to the appeals of fools or knaves—these who, in a popular commotion, would be most easily led to the commission of acts of violence, while those who instigated them would stand aloof to see how the matter might end."

The reader knows that in Europe things have progressed still much farther than this, and that the Socialistic outbreaks in France particularly, during the republic of 1848, and, worse still, during the Commune risings of 1871, have actually threatened society with destruction; and this is the result of all the fine projects which have been set on foot during more than a century for improving the condition of the lower orders! Was not one of the fullest Socialistic programmes adopted by the government in France during the whole year 1849? The result was that a despot was required to keep the country in order, and Napoleon III. improved his opportunity and stepped upon the political stage as an emperor.

A contrast has been promised, and it is necessary to briefly state what was the people's condition in Europe centuries before the modern Social theories were advocated. The description we could make of the real comfort in which even the peasants lived, and of the abundance enjoyed by burghers and working men would, of course, be controverted by many who have not yet seen the incontrovertible proofs that might be adduced. It is impossible to give here a detailed account of them. But there is at least one point which all must admit, and this is sufficient for our purpose. No one can deny that the details just given in regard to the people's actual condition are true, and also that none of those details are applicable to the lower classes in "feudal times." At least one immense evil which has been particularly insisted upon, namely, that of a great number of men, women, and children suffering from want in the midst of plenty, was then totally unknown. If anything is proved by the chronicles of these times, it is the fact that, in mediæval

times, in years of plenty, all, poor and rich, received their proper share ; and if in years of scarcity the poor suffered, the rich also had to bear their part of the burden by the curtailment, at least, of their superfluity. Thus all felt that they were treated alike, and there was not, there could not be, anything like the present estrangement of one class from the other, leading to hatred and strife. Never before was the myth of Tantalus realized in human life ; for it was only in Tartarus that the guilty man was supposed to suffer from thirst in the midst of a river, and from hunger when surrounded with luscious fruits.

The remarkable difference of situation between ancient and modern times came from a principle which was formerly prevalent everywhere in Europe from the first establishment of Christianity, and which Bossuet has tersely expressed, in his *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle* (Part III., ch. 3), *La Vraie Fin de la Politique est de rendre la vie Commode et les Peuples Heureux*. This had been the doctrine of all the Fathers of the Church in regard to the state ; and in speaking of a "comfortable life" and of "happy people," they excluded no class ; or rather, the poor were regarded as the privileged class, and on them more than on the others was the state to bestow its care. Political economy has changed all this. Iron rules have been laid down by it respecting the production of wealth and its distribution, respecting supply and demand, etc., and if any one suffers from those rules, nobody is bound to, or even can apply a remedy, because the rules are too sacred and absolute to be touched. In presence of these rigid axioms morality itself is dumb ; and J. B. Say, one of the less exaggerated among the promoters of the new science, did not hesitate to say that "the best moral lessons which can be given to a nation are those of political economy." To give a very simple and clear example of it : Every sensible man must admit that the use a man makes of his wealth comes within the province of morality, and that wealth can be applied so as to do good or to do evil, for which the doer is responsible. Xenophon, himself a Pagan, acknowledged this law when he said that "wealth is useful only to him who makes a good use of it." But the new social science, even in its most inoffensive forms, takes no account of the moral aspect of any question. It is known, too, that, in the eyes of more recent Socialists, the old rules of morality have to be entirely discarded, and the more directly and persistently one goes counter to them the better.

In Christian times this could not be, and on this account chiefly was the lot of the poor in that epoch infinitely preferable to what it is to-day ; for then the moral code spoke in their favor. It is true that society was then constituted very differently from the shape it has assumed during the last three hundred years. The

same contributor to the *Catholic World*, from whom two remarkable passages have just been quoted, speaks in particular of a "law," which now operates in directions absolutely unknown in "feudal times." He calls it, "for want of a better name, the law of aggregation," and he shows that it works in nationalities as well as in individuals. The first—nationalities—are always tending to grow larger, and the second—individuals—invariably also become richer among a few, and poorer in the mass. This undoubtedly necessitates different economical laws as to the exterior working of the machine. But moral principles must rule in modern times as they did in the past, and we maintain that the existing evils come mainly from having discarded those principles which are absolutely indispensable at all times, in every form of human society, because human nature remains always the same, and moral axioms are also unchangeable.

As to the remedy the writer proposes, namely, to give to the state the full control of those immense industrial and commercial establishments which give to modern times their special character, this very important question must be left to a future paper. The remark, however, may be made, that this omnipotence of the state over industry and trade, is precisely the point on the adoption of which the German Socialists most strongly insist as the fundamental principle of their theory. They expect, no doubt, to have shortly in their hands the direction of the world, and they wish to prepare for their own advent into power a state of affairs that will leave them masters of the situation. It is not, undoubtedly, from love for M. de Bismarck that the German Socialists of the day insist so much on the principle of state omnipotence; they fondly imagine that after the great Chancellor shall have had his way during the period of his administration, their own turn will speedily arrive; and they wish to have a clear field before them. As to the supposition indulged in by the able contributor to the *Catholic World*, that things would be much better managed if the government had in its hands not only the post-office, but likewise the railroads, steamboat lines, telegraphic communication, nay, the wholesale manufacture of our shoes, clothing, household goods, besides trade in all its branches, it is indeed a dream which many recent facts and occurrences are strongly calculated to dispel from the minds of all sensible men. It is certainly preferable by far to leave in the hands of the Federal Government the carriage of our letters, and the transfer of small amounts of money by Post-office orders, than to intrust the same to private companies; although even for this there is actually in the country Express Companies, as useful in their way as the Government could be. But to deprive at once all the citizens of a great nation of the power of employing their in-

dustry and means in manufacturing and commercial transactions, would be, to say the least, extremely imprudent. Not only would the state become at once despotic, but the citizens would be directly on the way to idiocy.

The present aspect of Socialism in all its branches, will be the subject of another communication.

A REVIEW OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE Literature of England is to us, of course, the most interesting, because it belongs as it were to ourselves—we are part of it, and can gather its wealth into the storehouses of our minds without effort and without the intervention of a medium. For there are comparatively few who can become so completely inoculated with a foreign language as to be able to appreciate the beauties of its literature as thoroughly as one to the “manor born;” and, therefore, by the majority the treasures of an alien tongue can be but indifferently comprehended through the assistance of a translation, which, if literal, must be bald, cold, and *bizarre*; while on the other hand, if an attempt is made to bring before the reader’s mind the lingual beauties of the original, the result is a weakening of the idea, or the employment of words which, though beautiful and elegant, and conveying the intended meaning, yet are not the author’s own, but rather, those which strike the translator as the best for his purpose.

For this reason I have chosen a ground often trodden perhaps, yet so rich in every growth of mental grandeur, beauty, and grace, as to be inexhaustible. Like the figures of a kaleidoscope, the same coloring and the same forms, yet infinite in the variety of their combinations; like a garden of flowers in which, each day, one comes upon some blossom which had escaped discovery on the previous visit, so are the labors of those mighty minds which have enriched the fields of our research.

In studying the literature of a people we read as it were between the lines, the origin and growth of that people from their first, chaotic state, through barbarism and incipient civilization, up to the full refulgence of the intellectual light of the present day. National life is not counted by years, but by centuries; and since Macaulay’s *New Zealander* of the future has appropriated London Bridge, we can take *our* stand in this present age, to contemplate

the past, upon the corner-stone of Westminster Abbey, and at the bidding of memory, as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand, what a weird and motley pageant will pass before us! What development of national character, mental and moral, from epoch to epoch! In this procession let us first regard the physical condition of man; thence we can better deduce his mental status. And the difference of physical and social characteristics is as much due to climate, food, and occupation, as to light is due the proper coloring of each flower that blooms upon our upland meadows.

When the Aryan race spread itself from "India's coral strand" to "Greenland's icy mountains," those who pitched their tents beside the tideless sea, and watched their flocks amid the meads of sunny Italy, or beneath the softer skies of fair Provence, ere long grew as dreamy and indolent as the air they breathed, and since the teeming earth yielded spontaneously all luscious fruits, and cereals grew without requiring other cultivation than throwing the seed upon the ground, or other labor than the gathering of the grain, why should they slave or weary themselves? If in this second Eden all things came as it were at a wish, where was the necessity for exertion and energy?

Not so, however, those who, penetrating the frozen barriers of the Alpine range, found themselves hemmed in by ice and snow, or the alternative of water and black, oozy mud! To them it was given to do constant battle with nature in her rudest form and gloomiest aspect. The ocean was a foe to be always dreaded, watched, and provided against by those who reached its shores, and for the necessary means of preserving life by food, aside from the chase, they were obliged to coax old mother earth—what little of her they could call their own—with all the arts their limited development taught them. Can we wonder, then, if they left the forest primeval to fret the air with the moanings of its pines, and the arid soil to its crops of furze and weeds, save for the labor of their women, and betook themselves to the lives of hunters and fishers? Half-naked savages, clothed in the skins of the victims of their rude skill, and feeding upon the flesh, oftentimes raw and bloody, as it fell pierced by their arrows—such were the men, Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Frisians, and Danes, who, from the fifth to the ninth century, made England their battle-ground, and laid the foundation of her present empire.

The period of the first settlement of the island is lost in the depths of the earliest ages. All that can be gathered of the Celts prove them to be members of the great Aryan family, but when or how they crossed the sea is unknown. As they were hunters and fishers and swineherds before, so they failed to find in the new country any suggestions for a higher mode of life; it was a wild

and foggy land—what could these rude savages do to better it? Befogged in their intellectual development, how could they disperse the mists around them?

Poetry, art, love, and all the refinements of the times were for the vine-clad hills that swept down to the fair Southern sea, whose waves laved the shores with a soft and soothing rhythm. To the barbarian, gazing from his mud-hovel into the cloud-laden sky, who heard but the drip, drip, dripping of the rain all day upon the oaks and beeches, what message of peace and joyousness could the beating of the surging waves upon the rocks bring to him? What philosophy could recommend itself to his darkened mind? What system of ethics would he judge best to follow?

History tells us that about fifty years before our Saviour's birth the Romans invaded Britain, and found it governed or controlled for the most part by the priests or Druids. These men were wise above their fellows, and were possessed of some learning, and had established a curious and methodical system of teaching—by verse—a system at once advantageous in an age when writing was not a popular accomplishment—and pleasing, since it assisted the memory and captivated the fancy. They gave public instruction in the persuasive science of rhetoric, and by its varied agency and irresistible enchantment their fiercest passions could be soothed during peace, and stimulated and inflamed at the hour of peril. They had caught also a faint echo from the Greek colony at Marseilles. All this mental cultivation was destroyed by the Romans. During the next hundred years repeated inroads from the all-conquering eagles kept the country in a distracted state, but it was not till the fortieth year of the Christian era that the regular conquest of the island was begun by the Emperor Claudius. Some nameless follower of the Son of the Carpenter must have found his way, possibly in the army of the invader, to these distant shores, and planted the seed of the new doctrines upon them, for there were Christians here before the Romans took complete possession. Tradition tells that St. Paul himself preached the Gospel here between his first and second imprisonment in Rome.

A natural aversion towards their conquerors was at first difficult to be overcome in the islanders; but this dislike yielded gradually to the study of the new and polished language, the elegant models of composition and thought in which their literature abounded; and so it came to pass that the conquered people at last received the learning of the conquerors with wondering interest, and the Greek and Latin tongues became the vehicle of instruction, and prepared them in some degree for fully receiving the humanizing influence of the Christian dispensation; a dispensation which, whether accepted or rejected, would awaken the spirit of research

and stimulate their reason and intellectual energies. The philosophical principles of Aristotle and Cicero plainly and clearly guided their efforts. They learned to have a definite object of inquiry and to pursue it methodically. But with this cultivation had also been instilled the enervating influence of its false philosophy; and thus it was that, the presence of the conquerors removed, the next invaders found the islanders a spiritless and easy prey.

Yet there were great names to stud the age like stars of the first magnitude in a moonless sky. Great, I mean, in another than the usual interpretation, such as St. Ninian, St. Patrick, Pelagius, and Celestius. The learned Bishop Dubricius had established two seminaries on the river Rye. Most of the educated Britons withdrew to the peaceful retirement of other lands when the fierce Vikings swooped down upon the country from the frozen North. Only a few remained to nurse the feeble spark of learning, and at the head of these we must place Gildas, the historian.

The Saxons were restless marauders, whose virtues, if they possessed any, had never been mellowed by the operation of science or the softer influence of the true religion; therefore they brought back confusion and intellectual obscurity in their train.

For as the life, so was the man. Exposure to wind and wave, following the animals of the chase over hill and through dale, he became a very son of Anak. Huge in body, cold in blood, with reddish flaxen hair and blue eyes; hearty eater and deep drinker, cold in temperament and slow to love—such in physical and mental development was the barbarian, the Saxon, to whom we owe the substratum of our intellectual existence. Every page of the old Sagas show us how they loved war and carnage, how obstinate and furious they were; their bravery but the unchaining of the butcher's instincts. As a sample of the table-talk of the day we read how the daughter of a Danish Jarl, seeing one of their heroes take his seat near her, repels him scornfully, telling him that he has failed to provide the wolves with hot meat, and that he has not seen for months the ravens croaking over carnage. In reply to this maidenly and gentle taunt, first seizing hold of her, he sings that he has marched with his "bloody sword" and the raven has followed." "Furiously we fought and the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates." Let us hope that a devoir so glorious satisfied the soft-hearted girl, and that her lover was forgiven.

Grown wealthier in England we find the same natures grown worse, having passed from brutal action to brutal enjoyment. Stimulated by deep draughts of mead, ale, and spiced wines, and all the strong, coarse drinks they can procure, filling themselves with flesh, they resemble more the beasts they tend than human

beings ; clumsy and absurd, when not dangerous because enraged. Shouting and capering about and revelling in the riot of the wildest orgies was the first need of the savage. "The human brute," says Taine, "gluts himself with sensation and noise." If, even in our day, beneath the elaborate crust of refinement and cultivation which our natures have accumulated in all these years, the volcanic fires of the ancestral barbarian spirit breaks forth at times, how must they have raged in those far-off ages when nature, debased and degraded, had it all her own wild way.

A century and a half after the Saxon invasion missionaries from Rome came and straightway made converts. Yet it was difficult, and only a God-inspired religion could succeed. The milder influences of Christianity could only affect and overcome Saxon grossness by virtue of its inherent divine power, and the barbarian converted was, in many cases, a barbarian still ; and so, to a certain extent, was his son. In the ballads and legends of these times there is but one revolting theme, a monograph of war and blood, revenge and rapine. Still, withal, there were noble dispositions, and out of the chaos a nobler people were to arise. With the Christian dispensation there was something like scholastic discipline developed, and we have the venerable Bede, Alcuin, John Scotus Erigena, and others, commentators and translators, compiling out of the Greek and Latin something to suit the new nation.

The remains of the Roman settlers were reduced to slavery where they were not exterminated ; for while on the continent the Germans of Gaul, Italy, and Spain became Roman to a certain extent, the Germans of England remained Germans still in language, in manners, and in thought. Seagirt as their land was isolated from danger of chance predatory incursions from near neighbors whom some petty spite might at any time change from friend to foe, they naturally turned their attention inward to themselves and their own best interests. The bonds which united them had a substratum of generous sentiment. They were independent and brave to a violent excess, but these very excesses were the extreme, unrestrained outcome of noble qualities, and promised a grand future for the young nation. They became simple and strong, faithful to their families and to their chiefs, firm and steadfast in friendship, courageous, and self-sacrificing. Every clan was a band of brothers ready each to do battle for the other, and above all for their leader. The songs and stories all turn on this feudal faithfulness. Gradually, too, we find the state of woman is elevated and respected. She is no longer a chattel. She can inherit, hold, and bequeath property, and takes henceforth her proper place in society as man's helpmeet and companion. Of the poetry of this age there are but few fragments left, yet from these we can easily judge of the strange and

powerful poetic genius of the race. But the Danes crushed all this budding culture and civilization, and when Alfred had succeeded in repelling them he had all the fair structure to rebuild.

The brilliant reign of this king, so famed in song and story, soon dispelled the clouds of ignorance and error which had overspread the literary horizon. He invited the most celebrated scholars from foreign climes, and compelled his own subjects to allow their children to benefit by the advantages thus placed within their reach. He liberally rewarded proficiency in scientific accomplishments, and the more wealthy of his court soon learned to conciliate his favor by facilitating the advancement of education, and liberally rewarding its professors. Nor was his own pen idle while he encouraged those of others. Down through the cycles of the ages he has shone upon us with a marvellous lustre. Excelling in all kingly and knightly attributes of martial prowess, nobility of thought and generosity of deed, he united to those qualifications a mental culture rare in those barbarous days. He spoke Latin with the fluent grace of a Roman, and cultivated Greek literature with success, while to his reputation as an orator, philosopher, and historian, the fame of wooing with good fortune the Saxon muse may also be added. Domestic economy, if we believe the fable, was the one weak point in his armor. He didn't know enough about cooking to turn the oaten cakes when they were done!

The foundation and endowment of the University of Oxford was the crowning glory of his reign. Muratori thus speaks of this glorious age: "Nor should praise be withheld from Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, which at this time, in the career of letters, surpassed the other realms of the West, and that chiefly by the labor of the monks, who, while learning elsewhere lay languid and depressed, vigorously encouraged and upheld its cause. That in Gaul the pursuits of science were revived and schools opened, was owing to the Saxon Alcuin, and Italy confessed her obligations to him and his countrymen."

But when the great magician passed from the scene, all was confusion again. The Danes renewed their ravages, no longer held back by the terror of his arms, and his successor, Edward, was too weak to withstand them. To this prince, however, we owe the foundation of the University of Cambridge, in this act emulating his revered father. Athelstane and Edgar did what they could to prevent the decline and encourage the advancement of learning, but at the death of the latter England once more became the victim of her Danish persecutors, who razed the infant institutions of Oxford and Cambridge to the ground. When, however, the Danes had established their supremacy, and the Saxons were quietly submis-

sive to their yoke, the aspect of affairs assumed a more favorable appearance. Canute re-established the University of Oxford, and repaired, as far as in him lay, the devastations of his countrymen, but Harold showed no desire to follow in his father's footsteps, and he undid much that had been accomplished.

With the year 1041 came Edward the Confessor, to whom we are indebted for the corner-stone from which we have taken this cursory view of the origin of English literature. This king found his subjects too restless and irritable to pay much or effectual attention to literary labor, but he used his best efforts to atone and make compensation for the flagrant atrocities of his predecessors. His work was continued by his successor, the hapless Harold, who, after a short reign, lost his life and crown upon the fatal field of Hastings, and with him terminated the Anglo-Saxon dynasty.

Up to this period of our history, and indeed for some time after, a distinct prose literature of a national character could hardly be said to exist. The popular ballads and metrical romances were embodied in their native Saxon, deficient neither in dignity nor in harmonious sweetness, but the graver learning of the times was commonly transmitted to posterity in the more classic Latin. Still, sufficient was done in constructing and cultivating the language to supply the substantial groundwork of our modern English, which is under many obligations to its venerable predecessor for much of its expressiveness and power. After the Norman conquest the new king discouraged the use of the Saxon tongue as much as possible, yet the power and strength of that tongue were shown at the end of three centuries, when it still preponderated in the language, as the Saxon character, sturdy and bold, preponderated in the nation. Three hundred years pass away after the Norman conquest, and the conquerors were conquered—their speech becomes English and the race remains Saxon.

We must take a glance backward at the new invaders. These last conquerors of the fair English isle were, like the conquered, of Germanic origin. They, too, led a roving life among the stormy, barren hills of the northern peninsula, and varied it by voyages among the icy seas of the same latitude. A band of them, driven by storm past the English shores, were thrown upon those of Neu-stria, and, attracted by these fertile plains, settled there, marrying the women of the country. They were not a purely Scandinavian company. In their wanderings they had collected recruits from all classes; and knaves and desperadoes were reckoned among them from other tribes, so the settled band was a very mongrel one. Rollo, the leader, having divided the country among his followers and hung the thieves and their friends, invited, say the old writers, many strangers, and "made one people out of so many folks of different

natures." This mixed set spoke French very readily, and so quickly was their native Danish forgotten that the second duke, wishing to have his son learn that language, was obliged to send him to the school at Bayeux! So transformed, the people soon became polished, and displayed a quick wit and ready genius. They were far keener, and, if we may use a modern Americanism to express what we mean, far *smarter* than the Saxons over yonder, across the Channel.

"The Saxons," says William of Malmesbury, "vied with each other in their drinking feats, and wasted their goods by day and by night in revels, while they lived in wretched hovels. The French and Normans, on the other hand, lived inexpensively in their fine large houses; were besides studiously refined in their food and careful in their habits. The former, still weighted by the German phlegm, were gluttons and drunkards, now and then roused by poetical enthusiasm; the latter, made sprightlier by their transplantation and their alloy, felt the cravings of genius already making themselves manifest." "You might see among them churches in every village and monasteries in the cities towering on high, and built in a style unknown before." Taste seemed to spring up spontaneously in their nature, the wish to give pleasure by the outward representation of thought, and so their peculiar architecture developed itself.

And just as naturally and quickly came the spirit of inquiry. "Nations are like children," says Taine; "with some the tongue is loosened with difficulty and they are slow of comprehension. The men before us had educated themselves nimbly, as Frenchmen do. They were the first in France to unravel the language, fixing it and writing it so well that to this day we understand their code and their poems. In a century and a half they were so far cultivated as to find the Saxons unlettered and rude." That was the excuse they made for banishing them from the abbeys and all valuable ecclesiastical posts.

The year 1066 is memorable as that of the Norman conquest of England. On Michaelmas day, William, Duke of Normandy, landed at Pevensey. The superstitious among his followers might have been disheartened at the outset by an unfortunate incident, had not the ready wit of the conqueror turned it to good account. On springing ashore his foot slipped, and he measured his unusual length full upon the sand. Grasping both hands full he sprang up exclaiming, "By the splendor of God! I have seized England with my two hands!" and a Norman soldier, seeing as quickly the point of the situation, snatching a thatch from the nearest hut said, as he presented it to the duke, "Sire, receive the seizin; the country is yours!" Sixteen days after came the battle of Senlac or Hastings, in which Harold and his brothers, the brave sons of Earl Godwin were killed. Bulwer, in his "Last of the Barons," has given a thrill-

ing but truthful account of this final struggle of brute courage and strength against finesse and a courage superior only because well drilled and disciplined.

In this age only two classes of men cultivated literature, the clergy and the minstrels; but for many years after the conquest the Saxon clergy were in no mood or condition to betake themselves to the tranquil pursuits of learning. Religious fervor had for a time relaxed, and William found that many abuses had grown up. His appointment of Lanfranc to the See of Canterbury inaugurated a great reform in church matters. There were but few Saxon bishops retained; among them, however, were such names as St. Wulstan of Worcester, Agelric of Chichester, and one or two others. Laws were passed forbidding a Saxon monk or priest to aspire to any dignity. Saxon monks in the monastery of Peterborough, however, kept up the knowledge of the Saxon tongue in the *Saxon Chronicle*, a work which they continued to publish until the last year of the reign of Henry II., when it ends abruptly. Anglo-Saxon was no longer taught in the schools, and lost much of its original harmony and precision of structure.

While the cases of England, conquered by the Normans in the eleventh century, and of Italy, overrun by the Goths in the fifth, are widely different, yet some similitude may be found, and the final result both to the language and the literature of the conquered people was pretty much the same. The Gothic barbarism was at first destructive only; it was not until several hundred years had passed that it proved itself anything else. But the Normans were already civilized and glowing with the first beauty of their civilization. In both cases the result was a combination both in language and literature, but the Gothic preponderated in England, while the Latin remained the stronger element in Italy, France, and Spain. And the English language possesses the remarkable distinction of being the only one of Europe which is Gothic in its skeleton and classic only in what is non-essential. The others are either without the classic element entirely, as with the Scandinavians and Germans, or else it preponderates and governs, as in the Spanish, French, and Italian. This English tongue, by reason of its inherent strength and beauty, is a very powerful factor in the civilization of the world, as England by her peculiar position is in the political arena. The English are the greatest colonizing people in the world, it being, as Coleridge says, the natural destiny of the country, as an island, to be the mother of nations.

Heartburnings and all the bitterness of hopeless subjection to a stronger force rendered the Saxon of the next two generations, after Harold fell at Senlac, far from happy; and the discontent of the conquerors at the stubborn opposition of the people, and the cold and dampness of the climate, so different from their own sunny

land, induced a state of society by no means admirable or desirable. As we have already noticed, the efforts of the conquerors were all directed to "stamping out" the conquered—language, literature, and, if possible, race—with what result the England of to-day shows. But their efforts were none the less energetic that they were unsuccessful; and when we consider the lawlessness of the times, the overwhelming power in their hands, and the energy with which they used it, their non-success is a subject of wonder. On the other hand the conquered opposed a sullen *vis inertia* and a determination to preserve their beloved language and habits at all hazards, notwithstanding that they were obliged to conform in public to Norman law and Norman tongue.

But notwithstanding the misery and suffering of the transition state, the conquest was in the end a benefit. It made England a part of the continent, drew her into social and political relations with the nations of which heretofore she had known little and cared less. And as a necessity in her new relations she shared in some degree in the changes and advancement of literature and language. In France, the learning that flourished in the age of Charlemagne had not undergone decay to the extent to which that of England had fallen off since the days of Alfred; but in the tenth century a new element was introduced—a learning peculiar to the East, which obtained through the Arabs in Spain. In that era Arabic Spain was the fountain-head of learning in Europe. Thither students from all parts flocked, and teachers in France and Italy finished their course in her seminaries. None of this peculiar culture had found its way into England before the Norman conquest, but it followed as a matter of course. William, notwithstanding his repression of, and efforts to destroy, all that was left of Saxon learning, as well as the Saxon people themselves, proved himself in his own way a munificent patron of learning. Having spent much of his early life at the French court, he had imbibed an appreciation of the advantages of study, and while unable, owing to the stormy era when eternal vigilance was the price of life and crown, to devote his own time to letters, he was careful to have his children not only well educated, but imbued with a love of learning which showed itself in the careful intellectual training they, in their turn, bestowed upon their children. Yet, as a general thing, learning of a higher order was confined to the clergy in these days. The tiller of the soil found no time for study, even supposing that he possessed the means. The noble of the day was solely devoted to his military duties, and his only relaxation was the chase. So it came to pass that the learned portion of the community were set aside, a sort of aristocracy of letters, from their contemporaries, and looked down upon them from their bookish height with sovereign con-

tempt. Schools and seminaries of learning were greatly multiplied, and were of a high tone and character. Archbishop Lanfranc and his successor, Anselm, exerted themselves with great zeal to this end, and the Church, ever vigilant from its watchtower upon the seven hills, seconded their efforts. In 1179 it was decreed by the Third General Council of Lateran that every cathedral should appoint and maintain a head teacher or Scholastic, as was the title given him, who, besides teaching a school of his own, should have authority over all the other schools in the diocese. And besides these there were others established in Religious Houses of which, from the conquest to the end of the reign of John, no less than five hundred and fifty-seven were founded, besides many which had been founded in earlier times. There were also established city and village schools. Of these, one for law and medicine in the town of St. Albans was presided over by Matthew, a physician educated at the famous school of Salerno in Italy. There were three of these schools in London in the time of Henry II.

The twelfth century is memorable for the institution of universities—that of Paris taking the lead. During the reign of Richard I. Oxford was organized as a university, a rival to Paris. The latter was the Alma Mater of most of the most distinguished of the learned of every country. Abelard was a teacher and Thomas à'Becket a student; also Robert of Melun and Robert White. The former disputed with the Nominalists and lectured on theology and philosophy, and was made Bishop of Hereford; the latter lectured on theology at Oxford for five years, declined a mitre offered him by Henry I., and afterwards, at the invitation of Celestine II., went to Rome, and was made Cardinal and Chancellor of the Holy See. John of Salisbury was also a student at Paris, and so, too, was another famous Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, afterwards Pope Adrian IV.

There is no space here to go into the merits of the different schools of philosophy; men were free then as now to start and support whatever theory they pleased, so that they did not encroach upon the sacred domain of divine truth taught by our Saviour and his Apostles, and guarded jealously by their successors in the Church. Poets there were who wrote out their inspirations and sung or recited them before their patrons, and, perhaps, presented a carefully prepared copy to some fair friend or rich enthusiast; all the fiction of the age was confined to this form, and owing to its perishable nature little has been handed down to us. Books there were, but these were few and of high price, for they represented the exhausting manual labor of years, mostly by the monks, though occasionally a layman was found patient enough to undertake the task. The numerous monasteries had each a library, and it passed into a proverb that a monastery without a library was

like a castle without an armory. "In every great abbey," says Warton, "there was an apartment called the scriptorium, where many writers were constantly busied in transcribing, not only the service-books for the choir, but books for the library." The scriptorium of St. Albans was built by Abbot Paulin, a Norman, who about the year 1080, ordered many volumes to be written there. Lanfranc furnished the copies. Estates were often granted for the support of the scriptorium. Some of the classics were written in the English monasteries very early. Henry, a Benedictine monk of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, transcribed in the year 1178 Terence, Boethius, Suetonius, and Claudian. Of these he formed one book, illuminating the initials and forming the brazen bosses of the covers with his own hands. The scarcity of parchment undoubtedly prevented the transcription of many other books in these societies. About 1120, one Master Hugh being appointed by the Convent of St. Edmundsbury, in Suffolk, to write and illuminate a grand copy of the Bible for the library, could procure no parchment in England. Paper made from cotton rags was in common use in the twelfth century, though it was not until one hundred years later that that made from linen was known.

From the Norman conquest, for three hundred years the process of amalgamation and subsidence went on in the English nation, and as a matter of course literature and learning, in spite of the efforts of scholastics, suffered. In all that time no name stands out in bold relief, although there were not wanting those who shone as brilliant stars in the galaxy, such as Hales, Bacon, Duns Scotus, Occam, Grostête, and Scott (the wizard of song and story, but not the great unknown), and many others. And in these struggles the language underwent changes also. The educated preferred to speak Latin; the Saxon hind clung to his native tongue; and the conquerors to theirs. The hatred of the conquered and the contempt of the conquerors kept each to his own as a matter of pride, and this feeling is finely illustrated in Scott's *Ivanhoe*. The Latin was the language of the Church and of the law, and gradually, like the alkali betwixt oil and water, effected a union which has resulted in the *English* of to-day.

I think one specimen of the literary efforts of those times will suffice. We have the hymn of St. Godric:

"Sainte Marie (clane) virgine,
Moder Jhesu Cristes Nazarene,
On for [*or* fong] schild, help thin Godric,
On fang bring hegilich with the in Godes riche,
Sainte Marie, Christe's bur
Maidens clenhad, moderers flur,
Dilie min sinne [*or* sennen], rix in min mod,
Bring me to winne with the selfd God."

Which, translated by means of the Latin version, is found to mean: "St. Mary (chaste) virgin, mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, take, shield, help thy Godric; take, bring him quickly with thee into God's kingdom. St. Mary, Christ's chamber, purity of a maiden, flower of a mother, destroy my sin, reign in my mind, bring me to dwell with the only God." Craik and Arnold give us several specimens of the same style, but I think one will suffice.

The English Metrical Romance dates from the thirteenth century. The most noted authors were Robert of Gloucester, Robert de Brienne, Lawrence Minot, and John Langman. The latter was the author of *Piers the Ploughman*, which is the earliest work that can be read with anything like pleasure or ease as far as the language is concerned; the others were only translators or paraphrasts. This form of romance took great hold upon the community, and was much read up to the sixteenth century. From that time this earliest form of our poetical literature slumbered until revived by Sir Walter Scott.

But the first great poet, the true father of our literature, was Geoffrey Chaucer; compared with him all the rest was barbarism. As Homer was to Greece, as Dante to Italy, so was he to England, and our living English literature begins with his poetry. Chaucer was born in 1328. He struck a new key in the symphony of letters, and as he approaches us in the long procession, we see before him only a confusion and struggle in which nothing strikes the eye or ear but the wrangling of hypercritics. He devoted himself to the purifying of his native tongue, and to his labors more than to any of his followers are we indebted for the strong terse vehicle of communication in use among us to-day. He was accustomed to hearing only French and Latin spoken by his schoolfellows and teachers, and as a boy the desire was borne in upon him to redeem the language he had heard spoken around his home fireside, from the degradation in which it had lain so long. Yet, after all, it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that the nation awoke to a true appreciation of what Chaucer had done. The poetic form or rhyme had long been in use before Chaucer's time, so that he had but to imitate his predecessors; yet the particular species of verse in which he wrote his *Canterbury Tales* and some of his other poems had never been employed before, nor has any change or improvement been made in the construction of English verse since he wrote. On the contrary he is regarded by poets as the great reformer of our language and our poetry, and as their master instructor in their common art. In his notes on the Prologue to *Canterbury Tales*, Tyrwhitt remarks: "His poetry exhibits in as remarkable a degree perhaps as any other in any lan-

guage, an intermixture and combination of what are usually deemed the most opposite excellences. Great poet as he is, we might almost say of him that his genius has as much about it of the spirit of prose as of poetry, and that, if he had not sung so admirably as he has done, of flowery meadows and summer skies, and gorgeous ceremonials, and high or tender passions, and the other themes over which the imagination loves best to pour her vivifying light, he would have won to himself the renown of a Montaigne or a Swift, by the originality and penetrating sagacity of his observations on ordinary life, his insight into motives and character, the richness and peculiarity of his humor, the sharp edge of his satire, and the propriety, flexibility, and exquisite expressiveness of his refined yet natural diction. Even like the varied visible creation around us, his poetry has its earth, its sea, and its sky, and all the sweet vicissitudes of each. Here you have the clear-eyed observer of man as he is, catching 'the manners living as they rise,' and fixing them in pictures where not their minutest lineament is or ever can be lost; here he is the inspired dreamer, by whom earth and all its realities are forgotten as his spirit soars and sings in the finer air and amid the diviner beauty of some far-off world of its own. Now the riotous verse rings loud with the turbulence of human merriment and laughter, casting from it, as it dashes on its way, flash after flash of all the forms of wit and comedy; now it is the tranquillizing companionship of the sights and sounds of inanimate nature, of which the poet's heart is full—the springing herbage and the dew-drops on the leaf, and the runlets glad beneath the morning ray and dancing to their own simple music. From mere narrative and playful humor up to the height of imaginative and impassioned song, his genius has exercised itself in all styles of poetry and won imperishable laurels in all." The length of the extract will be pardoned for its own intrinsic beauty and for the subject.

For a century before Chaucer's time writers had been busy translating French romances into English, which was with a singular reaction fast becoming the ordinary or only speech of the educated classes (the three hundred years since the conquest had passed); but this work had for the most part been done with little care, the effort being simply to convey the mere sense of the French original to the English reader. By Chaucer's time the French language had gone almost out of use, and the English had thrown off much of its primitive rudeness, and acquired a considerable degree of regularity and flexibility and general fitness for literary composition. The two languages had, like the two nations, become completely separated and in some sort hostile, as the kings of England were no longer Dukes of Normandy or Earls of Poitou, and

recently a fierce war had broken all intercourse of a friendly nature. But Chaucer was far from perfect; he was sometimes vulgar and not seldom obscene, yet much must be forgiven when we consider the manners and customs of the age in which he wrote and the difficulties which he had to overcome.

The latter part of the fourteenth century was the date of the birth of Scottish poetry, and Chaucer had a rival in John Barbour. He is the author of a metrical biography in twenty books commemorative of the great hero of Scotland, the Bruce. His style possessed a finish which Chaucer himself has scarcely equalled; his versification is rendered conspicuous by its eminent fluency and correctness, and an elevation of sentiment gives a modern leaven to his song which one is scarcely prepared for so early. Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen, and we will quote the sturdy priest's tribute to liberty:

" Ah! freedom is a noble thing!
Freedom makes men to have liking!
Freedom all solace to man gives!
He lives at ease, that freely lives!
A noble heart may have none ease,
Na illys might that may him please,
If freedom fail; for free liking
Is yearned o'er all other thing,
Na he that aye has livid free
May not know well the propertie
The anger, na the wretched doom
That is compelled to foul thralldom."

Nor must we pass over Sir John Mandeville, who has so strong claims upon our gratitude. But after him comes a long night of darkness, during the reigns of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Henrys, while the rest of Europe was still struggling onward. England was a battle-ground first for the efforts of Henry of Lancaster to wrest the crown from his feeble cousin, the 2d Richard, the last of the Plantagenets; then while the 5th Henry was seeking "the bubble reputation" at Agincourt and Poitiers, the Scots invaded his own kingdom, and the country, drained for a war of aggression in one direction, was obliged to meet this second foe in one of defence. Last of his dynasty, Henry VI. and his lion-hearted queen fought the losing battles of the Roses, and in all these years there was little time for study. Brother was arrayed against brother; the peaceable and studious were forced into action; and oftentimes the hands consecrated to the pure service of religion were defiled by the weapons and carnage of war. Erudition and science were generally treated, as it may be easily imagined, with almost total inattention and contempt, and wellnigh stifled amid the contentions and the distracting fury of civil discord. The few literary monu-

ments of the age are sadly disfigured by vulgarity and by tasteless extravagance.

Again we find the monks coming to the rescue of the literary world. As long as the Church was free letters could not perish. Lydgate, a monk of Bury, with his friend Occleve, saved English heroic verse. They introduced a more copious and perspicuous diction, and added judiciously to the vigor and the harmony of our language.

In justice to the age mention must be made of the colleges endowed in Oxford and Cambridge, and the Universities of St. Andrews and of Glasgow. The reign of Henry V. was the first also in our annals in which letter-writing became fashionable and common in the English language. Of this form of literary composition the Paston Collection is a most instructive and curious miscellany, extending over three reigns, revealing at once obscure questions of state policy, and elucidating most distinctly the private manners of the age. The style is simple and easy, and shows that the laity had not neglected the means afforded them of improvement, and that mental culture was finding its way to the camp as well as to the court and grove.

From the accession of Edward IV. to the death of Henry VII. affairs were more encouraging. The Earl of Worcester, Sir John Fortescue, Earl Rivers, and others lent the splendor of their rank and the encouragement of their example to assist the reviving activity of letters; and as Walpole truly says: "The countenance of men in their situation must have operated more strongly than the attempts of a hundred professors, and commentators." But the literature of this crisis lies under much deeper obligations to an humble citizen of London than to the patronage of the high-born and wealthy; William Caxton, mercer, was the first to introduce printing into England, thirty years after it had been discovered by Faust and Guttenberg, or Laurens Coster, as the case may be.

The reign of Henry VIII. was the commencement of what has been properly styled the modern history of our country. Henry was himself well versed in all the learning of the times, and prided himself upon his knowledge. His wife, that "pearl which had hung around his neck for twenty years and never dimmed her lustre,"¹ was his equal in all intellectual acquirements. She had been most carefully reared by her mother, Isabella of Castile, and possessed all that mother's charms of mind, and all the dark glowing beauty of her native land. England's was indeed a golden

¹ Shakespeare.

age until the demon of lust and all iniquity tempted Henry from Annie Boleyn's eyes. One of the grandest names which adorn this troublous time is that of Sir Thomas More.

As the "northern lights" upon a dark night, so upon the darkness of this era beamed the brilliant talents of James of Scotland, the first of the hapless Stuart line; that line which, as long as it remained firmly attached to the true Church was the model of all kingly and knightly virtues, manliness and beauty of character, and brilliancy of intellect. From the first to the fifth James, and ending with the tragic fate of Mary, of whom her latest apologist speaks so beautifully when he says: "The truth is, Mary's unvarying queenly dignity and womanly gentleness in all she speaks and writes, is a source of profound unhappiness to her English historian" (Froude),¹ the family had nothing to blush for. Their human faults and frailties were amply atoned for by their superb endowments. After the tragedy of Fotheringay their star of fortune and of fame set; henceforth they are to be pitied if not despised. All the works of the royal author are full of nature and the rich coloring of genius, instinct with the resistless witchery of consummate tenderness and fancy.

The fact most deserving of remark in the progress of English literature, for the first half of the sixteenth century, is the cultivation of the language in prose literature, a form always subsequent to that of verse in the natural development of language and literature. Long before this, Chaucer, in addition to what he did in his own proper field, had given proof of how far his genius outstripped his age by several examples of composition in prose, in which may be found something of the high art with which he first elevated our poetry; but in his day the language was not yet fitted for prose, and Chaucer had no worthy successor either in prose or verse till more than a century after his death.

Meanwhile, however, the language, though not receiving much artificial cultivation, was undergoing a good deal of what, in a certain sense, might be called application to literary purposes by its employment both in public proceedings and documents, and also in many popular writings by persons of some pretensions at least to scholarship, if not bringing much artistic feeling and skill to the task of composition. It must, as a mere language or system of vocables and grammatical forms, have not only sustained many changes and modifications, but acquired considerable enlargement of its capacities and powers, and been carried forward generally towards maturity under the impulse of a vigorous principle of growth and expansion. But it is not till after the beginning of the

¹ Meline's Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest historian.

sixteenth century that we date the use of our classical prose literature. Perhaps the earliest composition to be called so is More's life of Edward V. Most of More's other works are controversial, and are written in a style of great power and strength. Sir Thomas Elyot may be classed with More as one of the earliest writers of English classic prose. He was the author of a political treatise entitled *The Governor*, and of various other works, one a Latin and English dictionary, the foundation of all such compilations for a century after. At this time we have many translations of the Bible, and many treatises by the Reformers *soi disant*, in which, with more or less of elegance and eloquence, they strove to make the worse appear the better cause. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, to which nothing tangible can be offered as proof, the "Reformation" was a great blow, not only to morals and manners, but, as a natural corollary, to the true progress of literature. All that the labor of centuries had achieved could not be lost, but for long, long years nothing was gained. The new doctrines had their apologists and defenders by the pen as well as by the sword, but the intolerant persecution of the Church and of those who still clung to her naturally retarded progress, and the necessity of proving error to be truth required the destruction or perversion of much which could never be recovered or set right. The much-boasted enfranchisement of men's intellect from clerical inthralment was but a throwing off of the restraint upon men's passions imposed by the Almighty Creator; and as a consequence the so-called liberty soon degenerated into a license and lawlessness which the strong arm of the state was at times powerless to curb. It was only when the common sense of the majority recognized the unpalatable fact that they had let loose a spirit, the strength and tendency of which they had little idea of, that they were driven to enact in other forms the very same restrictions they had so loudly proclaimed tyrannical. In other words, they were obliged to clothe in the dress of human legislation the inherent truths of God's law, that order was to outward seeming restored.

But we have anticipated. Generally, it is to be observed of the English prose of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, that it is more simple in its construction and of a more purely native character in other respects than the style which came into fashion in the latter years of the Elizabethan period. When first made use of in prose composition the mother tongue was written as it was spoken; even the embellishments naturally used in verse were not attempted. Everything was set down in the familiar form and fashion of the popular speech and in genuine native words and direct unincumbered sentences. The delicacy of a scholarly taste

no doubt influenced the English of More and his contemporaries and immediate followers, but their eloquence was not the effect of any conscious endeavor to write in English as they would have written in what were called the learned tongues.

The age indeed of critical cultivation of the language had begun; but at first that object was pursued wisely and well, upon sound principles, notwithstanding that Roger Ascham ridiculed the employment of casual French, Latin, or Italian words—this purism being foolish, applied to a language so essentially a mixed tongue. The Gothic part is married to the Latin, and, as in other unions, what God has joined no man can sunder. Ascham's *Toxophilus* was followed by an elaborate treatise by Thomas Wilson on the subject of English composition, *The Art of Rhetoric*, impressing the same rules that Ascham had laid down with regard to purity of style and the general rules of writing well.

The English poetical literature of the first half of the sixteenth century may be fairly described as the dawn of a new day. Two names of some note belong to the reign of Henry VII., Stephen Hawes and Alexander Barklay. Hawes is the author of many pieces, chiefly his *Pastime of Pleasure* and *La Belle Pucelle*. Warton holds this performance to be the only effort of imagination and invention which had appeared in our poetry since Chaucer. Lydgate and Hawes may stand together as the two writers who in the century and a half that followed the death of Chaucer contributed most to carry forward the regulation and modernization of the language which he began. But the poetry with the truest life in it, produced in the reign of Henry VII. and the earlier part of that of his son, is undoubtedly that of Skelton. We take a stanza from his *Book of Philip Sparrow*, which is full of animation :

“ For this most goodly flower,
This blossom of fresh color,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and virtue;
Hac claritate gemina,
O, gloriosa femina,” etc.

To this era belong Roy and Haywood, and, in Scotland, Douglas, Dunbar, and Lindsay.

Lindsay died in 1567. Before that date a revival of the higher poetry had come upon England like the rising of a new day. Two names at the head of this movement shine resplendent, viz., Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. Surrey restored to poetry a correctness, polish, and general spirit of refinement such as it had not known since Chaucer's time, and of which in

the language as now spoken there was no previous example. To this add that he was the first in this age who sought to modulate his strains after that elder poetry of Italy, which thenceforward became one of the chief fountain-heads of inspiration to that of England through the times of Spenser, of Shakespeare, and of Milton. The poetry of Wyatt makes up for its ruggedness by a force and depth of sentiment which Surrey does not reach. Their poems were published together in 1557. To Surrey also we may attribute the present form of blank verse.

The greater portion of what is called the Elizabethan era appertains to the reign of James—to the seventeenth, not to the sixteenth century. The classical Elizabethan poetry dates only from about the middle of the reign, and the same may be said of other forms of literature; most of what was produced in the earlier half of it is constrained, harsh, and immature, and still bears upon it the impress of the preceding barbarism, resulting from the upheaval of religion and the family from their old foundations. Nearly coincident with the commencement of this era is the appearance of a singular work, *The Mirror for Magistrates*, a collection of the lives of various remarkable English historical personages, the idea of which is taken from Boccaccio. It was written, or rather begun, by Sir Thomas Sackville, who gave it up to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers, and its first appearance was in quarto in 1559.

The first introduction of dramatic representations was as early as the twelfth century, and continued to the fifteenth in the form of miracle plays. Mr. Collier, the latest and best historian of the English drama, says: "The moral plays were able to keep possession of the stage so long because of their gradual improvement in composition, and partly because, under the form of allegorical fiction and abstract character, the writers introduced matters which covertly touched upon public events, popular prejudices, and temporary opinions." Long before, however, the ancient drama had assumed an entirely new form. John Heywood's interludes first exhibited the moral or miracle play in the transition state to the regular tragedy and comedy. Mr. Collier says of them that they "form a class by themselves; they are neither miracle plays nor moral plays, but what may be properly termed interludes"—a species of writing of which he has a claim to be considered the inventor, although the term was applied generally in the reign of Edward IV.

The earliest English comedy, properly so called, is Udale's "Ralph Roister Doister," issued in the early part of the sixteenth century. And if the regular drama made its first appearance in the shape of comedy, her tragic sister was not far behind. It

may be supposed that one species of the grave drama of real life, viz., the historical, was evolved out of the shadowy world of allegorical representations. Of what may be called the transition from the moral play to the historical we have an example in Bale's drama of "Kynge John," in which the real personages and the allegorical jostled each other. On the 18th of January, 1562, was shown before the Queen's most excellent Majesty, in Her Highness's Court of Whitehall, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, the tragedy of "Goborduc," the production of Sackville and T. Norton. From this time until Shakespeare there were many writers in this form, but none deserving special mention, and they all pale their ineffectual fires before his effulgence, and are forgotten except in encyclopædias and the collections of the bibliomaniac.

Of the early Elizabethan pure writers we may mention Lyly, Sidney Nash, etc.; the first of these was the inventor of a singular affectation called euphuism. Some notion of this style may be gathered by the reader from the discourse of Sir Piercie Shafton in Scott's *Monastery*. "In the six or seven years from 1590 to 1596 what a world of wealth had been added to our poetry by Spenser alone, 'and what a different thing from what it was before had the English language been made by his writings, to natives, to foreigners, and to all posterity.'" So does Craik break forth into rapture. England was then a tuneful land, and the most productive and busiest age of our poetical literature had finally commenced. Minor poets counted themselves by hundreds, and not altogether without merit; among the greater names were Warner, Drayton, and Daniel; after them follow Hale, Sylvester, Chapman, Harrington, Fairfax, and all the rest. Nor must we omit Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, who between writing sermons and essays against "Popery" could burst out into a song so delicious as the following :

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But, since that I
Must die at lest, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest,
By feigned death to die."

He who approaches us now in the long procession towers above all who have gone before or will come after; yet so superb are his proportions, and so harmonious the relations of the parts to the whole, that while we feel an awe in the contemplation of his grandeur we are soothed by his human sympathy rather than frightened by his superior mental altitude. William Shakespeare

was born in 1564. His earlier pieces, *Venus and Adonis*, *Tarquin and Lucrece*, *Passionate Pilgrim*, and the *Sonnets*, appeared from 1593 to 1609. His genius wrought a grand revolution in the national drama, and he rendered all his predecessors obsolete. He first informed this branch of composition with true wit and humor, pathos, dignity, and sublimity. He infused into it the spirit of reality also; for where is to be found another such anatomist of the human heart? Who, before or since, has touched its chords to such fine issues, laid bare its strength and weakness? Where else can we look for the tenderness of a Juliet, the frenzy of a Lear, the sublime melancholy of a Hamlet, the blind pitiful wrath of an Othello, or the finesse of an Iago, the hate of Shylock, the terrific strength of purpose of Lady Macbeth, the winning beauty of Rosalind, and gentle Desdemona? Men and manners of all ages and climes, from the frozen shores of barbaric Denmark to the classic shades of cultured Greece; Roman patrician and the royalty of Egypt; the Romanic Britain and the Britain before the Roman invasion; the Scot contemporaneous with the English heptarchy; England and France in the Middle Ages, and all ranks from the end of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century, not to speak of the poetry and romance of Venice and Verona, Mantua and Padua, Illyria and Navarre, and the Forest of Arden. Apart from his dramatic power Shakespeare was the greatest *poet* that ever lived. His sympathy was universal, his imagination the most plastic, and his diction the most expressive. This marvellous being was human, however, and it came to him as it comes to all, the time to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Shakespeare died in 1616. Other dramatists lived during this time: so are stars in the sky at noonday. Beaumont and Fletcher have left us the richest and most magnificent drama after Shakespeare. "Rare" Ben Jonson illy deserves the distinction, except for the exquisite song:

" Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of love's nectar sup,
I would not change from thine."

Next we have Massinger and Ford. By the end of the sixteenth century prose in its highest examples, if it lost in ease and clearness, had gained in copiousness, in sonorousness, and in splendor. In the lower specimens simplicity and directness gave place to long-winded wordiness, and towards the close of Elizabeth's reign a singularly artificial mode became fashionable, more

especially in sermons. The translations of the Bible made by the "Reformers" cannot claim a high place either as literary works or for correctness. This form of writing was very tempting from its novelty, and "men rushed in where angels feared to tread" and with like consequences. In this age we have theological writers in great numbers, and more or less, generally less, elegance of diction. Men seemed to feel that in this new field they could not sow enough seeds of tares. Catholic literature was to a degree extinguished in England from the close of the reign of Henry VIII., and books, if written there, were sent to France for publication, and circulated in their native country secretly. As Catholic teachings were eliminated from the English schools as well as from English morals, the wonderfully boasted "freedom of inquiry" led to its natural conclusion, of which it has reached its highest point at the present day in the Socialism which threatens to do away with all law and order, and in Darwinism, which relegates man, the God-given ruler of the brutes, to the lowest grade of his subjects. There were intellectual giants in those days as there were before, but their intellects were like a ship without a rudder, like "sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Of these, in the seventeenth century, Francis Bacon is the most colossal. Of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a collection of out of the way learning, Dr. Johnson said it was the only book that could draw him out of bed an hour sooner than he would otherwise get up. As an historian of the world, a gigantic undertaking, comes Sir Walter Raleigh, besides giving us some minor poems. Another celebrated work of the times is Richard Knolle's *History of the Turks*, published in 1610. Johnson, in the *Rambler*, gives Knolle the first place among English historians, and Mr. Hallam does not quarrel with this dictum.

If we except the productions of the last fifty or sixty years we may safely say that whatever of the literature that by right of its shape or spirit belongs peculiarly to the language and the country—in other words, English national literature—reached its meridian splendor, during the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth century. After that, however, there was a reflected glory, which lasted for another half century and longer, in fact, until the middle of the reign of Charles II. The chief glory of the Elizabethan literature, however, belongs to the time we have gone over. To the dramatic style succeeded the strictly religious, and such writers as Quarles, Herrick, Herbert, and Crashaw took the place of Shakespeare and the rest. Crashaw was, after Donne, the greatest of the religious poets of this age. He became a Catholic and died a Canon of Loretto in 1650. Both the poetry and prose of this era continued to be infected by the spirit of quaintness and conceit, or over refinement and subtlety of

thought, for nearly a century after the first introduction of that form of writing. The style in question was borrowed from Italy; and as we received the malady from one foreign literature we are indebted for its cure to another—the influence of the French, which had begun to be felt long before the Restoration, owing to the connection, through Henrietta Maria, between the two courts. The distinguishing characteristics of French poetry (and indeed of French art generally), viz., neatness in dressing the thought, had been carried to a great height by Malherbe, Racan, and others, and these may be considered the inspirers of Waller, Carew, Lovelace, and Suckling. Sir John Denham was the author of a remarkable poem, *Cooper's Hill*, which made its appearance in 1642, and immediately drew universal attention. But the Cavalier poet who did his cause the stoutest service was John Cleveland, who was the first writer who came forth as a champion of the royal cause in England. And the cause of Puritanism and the Parliament had also its poet, as had that of love and loyalty. Wither and Marvel were the most eminent of these. We will give a quotation from the former:

“ Ere God his wrath on Balaam wreaks,
First by his ass to him he speaks;
Then shows him in an angel's hand
A sword, his courses to command;
But seeing still he forward went,
Quite through his heart a sword he sent.
And God will thus, if thus they do,
Still deal with kings and subjects too;
That where his grace dispersed is grown,
He by his judgments may be known.”

He also wrote songs of thanksgiving for victories and fine weather and other matters, but we have no room for further specimens.

Most of the prose published in England in the middle of this century was political and theological, and little of it has any claim to a place in national literature. Charles I. was no mean contributor to the subject we are reviewing. We see now approach another giant, not so superb as Shakespeare or Chaucer, but grand in his own gloomy way. John Milton was born in 1608 or thereabouts. We must make room for two contrasting specimens of his style; the one from *Comus* is exquisitely graceful!

“ Sabinia fair,
Listen where thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies, knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake
Listen and save.”

In turning the pages of *Paradise Lost*, our attention is caught by the following:

“Me miserable, which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.”

The proper era of newspapers begins with the Tory Parliament. Previous to that there were chronicles of news issued at various times and in various forms, from the time of the Spanish Armada. These newspapers were an outgrowth of the times of turbulence and anxiety in which they had their birth, and were gradually transformed from weekly to daily. When they began, the series of the old chroniclers ceased with Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle of the Kings of England*, first published in folio in 1641.

So it appears that the age of the Civil War and the Commonwealth was not an *absolute* blank in the history of our highest literature; but, unless we except Milton and Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, no genius of great lustre appeared, from the Tory Parliament till the Restoration. The unprinted plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were sent to press because the theatres were closed, and Shirley occasionally issued a commonplace new one, and all other poetry as well was nearly silent; the siren voice was lost in the din of arms and of theological and political strife, and was more effectually silenced by triumphant Puritanism, whose crop-eared followers boasted that it had put down all the arts never again to lift their heads in England. This silence of the muses is much more remarkable in the tranquillity under the Parliament than in the turmoil of the war which preceded. During the war we have Milton, Taylor, Fuller, and Browne; Denham, Cowley, Herrick, Lovelace, and Hobbes, etc., up to 1651. After this date for some years there is an absolute blank. Cromwell however was more liberal, and in 1655 we have Fuller's *Church History*, Harrington's *Oceana*, etc. It is to be noted that with one exception, the gloomy Milton, none of these writers were Parliamentarians, for Waller and Dryden made up amply for their brief conformity. Denham, Browne, Taylor, Herrick, Lovelace, Fuller, Hales, Hobbes, and Cowley were, all of them, consistent, and, most of them, ardent royalists. Harrington, in theory a republican, was a royalist by personal attachments.

Following these comes John Dryden; born in 1632, and beginning to write early, his genius did not reach its meridian until his life was more than half past. He is by some considered the founder

of a new school, but really it is more strictly true that he carried to a higher, perhaps the highest perfection, a style of poetry cultivated long before, the satiric. As a dramatic writer he was a gross imitator of French models. His *Alexander's Feast* was one of his last works; brilliant and poetical, its birth was in a time of great sadness. A Catholic and a royalist he was bound to a conquered party and shared its humiliations. He died at the age of sixty-nine. Barrow and Bunyan also left their impress on this age.

"With the Constitution of 1688," says Taine, "a new spirit appears in England. Slowly, gradually, the moral revolution accompanies the social; man changes with the state: in the same sense and through the same causes character moulds itself to the situation, and little by little, in manners and in literature, we trace the empire of a serious, reflective, moral spirit, capable of discipline and independence, which can alone maintain and give effect to a constitution."

In view of the reigns of William, after Mary's death, of Anne and the Georges, we demur to the use of the word "moral" in the above quotation, and indeed, the author himself acknowledges that, *at first sight*, it would seem that England gained nothing by the revolution of which she was so proud. "The aspect of things under William, Anne, and the first two Georges is repulsive," he adds with amusing candor, and we agree with him.

This revolution, brought on by the same causes that had given birth to the Commonwealth, and restoring to a certain extent the same condition of things, came like a blighting frost upon the higher literature of the country. Some few of the writers of the preceding period survived—Dryden, Lee, Etherege, and Wycherly are among the best, nor must we exclude Sir William Temple and Richard Baxter, Burnet, Tillotson and South.

The first name which belongs exclusively to the reign after the revolution is that of John Locke. The *Tale of a Tub*, and a tract entitled the *Battle of the Books*, published together in 1704, first drew the attention of the public to the afterwards world-renowned Dean Swift, the greatest master of satire, at once comic and caustic, that has yet appeared in our language. We cannot better describe his genius and writings than in the words of his friend Pope:

"Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind—"

He was undoubtedly the most masculine intellect of his age, the most earnest thinker in a time when these were fewer than in any

other era of the literature. Of his contemporaries the most memorable name is that of Alexander Pope; and after them come Addison and Steele. These two were the chief boast of the Whigs, as the two preceding were of the Tories. But it is as the first and best of the English essayists, the principal authors of *The Sutler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian* that we remember these Whig writers.

A new group of figures heretofore unknown in the world of letters approaches us,—the modern novelists. The productions of this class are as different from the “novels” of Spain and the Middle Ages as the miracle plays are from the dramas of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. The first to strike the keynote of this symphony was De Foe; but except his *Robinson Crusoe* he is little read in the present day. Addison and Swift also entered this new field. But the novels which took the greatest hold upon the public, and may still be read with some degree of pleasure, are those of Fielding and Richardson. Smollett and Sterne also deserve a place among the best, although their rudeness and vulgarity grate harshly upon a sensitive modern ear; *Peregrine Pickle* and *Tristram Shandy*, however, must have a place in every library. But the time is fast approaching when purified manners will impress their purity upon this mirror of society *par excellence*. We now meet Oliver Goldsmith, and whether “remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow, or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,” we find him; or visit with him “sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;” or follow with him the perplexing fortunes of the Vicar, he is always charming. Here in this procession which has filed past us for so many centuries we find a singular figure for an age of refinement; it would seem better suited to the barbarism of the Saxon. A man whose “person was large, robust, approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency, with a gloomy and coarse air,” his countenance disfigured by the king’s evil, etc., in a word, Dr. Samuel Johnson. And with him his shadow, Boswell, most charming, because so *naïve*, of biographers. In the hands of Miss Burney the novel became proper, prudish, and—poor.

After Pope we have the poets Prior and Parnell, Garth and Blackmore, Broome and Fenton, and many other minor writers, among whom, because of the small quantity of their productions and their brevity, are classed Collins, Shenstone, and Gray. Thomas Young and Thomson step at once to the front rank. Who has not realized the truth of the former’s apostrophe to

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep*!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.”

Among the female writers of this age—and, with the exception of the royal Tudor sisters and their unhappy cousin, Lady Jane Grey, it is almost the first time we have seen a woman's face in the long line—we count beside Miss Burney, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Lennox, Miss Sophia Lee, blind Anna Williams, Mrs. Carter, Miss Talbot, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Macauley, Mrs. Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Inchbald, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague. *Place aux dames!* a goodly company certainly.

In the latter part of George II.'s reign a feature of that of Anne was revived. I mean the periodical essay. Among letter-writers we have Horace Walpole and Lord Chesterfield; in politics Wilkes, and the great unknown *Junius*, and Burke; in metaphysics and ethics Clarke, Berkeley, Earl Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Butler, and Hume, a few among the many; again we have Hume among the historians, with Robertson and Gibbon; but the list grows too long, we cannot particularize.

With Cowper, who wrote that

“John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown—
A train band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.”

And who thus expresses his own or Alexander Selkirk's views :

“Oh Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have found in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.”

Not that he cannot rise to higher themes with an eloquence worthy of them, as in *The Task* :

“Not only vice disposes and prepares
The mind, that slumbers sweetly in her snares,
To stoop to tyranny's usurped command,
And bend her polished neck beneath his hand
(A dire effect, by one of nature's laws,
Unchangeably connected with its cause);
But Providence himself will intervene,
To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.”

With Cowper, then, and Darwin, and Burns, the eighteenth cen-

ture closes. The latter will live when the others are forgotten, for who can go to Scotland and not visit

“ Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The Castle o’ Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There summer first unfauld her robes,
And there the longest tarry !
For there I took the last farewell
O’ my sweet Highland Mary.”

And who, if looking for a love song, could find one more exquisite than this :

“ Oh, my love is like a red, red rose !
That’s newly sprung in June ;
Oh ! my love is like a melodie
That’s sweetly sung in tune.
Oh ! fair art thou, my bonnie lass ;
So deep in love am I,
That I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry—
Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt in the sun ;
For I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.”

And again, the passionate cry—

“ Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted !”

Does it not come home to many sad hearts ?

So the age of the noblest classics ended with a ploughman’s song !

With the nineteenth century began in Europe the great modern revolution. The human mind had changed again, and with this change arose a new literature. It seems almost as if there was something in the termination of one century and the beginning of another to awaken and act with fructifying power upon the literature of England. The latter period of this literature has been divided into three parts : the first, that of Elizabeth, threw its splendor over the latter part of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth century ; the second is called the Augustan age of Anne, and shone through the earlier years of the eighteenth ; and now we have reached the third, ushered in by the nineteenth century. And here we have at least ten poetical writers, at the termination of George III.’s reign in 1820, each one of whom holds by right a high rank : Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron,

Shelley, and Keats. Many others might be added to the list, but these were listened to by all and acknowledged by all. The awakening of English literature at each of these three periods has been brought about undoubtedly by the general political and social circumstances of the country and the world.

Wordsworth was born in 1770, and his first poems appeared in 1793. He, with Coleridge and Southey, belonged to the "Lake School," and although the former wore the Laureate's crown of bays, and all wrote copiously, it was not until Sir Walter Scott appeared that poetry became the rage. It was only after achieving a brilliant reputation as a poet that Scott discovered his talent as a prose writer, and so won a second laurel. His poems are all lays and romances of chivalry, and are infinitely finer than anything of the kind ever before written. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* surprised all readers; it carries one on with an excitement of heart as well as of head; while the *Lady of the Lake* awakens tender sentiments and thrills through the very core of our affections. From *Marmion* we quote:

"The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And Stanley! was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!'
'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!'
Were the last words of Marmion."

The close of the poem is grandly sad:

"Tradition, legend, tune and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong!
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!"

But we have anticipated, and mention has not been made of those who preceded Scott (one of whom was almost, in fact in his own line, fully, as sweet a singer), Crabbe, Campbell, and Moore. Crabbe's first poem, *The Library*, was published as far back as 1781. Campbell wrote,

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All spotless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly!"

early in the century. Then his pen lay idle for five or six years. In *Gertrude of Wyoming* he resumed his wooing of the muse, and afterwards wrote the exquisite *O' Connor's Child*; or, *The Flower of Love lies Bleeding!*"

"Oh, once the harp of Innisfail
Was tuned full high to notes of gladness,
But yet it oftener told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness."

His *Pleasures of Hope* were written previous to *Hohenlinden*; *The Battle of the Baltic*, and *Mariners of England*, early before he took a rest. Moore's songs still hold their own, and are the sweetest ever written. His *Lalla Rookh*, so infused with the very soul of Eastern life and custom, is a marvel from having been written without the author ever visiting the spots he describes so truly. To Byron we are indirectly indebted for the *Waverley Novels*. His poetic genius was so superb and all-embracing as to throw his contemporaries into the shade, and with them Scott, who immediately yielded the place and turned to a field in which he has no master. However the poet's private life must be blamed, however much the egotism and irreligion of the man pervade his writings, Byron has put himself upon a pedestal before his countrymen from which there has been no hand, as yet, powerful enough to displace him. Shelley and Byron were friends and congenial spirits. Keats gave promise of much, but his early death prevented the fruition; his *Ode to a Nightingale* is very beautiful:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My senses, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
The minute past, and Letheward had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness—
That thou, a light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

The poem is too long to quote in full. The names of Shelley, Keats and Byron cannot be mentioned without bringing before us a fourth, their friend and companion,—Leigh Hunt. He had attracted attention before Shelley or Keats did. He is a true poet, and has put a living soul into whatever he has written. I wish I had space for the story of *Sultan Mahmoud*. It cannot be given in part. Nor can we here fail to remember another son of the Green Isle and of the Church, who hid his genius under the heavy cloak of a poor Christian Brother. Gerald Griffin wrote enough in prose and verse to entitle him to a high rank

among his peers. His *Collegians* is still read, and has been put into a form which will thrill Irish hearts all over the world as long as the theatre is tolerated. His poetry is sweet and touching. The Banim brothers also belong to this nineteenth century's literature.

With these names ends one phase of the nineteenth century's contributions to the literature of England. As to the rest we come too near our own day for much mention.

Let us take a retrospective view, then, of the forms and times which have passed before us. At the beginning comes the race, the people, Angles, Saxons, and Danish. Out of this mixture is to grow the nation, and by very slow processes it does grow. Christianity does its work, and ever in the wake of the Church come learning and letters, and men are awakened to the fact that they are not as the beasts which perish, that they have souls to save, and that God walked among them to show them how to save their souls. Then come the Normans, and difficult as the amalgamation of the two peoples is, it is not so desperate a task as it would be if they did not kneel at the same altars. Here again the Church was the salvation of the peoples. And so as the nation grew in stature it grew in grace with God and man, and the intellect bestowed upon Adam to mark his dominion over all creation was fostered and cultivated by the same power which guided souls along the dark and narrow way that leads to eternal light. Without the Church all would have been blankness and darkness in souls and minds. Then comes one of those eras when the demon is unloosed and allowed to work his will upon mankind, and only for the remembrance of the former blessed light, and a dim reflection of its glory, the world would have again gone down into destruction at the hands of Luther and his compeers. Slowly ever since has the national literature of England been recovering from this blow, but it is only in proportion as the Church is recognized and free that it progresses. Thus we see the true history of literature is the history of man, for the soul of literature is but the soul of man.

What is properly a review or history of literature should close here, for history takes cognizance only of what is past; but we will not end this article without a short review of the Victorian era, an era as rich as any of its predecessors, and one which possesses perhaps more interest to us. The literary greatness of this age however, is manifested mostly in prose. Perhaps, too, in no other period has there been so much activity of female genius and talent, principally in fictitious narrative, yet ranging above and beyond that. At the head of this list, however we may reprobate the

work she did in Italy, we must place Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and she stands not only at the head of female writers, but of all writers in verse. We may even go further, and call her the greatest woman poet who ever lived, except Sappho, if *she* lived. There are no love poems in the language like her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. I must find room for one:

“ If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say
 ‘ I love her for her smile, her look, her way
 Of speaking gently; for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day;’
 For these things, in themselves beloved, may
 Be changed, or change for thee, and love so wrought
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.”

Of her husband we cannot speak so enthusiastically. In fact we don't pretend to understand much that he has written, but we can never forget the rats in

“ Hamelin town in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its walls on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.
 Rats!
 They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.”

As a specimen of another kind take the concluding lines of *Paracelsus*:

“ I go to prove my soul!
 I see my way as birds their trackless way—
 I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
 I ask not; but, unless God send his hail,
 Or blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
 In some time—his own good time—I shall arrive;
 He guides me and the bird. In his good time!”

Place now for the Laureate. How many who read Tennyson understand him? He has caught the spirit of the old legends wonderfully in *The Idylls*, and his *Maud* and *Lockesley Hall* are very beautiful, as well as some others of his poems. But of Tennyson in poetry, as of Thalberg in music, it may be said his art is more to him in its form than in its soul, and in refining the former the latter suffers. Still there are some wonderfully beautiful things, as, for instance, Arthur's farewell to Sir Bedevere :

“If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. *More things are wrought
By prayer than this world dreams of!*
* * * * *
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

And again in *Lockesley Hall* :

“Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.”

We must not neglect Hood. The future will recognize him as a poet of the first-class. His *Lost Heir* is full of genuine Irish life. His *Song of the Shirt* is a truthful picture :

“Stitch, stitch, stitch,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !”

How many can sympathize with the

“One more unfortunate
Weary of breath;
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !”

In novels the list of authors is unending; at the head stands Dickens, Thackeray, and “George Eliot,” Bulwer, Miss Mulock, Black, and Blackmore; and how many others come crowding on! As a critic and historian combined Macaulay stands alone; Carlyle, too, occupies a pinnacle entirely to himself as philosopher and historian. Then we have Stuart Mills and his collaborateurs. Although our own literature, by reason of its language and nature, really belongs to that of England, we will not cross the seas. The laurels and bays that crown the heads of the writers of our own land have been placed there by a nation proud of her young children and their youthful promise. The time is not ripe for other than a loving glance over the by no means insignificant list, and each one can choose, as he or she, gazes, whomsoever the one so gazing thinks worthy of the wreath.

ENGLISH DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED LADY
IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Pietas Mariana Britannica. A History of English Devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin Marye, Mother of God. With a Catalogue of Shrines, Sanctuaries, Offerings, Bequests, and other Memorials of the Piety of our Forefathers. By Edmund Waterton, F.S.A., Knight of the Order of Christ, of Rome. (Published by Subscription. Quarto. Pp. XVI., 266, 320.) London, St. Joseph's Catholic Library, 48 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

IT is very natural that American visitors to England should be especially interested in the grand old cathedrals, and still more, perhaps, in the numerous ruined or half-ruined abbeys and monasteries with which the whole country is studded. These remains of an ancient faith, or, rather, of ages when the everlasting faith which now flourishes in the New World as well as in the Old, reigned in all its majesty and beauty over the whole face of England, have a peculiar charm for the faithful children of the Church whose home lies in the newly discovered continent which the Christian nations of Europe have had the mission of colonizing. Brightly as the light of the Catholic Church may burn in America, and glorious as may be the future which is reserved for her in the New World, she cannot, by the necessity of the case, possess any monuments such as those of which we speak. The Catholics of the United States and Canada will, as we trust, cover the land of their birth or of their adoption with glorious churches and religious houses, and no Englishman of their creed will wish them anything less than that they may even surpass their ancestors in the Old World in their devotion and piety. Providence has placed them in possession of a country such as never before fell to the lot of a young people to receive from His all-bountiful hands. Its natural resources are inexhaustible, and its political circumstances and position among the nations of the globe insure it a peaceful future, very unlike indeed to the early struggles of that Christian Europe, of which its people are the children. The development of Catholicity in the northern half of America is the most significant and consoling feature in the annals of the Church in the century in which we live. We can see no reason for doubting the future prosperity and magnificence of the Church in these countries,—and prosperous and magnificent it is,—and it will most certainly stamp the marks of its power and resources upon the face of the land in which it dwells, as the mediæval Church has stamped itself upon Europe. Everywhere we shall see fine churches dedicated to the worship of God, everywhere we shall see the minster rise in the

midst of the town, the great abbeys and monasteries of European Christendom will not be wanting, while by their side will be seen those more modern creations of religious zeal which have been called into existence by the special wants of our time,—the convents of Friars and Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, the hospitals and schools and colleges in which the needs of the sick and the aged and the poor and the children calling for Christian instruction and training will be met. But all this development will be new. It will take generations to give to its monuments the air of indescribable solemnity and majesty which hangs over the works of ages long gone by, and we trust that it may be long indeed before the hand of the spoiler and destroyer is let loose on them, to endow them with the plaintive and mournful beauty which hangs over such places as Fountain Abbey, or Tintern, or Glastonbury. It is well that ruins at all events should be to be seen only in Europe, even though America may lose something in not having to show to her Catholic children the witness to the ancient faith which such ruins embody.

Foremost among the items of that witness, as borne by all that remains to us, in so many different ways, of the England of the Ages of Faith, is the truth that nowhere was there a more deeply rooted and more widespread devotion and love towards the Blessed Mother of God. It must be a matter of certainty, that what remains to us of evidence, as to this fact, cannot be but the hundredth part of the evidence which might have been gathered in the Ages of Faith themselves; yet it would take a lifetime to collect such proofs as survive to us, and the collector would always find the evidence accumulating upon him. To our mind there is something far more precious about this testimony of the faith of our ancestors than anything that can be measured by feeling alone. The connection between piety and the practical and vivid realization of the doctrine on which piety is fed, is indisputable. The reason why the devotion to Our Blessed Lady wrote itself in so many beautiful ways on the daily life of our ancestors was, not that they were men and women of more tender feelings than ourselves, but that they lived in an atmosphere of faith, without any contact of heresy, and probably with much less of worldliness in it, and thus were able to penetrate their whole existence with the great truths which we believe as they believed, but which have less influence on our lives and our habitual thoughts. We have much to learn, indeed, from the numerous manners in which the devotion of the English of old times vented itself. It is on this account, as well as on account of the intrinsic beauty of its contents, that we value the handsome volume in which Mr. Waterton has given us the fruits of researches for many years as to the point of which we speak. It is some-

thing, no doubt, to prove that England was the dowry of Mary, and that her children showed in every possible way and on every possible occasion their devotion to their liege Lady. But it is something more, that we can learn so much from the forms which their devotion took, and that, perhaps, in this way, many holy and most salutary practices may be revived, which may help future generations to the better expression of a love and confidence, which in the hearts of true Christians can be second only (if such comparisons are to be made between two things which are in truth identical) to the love and confidence with which they turn to Our Most Blessed Lord Himself.

The child of an old English family, and of an unbroken line of Catholic ancestry, Mr. Waterton tells us that he was imbued from his earliest years with a most tender devotion to Our Blessed Lady. He has spent much time and labor in gradually collecting from monuments of antiquity of every kind, the traces which occur of that widespread devotion to Our Lady of which we speak. The result of his researches first appeared in a series of papers which were printed in successive numbers of *The Month and Catholic Review*, containing a list, alphabetically arranged, of parishes, churches, and towns in England, concerning which there was evidence remaining, either in the shape of monuments or documentary records, of the devotion of our forefathers to Our Blessed Lady. This list now appears as the second part of a large and handsome volume, which has been printed and issued by the managers of the *Review* already mentioned. A first part is prefixed, in which the author goes through the whole subject of the various ways in which the devotion of which we speak manifested itself. This part of the work, therefore, is altogether new, and it embodies an immense amount of carefully sifted information. The list of places in England (including a few in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales) as to which some notes are included in the alphabetical list, is not far short of three hundred. We shall endeavor to cull a few flowers from this part of the volume as we go on, but our chief business will be with the preliminary matter, which occupies about the same amount of space as the other.

This first part of the volume, which we owe to Mr. Waterton's industrious and unwearied devotion, contains altogether three parts, each of which is divided into several sections or chapters. The first part gives an account, as we may say, of the personal devotion to Our Blessed Lady on the part of various classes of men at every age of life. The author first, however, lingers over the old title of the "Dower of Mary," which seems to have been officially used from the reign of Richard the Second, and which is spoken of as a matter of "common parlance" in a document of the last year of

the reign of that unfortunate monarch. This document is a mandate of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which Englishmen are spoken of as the liegemen of Our Lady's especial dower—" *Peculiaris Dotis Adscriptitii*." The same title is formally used by later writers. Then follows a chapter on the name of Our Blessed Lady, in which the author points out the reverence which in early ages prevented parents from calling their children by the sweetest of female names. This was wonderfully kept up in Ireland, the beautiful language of the Irish race enabling them to make a compound word of the two which signified "Servant of Mary,"—*Maolmhuir*,—a name which was borne by kings and other men as well as by women. The chapter which follows is very interesting as containing some short notices of the manner in which children of old were taught to venerate and pray to Our Blessed Lady. We all remember the beautiful story in Chaucer of the child who was murdered by the Jews for singing, as he went through the streets in which they lived, on his way to his school, the *Regina Cæli*. The choristers at Eton, the royal and glorious foundation of Henry the Sixth, were to recite the hours of Our Lady every day, after the matins and prime of the feast of the day. The scholars, as soon as they had risen, and whilst making their beds, were to recite the matins of Our Lady, which they were to finish before going to school, and, in the evening, on leaving school, they were to sing an antiphon of Our Lady, with *Ave Maria* and a collect. Before going to supper they said the vespers of Our Lady, according to Sarum use; after vespers, or at another time, as the Provost might appoint, on every day excepting Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, the choristers and scholars, in surplices, were to say a *Pater Noster* before the crucifix on their knees, and then rising, to sing the *Salve* before the image of Our Lady. At the end of the day, all the choristers and scholars before going to bed, were, at the first peal of the curfew bell, to kneel down by their beds, and in their own rooms, and to say alternately the entire hymn, *Salvator Mundi Domine*, and the psalm *Nunc Dimittis*, the antiphon *Salva Nos, Domine, Vigilantes*, with the *Kyrie Eleison*, *Pater Noster*, *Ave Maria*, and Creed. And they all were to recite in a loud and intelligible voice the antiphon *Stella Cæli Extirpavit*, with the usual versicle and prayer. There were similar rules for the scholars of Winchester.

It is needless to add that the great English Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were full of observances in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Mr. Waterton tells us a pleasing story of the manner in which the great Alexander of Hales was led to enter the Franciscan Order out of devotion to Our Lady. It appears that he had made a vow never to refuse anything that was asked him in the

name of the Blessed Mother of God. This vow was a secret; but somehow it became known to a certain devout matron, who was very fond both of the Carmelites and Dominicans, and she, with true feminine reticence, communicated it privately to her favorite Friars. She recommended the Carmelites to ask Alexander, then at the height of his fame as a Doctor, to enter their Order for the love of Mary.

“The White Friars are surprised at the thing, considering the man and the elevated station he was in; but relying on the devotion and integrity of the matron, they go to the Doctor, who received them with all the marks of civility imaginable, and they discoursed with him on many heads for a good while, and then returned home, not once, God having so otherwise appointed, so much as remembering the business they came thither for; which the good lady took for an affront, thinking that the omission was an effect of either slight or a misbelief of what she had suggested to them. So she let the Dominicans into the secret, who soon went privately to the Doctor, and first discoursing with him about indifferent matters, that they might at last usher in their address in a more courtly manner, when behold in comes a Friar Minor, with his wallet on his shoulder, having been begging about the town for his brethren, and being now come hither also to beg a little bread, and having fixed his eyes upon the Doctor, as he sat talking to the Dominicans, he simply addressed himself to him in these plain terms: ‘Reverend Doctor, you are a very great scholar, and the fame of your virtue is spread far and near. You see the poor Order of the Friars Minor has as yet but few learned men in it, and no Doctors. If you were in it many persons would improve by your means, and therefore I beseech you, for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, that you will take upon you the habit of our Order, for the good of your soul and for the honor of our institute.’ The Dominicans were amazed to see themselves thus prevented, and the Doctor himself at first seemed to be in a consternation, but at last recovering himself, and being inwardly touched with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and taking the words of the simple Brother to be a call from God, he made this reply, ‘Go your way, Brother, for I will follow you presently and comply with your request.’”

The sections under which Mr. Waterton classes his liegemen of Our Lady are headed kings, knights and orders of knighthood, shipmen, serjeants at law, authors and printers, and innholders. It must be obvious that this list might have been very largely extended, for we can imagine no reason why the followers of other callings should not have been at least as devout to Our Lady as printers and innholders. We hardly know what Mr. Tennyson would say to the statement of the well-known Juliana Berners, in her treatise of heraldry, that King Arthur laid aside his shield of dragons and crowns, “and took to his arms a cross of silver in a field of verte, and on the right side an image of Our Blessed Lady, her Son in her arms.” We may also wonder what the Protestant, not to say unbelieving, knights, who form so large a portion of the members of the most noble Order of the Garter, would think if they were reminded by their sovereign that Our Lady is their chief patroness, and if they were to be called on to practice the injunctions of one of the English kings,—Edward IV.,—“who thought it

necessary that some additional ceremonies within the Order should be observed by himself and the knights and companions to her peculiar honor, and therefore ordained that on her five solemnities the knights companions should annually, as it was wont and accustomed on the yearly Feast of Saint George, wear the peculiar habit of the Order as long as divine service was celebrating, unless they had sufficient cause of excuse, bearing on the right shoulder a golden image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and further that they should go in the same habit and manner upon all the Sundays in the year, and lastly, that on the same days they, forever, should say five *Pater Nosters* and five *Ave Marias*." But so it was, undoubtedly. All Englishmen, from the king on the throne down to the lowest peasant, layman as well as priests; knights and warriors, as well as Monks and Friars, were penetrated with devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and on no part of their life, social, political, or military, was the deep impression of this devotion wanting.

The next part of the subject before us naturally passes from persons to things, and we find very interesting details about the various forms in which the devotion of our English ancestors to Mary manifested itself. Churches, organs, bells, wax images, Lady chapels, Loretto chapels, Lady altars, inscriptions, candles, relics, guilds, the sodality, pilgrimages, processions, alms, fasting, the Mary Mass, the Little Office, the Angelus, the beads, the litanies, and other devotions; the consecration to Our Lady of cities, corporations, lands, wells, flowers, furniture; the details of common life, death, and burial, all these heads furnish the industrious writer before us with occasion for producing evidence of the devotion of our forefathers to the Mother of God. The last part of this half of his volume is devoted to a careful account of the English iconography of Our Blessed Lady. The English statues and pictures of Our Lady were remarkable for their beauty. We have here an account of the various manners in which she was represented in her immaculate conception, in her annunciation, in her childbirth, and in her assumption; or as Our Lady of Pity,—the English name for what is called in Italy the *Pietà*—Our Lady of Grace, and Our Lady of Peace. There are also a number of sections about the way in which her statues were colored, robed, crowned, and the like.

The second half of the beautiful volume which we are trying to introduce to our readers is taken up with the long catalogue of shrines and devotions of which we have already spoken. This part is most interesting, as furnishing the practical illustration of the former, which again treats the whole subject in logical order. The illustrations furnished by the second part relate chiefly, as is natural, to the portion of the evidence of English devotion to Our Lady which is to be gathered from an inspection of existing

churches and documents relating to them. We must cull here and there some details which may be of interest to our readers. Loretto chapels may be a puzzle to some.

"For the ghostly comfort of those who wished to go on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, and were prevented by circumstances, the pious custom arose of erecting in various places chapels which were exact representations of the Holy House, and in which a statue of Our Lady of Loretto was placed in a niche behind the altar. Cuppenberg says the earliest Loretto chapel was erected at Lille by John Lufford, who was attached to the court of Charles V."

There was one of these Loretto chapels at Glastonbury, and another in Scotland, at Musselburg. Here is a story of a Lady chapel at Wroxhall, which is very like the story told in the Roman Breviary about the foundation of the most famous Church of Our Lady in Rome itself, the Church of Saint Mary Major, or Our Lady ad Nives.

"Dame Alice Croft, sometimes nun and lady of this place, poor of earthly goods, but rich of virtues, desired heartily of God and Our Lady that she in her days might see here a chapel of Our Lady. To that intent she prayed ofttime, and on a night there came a voice to her and bade her, in the name of God and Our Lady, begin and perform a chapel of Our Lady. She remembered her thereof and thought it but a dream, and took no heed thereof; but not long. Another night, following, came the same voice to her again, and gave her the same charge more sharply. Still delaying to execute the work, she is visited by Our Lady, who reprimands her for her neglect, on which she, going to the Prioress and stating that she had only the sum of fifteen pence to commence with, is encouraged to undertake the work, in the trust that Our Lady would increase her store. Then this Dame Alice Croft gave her to prayers, and besought Our Lady to give her knowledge where she should build it and how much she should make it. Then she had by revelation to make it on the north side of the church, and she should find marked the quantity. This was in harvest, between the two Feasts of Our Lady, and on the morrow early she went unto the place assigned her, and there she found a certain ground covered with snow, and all the churchyard else without snow. She, glad of this, had masons ready, and marked out the ground and built the chapel and performed it up. And every Saturday, while it was in building, she would say her prayers in the alleys of the churchyard, and in the plain path she should and did weekly find silver sufficient to pay her workmen and that behoveful to her work, and no more."

Here is another anecdote, in illustration of the pious custom of burning votive candles.

"This pious custom was most common in England. In the year 1225 William, Earl Salisbury, otherwise known as Long Sword, was nearly lost at sea in a violent storm on his return to England. When they were in the utmost despair suddenly a large wax taper, burning with a brilliant light, was seen at the mast-head by all who were thus in danger on board the ship. By the side of the candle they beheld a lady of wondrous beauty standing, who protected the light of the candle, which brilliantly illumined the darkness of the night from the violence of the squall and the heavy downpour of the rain; whereupon from this vision of heavenly brightness the Earl, as well as all the crew, feeling assured of their safety, acknowledged that Divine assistance was with them, and whilst every one on board was ignorant of the portent of this vision Earl William alone attributed the favor of this kindness to the Blessed Virgin Mary, because from the day when he was first girt with the belt of knighthood he had assigned one wax taper before the altar of the Most Blessed Mother of God, which

should burn during the Mass, which was sung every day in honor of the said Mother of God, and during the canonical hours, and thus exchange the temporal for the light eternal."

Mr. Waterton adds that the Earl died the year after his return to England, not without suspicion of poison.

"Feeling his end drawing near he retired to his castle at Salisbury and sent for the Bishop, from whom he received the last Sacraments of the Church and died an edifying death. It happened, continues Wendover, that whilst his body was being carried from his castle to the new church, about a mile distant, for burial, the lighted candles, which were borne, according to custom, with the Cross and Thurible, gave, amidst the heavy rain and gusts of wind, a continued light through the journey, so as to make it clearly evident that the Earl, who had been so penitent, already belonged to the sons of light."

The Mass mentioned in the preceding extract must have been what was commonly called the Mary Mass, that is, a Mass said in honor of Our Lady, always the same, day after day, at her altar. This was, as it seems, the votive Mass of Our Lady, which is now in the Roman missal, and is said to have been composed by the English Alcuin. A priest was maintained in many churches for the special purpose of saying this Mass, who was called the "Seynt Mary Priest." There is frequent mention of this custom in old wills, which contain bequests for his support. In fact, the custom was at one time almost universal. In 1136 mention is made of the Mary Mass at Gloucester, where it was celebrated, as usual, very early in the morning. Within less than a century later, it had become general in all the greater churches in England. Walsingham says that at St. Alban's the Mary Mass was sung with four candles, and a chalice of gold and beautiful vestments; it had been instituted by Abbot William de Trumpington, 1214-1235. At Evesham, twenty-four candles of wax and thirty-three lamps were to be lighted daily, and to burn during the Mary Mass. Early in the reign of Henry the Third St. Mary Mass at St. Paul's, London, is mentioned. There was also a daily Mass of Our Lady in the Tower, and payments to the chaplain for its celebration are mentioned in the Liberate rolls. Both at St. Paul's, at Salisbury, and elsewhere, there were foundations for the Mary Mass. At Ely the customs of Our Lady's altar received all the offerings there, and provided the missal, chalices, vestments, and candles required for the celebration throughout the year. At Magdalen College, Oxford, Waynflete ordained that the second Mass every day should be that of Our Lady after the custom for the Church of Sarum.

This, of course, is a custom which cannot be so easily revived in countries and times when the number of priests is comparatively small; but we cannot help wishing to see something of the kind once more introduced. In the Holy House of Loretto no Mass is

ever said but that of Our Blessed Lady, as at the shrine of St. Peter at Rome, the Mass, we think, of the Octave of the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul is always said.

The mention of the Loretto chapels suggests the subject of pilgrimages in general, another form of devotion of which we fear there is but few opportunities, as yet, in America. But it must be remembered that any altar or statue of Our Blessed Lady, in any church in the world, may be made the object of a devout visit, and that pilgrimages after all are but repeated visits by a large number of devout persons to such altars. The recent partial revival of the practice in France, since the German war, has been occasioned, no doubt, by the wonders wrought at Lourdes, La Salette, and other places. We call it a partial revival, because no one well acquainted with the Catholic countries of the continent of Europe can fail to be aware that the practice has never been extinct. "The pilgrimages of devotion," says Mr. Waterton, "may be divided into two classes: (1) greater ones, to sanctuaries across the sea, or in distant countries; (2) lesser ones, to some sanctuaries nearer home; and these were common to all classes." Then there were also vicarious pilgrimages, made by deputy to sanctuaries both at home and abroad; and these differ from spiritual pilgrimages, often made by religious communities which have inclosure. In the Council of Calne, A.D. 978, it was decreed that it should be lawful for the people to make pilgrimages to St. Mary of Abingdon. Henry the Second, on recovering from a severe illness, went on pilgrimage, as he had vowed, to Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, in 1170, or, according to Robert Dumont, in 1171. Henry the Third visited the sanctuary of Our Lady of Boulogne. Edward the Second went to Our Lady of Boulogne, where he was married. After his victory off Sluys, Edward the Third went on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Ardenburg. Many of the sanctuaries of Our Lady to which pilgrimages were made were little out-of-the-way chapels. Leland records that "not far from Edon Water is a village called Burgham, and there is great pilgrimage to Our Lady." To the little chapel of Our Lady of Caversham there "was great pilgrimage." At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Pilgrim Street still recalls the piety of our ancestors. Near Liskeand, in a wood, there was a chapel of Our Lady, "called Our Lady in the Park, where was wont to be great pilgrimage." At Norwich there was Our Lady at Oke, or of the Oak, so named because her image was placed in an oak tree, a practice which is still so common in Catholic countries. Near Southampton the chapel of Our Lady of Grace was "haunted with pilgrims," whilst "the fane of Southwick stood by the Priory of the Black Canons there, and a pilgrimage to Our Lady." It was by no means unusual, to make a vow of pilgrimage for the recovery of a sick

friend or relative. Thus, on September 28th, 1443, Mrs. Margaret Parton writes to John Parton, saying: "I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and St. Leonards for you." When Henry the Sixth was lying ill, the principal members of his court sought leave to make pilgrimages to sanctuaries in foreign countries for his recovery. One of these was John Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, whose request the king graciously granted by writ, tested at Westminster on the 14th of August, 1457. Not long after this date the Duke was on pilgrimage at Walsingham, and in the year 1471 the Duke and Duchess together were on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham on foot.

One of the famous pilgrimages of Our Lady in England was at Ipswich, as to which we have no less authentic a witness than Sir Thomas More. In his dialogue *concerning Heresies* that holy martyr tells us of a miracle that he knew to have been wrought at this shrine. One of the daughters of Sir Roger Wentworth, a girl of the age of twelve, was "in marvellous manner vexed and tormented by our ghostly enemy the devil, her mind alienated and raving, with despising and blasphemy of God, and hatred of all hallowed things, with knowledge and perceiving of the hallowed from the unhallowed, although were she nothing warned thereof." Something moved her to go in pilgrimage to Our Lady of Ipswich. "In the way of which pilgrimage, she prophesied and told many things done and said at the same time in other places, which were proved true, and many things said, lying in her trance, of such wisdom and learning, that right cunning men highly marvelled to hear of so young and unlearned maiden, which she herself wist not what she said, such things uttered and spoken as well learned men might have missed with a long study. And finally being brought and laid before the image of Our Blessed Lady, was there, in the sight of many worshipful people, so grievously tormented, and in face, eyes, look, and countenance, so grizzly changed, with her mouth drawn aside and her eyes laid out upon her cheeks, that it was a terrible sight to behold. And after many marvellous things at the same time shown upon divers persons by the devil, through God's sufferance, as well all the remnant as the maid herself, in the presence of all the company, restored to their good state perfectly cured and suddenly. And in this matter no pretext of begging, no suspicion of feigning, no possibility of counterfeiting, no simpleness in the seers, her father and mother right honorable and rich, sore abashed to see such changes in their children, the witnesses great in number, and many of great worship, wisdom, and good experience, the maid herself too young to feign, and the fashion itself strange for any man to feign, and the end of the matter virtuous, the virgin so moved in her mind with the miracle, that she forth-

with, for aught her father could do, forsook the world and professed Religion in a very good and godly company at the Minories, where she hath lived well and graciously ever since."

Our travels over the ground covered by the volume of which we are speaking are somewhat desultory, and without much connection, save in the general subject to which they all relate. We cannot pass on without a few words about Oxford, where there was a statue of Our Blessed Lady, famed and venerated as having been the statue to which St. Edmund was devout, and on the finger of which he is said to have placed a ring of espousal. The chronicler of Lanercroft says that when he was a boy at Oxford, studying grammar, "he secretly espoused an image of the Glorious Virgin, which we, as well as the whole university, have often seen, by placing on the finger of the Blessed Virgin a ring of gold, which many have since beheld with their own eyes." The common story says that he had two rings made, one of which he kept on his own finger. Another chronicler mentions only one, which was placed by St. Edmund on the finger of Our Lady's image, but which was miraculously found on his own finger when he died. It seems doubtful where this image of Our Lady was. Mr. Waterton thinks that there is evidence that it was in the Church of St. Nicholas, which, after St. Edmund's time, became the Church of the Dominican Fathers. The seal of the Black Friars of Oxford represents Our Lady with Our Lord in her arms, with a little figure kneeling before her, which has been conjectured to represent St. Edmund as a youth.

As we are at Oxford we may as well mention the famous cross which once stood in the quadrangle of Merton College. It seems that in 1126 a Jew insulted a cross which was being carried in procession on Ascension Day, when the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the university were on their way to visit the shrine of Saint Frideswithe, which was afterwards Christ Church. The Jew snatched the cross from its bearer and trampled it under his feet. Prince Edward, who was then in Oxford, informed the King of the outrage, and strict search was made for the offender. He was probably concealed by his Jewish brethren, and the King ordered all the Jews to be imprisoned and a fine cross erected out of their property. It was to be a marble cross of the finest workmanship, with the figure of Our Lord on one side and that of Our Blessed Lady on the other. This arrangement was very common in old wayside crosses. The figure of Our Lady was to have Our Lord in her arms. The whole work was to be finely gilt, and an inscription was to be placed on it relating the occasion of its erection. The Jews were also to present a portable cross of silver gilt, which was to be like those usually borne before archbishops, and was to

be carried before the proctors of the university in their procession. The sheriff found some difficulty in executing the King's orders, as the Jews seem to have had plenty of friends in the city, to whom they made over their property for the nonce, in order to escape the burden which the King imposed upon them. However, the King issued a second writ, ordering the goods of the Jews to be seized wherever they were to be found, and in this manner the money was soon raised. There was some discussion, also, as to the spot on which the cross was to be placed, as the place of the outrage was an inconvenient situation for so large a monument. It was at last placed in the quadrangle of Merton, where it remained till the reign of Henry VI., when it fell to the ground.

But we must not go on forever with our extracts from this fascinating volume. One of the most interesting heads of Mr. Waterton's researches is that of the old prayers and forms of oral devotion to Our Blessed Lady. He claims a great deal for England and Ireland in this respect, for he finds traces of some common forms of this devotion in those countries at a time when they are not known to have existed elsewhere.

"The Irish have a very ancient litany of Our Blessed Lady, which is preserved in the *Leabhar-mor*, now deposited in the Royal Irish Academy. Professor O'Curry says that it differs in many ways from the litany of Our Lady in other languages, clearly showing that although it may be an imitation, it is not a translation. It is much to be regretted that the learned professor did not add in what languages and where were to be found the litanies of Our Lady of which the Irish litany might have been an imitation. Professor O'Curry believes this litany to be as old at least as the middle of the eighth century. No earlier litany seems to be known; therefore, to the Island of Saints is due the glory of having composed the first litany of their Immaculate Queen. 'The litany of Our Lady,' says Cardinal Wiseman, 'is not a studied prayer, intended to have logical connection in parts, but it is a hymn of admiration and love, composed of a succession of epithets expressive of those feelings, the recital of which is broken into after every phrase by the people or chorus, begging the prayer of her to whom they are so worthily applied. It is a hymn, a song of affectionate admiration, and at the same time of earnest entreaty.'"

The Cardinal then refers to Saint Cyril of Alexandria and says :

"Hear him apostrophize the Blessed Mother of God in the following terms: Hail, Mary, mother of God, venerable treasure of the entire Church, inextinguishable lamp, crown of virginity, sceptre of true doctrine, indissoluble temple, abode of Him who is infinite, mother and virgin. Thou through whom the Holy Trinity is glorified, thou through whom the precious cross is honored, thou through whom heaven exults, thou through whom angels and archangels rejoice, thou through whom evil spirits are put to flight, thou from whom is the oil of gladness, thou through whom over the whole world churches are planted, thou through whom prophets spake, thou through whom apostles preached, thou through whom the dead rise, thou through whom kings reign through the Blessed Trinity."

"Now here," continues the Cardinal, "is a litany not unlike that of Loretto, and we have only to say, '*pray for us*,' after each

of the salutations, to have a very excellent one." This intercalation would surely not spoil nor render less natural or less beautiful that address of the holy patriarch. Hence it appears that whilst these and other homilies suggest the formation of a litany of Our Lady, the Irish were the first who did form a litany, that is, a prayer to Our Lady in the shape of what is now understood by a litany. This old Irish litany of Our Blessed Lady has an indulgence of one hundred days granted to all who recite it by Pius IX. It consists of fifty-eight invocations, from which I have selected the following:

" LITANY.

O Great Mary!	O Destruction of Eve's Disgrace!
O Mary, Greatest of Maries!	O Regeneration of Life!
O Greatest of Women!	O Mother of God!
O Queen of the Angels!	O Mistress of the Tribes!
O Mistress of the Heavens!	O Mother of the Orphans!
O Mother of the Heavenly and	O Breast of the Infants!
Earthly Church!	O Queen of Life!
O Gate of Heaven!	O Ladder of Heaven!

Hear the petition of the poor! Spurn not the wounds and groans of the miserable!"

It could be wished that Mr. Waterton had copied out for us the whole of this ancient litany. In fact, the readers of his work will constantly find themselves regretting that he has not had larger limits allowed him than those of this already large volume, in which he has embodied only the quintessence of his researches.

He makes one remark, in which most will be inclined to agree with him. It is that the old English devotion to Our Lady was essentially joyous. It seems as if our ancestors had the instinct of regarding Mary as especially the cause of our joy.

"The most common and homely of all the Old English Devotions were, The Five Wounds of Our Lord, and Five Joys of Our Blessed Lady. There were, however, several series of Our Lady's Joys—Her Five Joys, Her Seven Earthly and Seven Heavenly Joys, Her Twelve Joys, and Her Fifteen Joys. Lansperg composed a Rosary of the Fifty Joys of Our Lady. I have met with many variations of these joys, and therefore I give only those which were commemorated by our forefathers."

The Five Joys, or as the *Ancren Riwle* calls them, The Five Highest Joys of Our Lady, were the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Assumption. There are many instances found of legacies in honor of these Five Joys, in connection with the Five Wounds of Our Lord. Again, The Seven Earthly Joys of Our Lady were, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Finding of Our Lord in the Temple, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Assumption. The Seven Heavenly Joys were, the Surpassing Glory of Our Lady in Heaven, Her Brightness which Fills the whole Heavenly Court,

the Obedience and Honor which She receives from all the Host of Heaven, that Her Divine Son and She have but One Will, that God Rewards at Pleasure all Her Clients Here and Hereafter, that She Sits Next to the Blessed Trinity in Her Glorified Body, and the Certainty that these Joys will Last Forever. Saint Thomas of Canterbury was a great promoter of the devotion to Our Lady's Heavenly Joys. It is said that this devotion was revealed to him, and that he composed the hymn *Gaude, Flore Virginali* in their honor. The Fifteen Joys vary in different lists, and in some of these lists they are made up of the Earthly and the Heavenly Joys, as already given, with the addition either of the Visitation, or of the Crucifixion, as a victory over hell.

Some of the old English hymns in honor of Our Blessed Lady are very beautiful indeed. Here is a simple night hymn :

Upon my ryghte syde Y may ley,
Blessid lady, to Thee Y prey
Ffor the teres that ye lete
 Upon your swete Sonny's feete,
Send me grace for to sleep
 And good dremes for to mete;
Slepyng wakyng till to-morrow day be ;
Our Lord is the Freute, Our Lady is the Tre,
Blessed be the Bloßsom that sprang, Ladye, of The,
In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti. Amen.

The termination of this little hymn reminds us of a custom, which is illustrated by several of the early English hymns and devotions, of mixing Latin and English words together. This custom was very natural when all who could read could read Latin, and when all were so much more familiar than we are with the hymns and rhythms of the Church. Here is a very beautiful hymn of this sort of the thirteenth century, called "*A Song to Our Ladye.*"

Of all that is so fair and bright,
 Velut Maris stella,
Brighter than the day is light,
 Parens et puella,
I crie to The, Thou see to me,
Levedy, prey Thy Sone for me,
 Tam pia,
That I mote come to The,
 Maria.

Of care, counseil Thou art best,
 Felix fecundata
Of alle wery Thou art rest,
 Mater honorata.
Bisek him with milde mod
That for ous alle sad is blod.
 In cruce,
That we moten komen to him
 In luce.

Alle this world was forlore
Eva peccatrice,
 Tyl our Lord was y-bore
De te genitrice.
 With Ave it went away,
 Thuster nyth and comet the day
Salutis.
 The welle springet hut of The,
Virtutis.

Levedy, Flour of alle thing,
Rosa sine spina
 Thou bere Ihesu Hevene King,
Gratia Divina.
 Of alle thu berest the pris,
 Levedy, Quene of Paradys,
Electa
 Mayde milde, Moder
Es effecta.

Wel He wot He is Thy Sone
Ventre quem portasti,
 He wyl not werne The Thy bone
Parvum quem lactasti
 So hende and so God he bis,
 He havet brout ous to blis
Superni
 That havet hi-dut the foule put
Inferni.

We may give the following as a modernized version of this hymn:

Of all that is so fair and bright,
Velut maris stella,
 Brighter than the day is light,
Parens et puella,
 I cry to Thee, see Thou to me,
 Lady, pray, Thy Son for me,
Tam pia,
 That I may come to Thee,
Maria!

Of care Thou art the counsel best,
Felix fecundata,
 Of all the weary Thou art rest,
Mater honorata,
 Beseech Thou Him with mild mood
 That for us did shed His blood
In cruce,
 That we may come to Him,
In luce.

All this world was forlorn
Eva peccatrice,
 Until our Lord was born,
De te genitrice,

With Ave it went away,
Thuster night and cause ter day
 Salutis,
Were all springed out of Thee,
 Virtutis.

Levedi, flower of all things,
 Rosa sine spina,
Thou barest Jesus, Heaven's King,
 Gratia Divina,
Of all Thou barest the price,
Lady, Queen of Paradise,
 Electa,
Maiden, mild; Mother, too,
 Es effecta.

Well He wot He is Thy Son,
 Ventre quem portasti,
He will not refuse Thee Thy boon,
 Parvum quem lactasti,
So kind and so good He is;
He hath taught us to bless,
 Superni,
Sinners of that foulest pit,
 Inferni.

Such, then, were some of the hymns of England in the days when the whole of English life was full of Mary. The child's mother commended him to the Queen of Heaven before he was born, and when he came into the world he was dedicated to her. Her name, with that of the sweetest name of Jesus, was on his infant lips, and he was taught to call on her and to have recourse to her as his true mother from his earliest years. Her image, her shrine, her altar, received the homage of his innocent heart. If he went on a journey, he placed himself under her protection. When he went to school he was taught to sing her praises or to worship God in strains in which her name had its place. Her joys, like the sufferings of her Son, were familiar to him. He wore her scapular or had her beads at his girdle. If he entered a guild, it was under her patronage. If he was sick, he promised a pilgrimage to her sanctuary or had a Mass said at her altar. His home, his family, his work, his going out and coming in, were consecrated by devotion to her. He knew her Little Office, the psalms which form her name, and her antiphons, and a score of other forms of invoking or honoring her. He placed his life and death under her care and charge, her name was on his lips when he breathed his last, and the very bell which tolled for his soul was dedicated to her. And so he was a true child of faith, he lived in the familiar thought of what her Son had done for him, and the

heaven to which he looked forward was not a strange country to him.

Nowhere, either in the Old World or the New, can the Catholic faith live and flourish without the solid devotion to Mary which is the natural and inevitable fruit of a true belief in the incarnation of the Son of God. It would be foolish to speak as if this devotion were wanting in any country which belongs to Catholic Christendom. But there may be atmospheres in which faith cannot be as joyous, as free, as exulting, and as demonstrative as elsewhere, and it would be foolish also to undervalue the influence of a devotion which is able to mark itself on every detail of life instead of lying hid in the heart of the people in which it prevails. The joyousness of England went away from her shores at the Reformation, and it is the joyousness of faith which is one of the special fruits of a deep overpowering devotion to the Mother of God. The book before us gives many a hint as to the way in which this joyousness was fostered by our ancestors, and this is one main reason why we desire to see its teaching made familiar to English-speaking Catholics in the new hemisphere as well as in the old.

NEWSPAPERS AND NOVELS.

MENTAL activity is commonly believed to specially characterize our age. If reasons for this belief are demanded, the inquirer is pointed to the facts that in every department of human knowledge, investigation, and research are prosecuted with untiring energy; that these departments in modern times have greatly increased in number; and that the field and scope of each of them have been greatly enlarged. On these grounds it is commonly held that the educated classes of to-day are intellectually far superior to those of past times.

Without entering into any lengthy discussion of this conclusion, we affirm that it is faulty in that it represents only one side of the question. If the number of individuals who possess a respectable amount of knowledge be taken as a rule for measuring the intellectual progress of a period, and if the word knowledge is taken in the broad and liberal sense now commonly attached to it, then it must be admitted that the present age is greatly in advance of all previous times. But quantity is not the only element that should be taken into account in the calculation. Quality also enters into it,

and giving quality its due value we will be brought to a very different result from the conclusion just referred to.

We readily concede to the second half of the nineteenth century almost unparalleled intellectual activity, but at the same time we maintain, paradoxical though it may seem, that this activity is combined with a lassitude of thought which also is unparalleled.

This statement perhaps will be startling to some, and elicit only a smile of utter incredulity from others, yet it is not difficult of proof.

The literary world, that with which we are now concerned, is made up of two classes, those who write and those who read. In past times the student who represented the latter class was not less an intellectual worker than was the author who represented the former. But at present it may be laid down as a rule, having but few exceptions, that only the writers work mentally.

The great mass of the reading public has sunk into an almost hopeless intellectual "*dolce far niente*." There is no room to doubt that reading nowadays seems productive of drowsiness of mind, a torpor of the mental faculties, manifesting itself in widespread mental indolence. Thus, our age presents the unique spectacle of a union of strongly contrasted extremes of the greatest intellectual activity and of the greatest intellectual inertia; action and energy on one side, and the stagnation of habitual laziness on the other.

An obvious reason for this state of things suggests itself, namely, the enormous increase in the number of literary productions and the comparative ease with which they can be procured. The amount and variety of reading matter devoured by individuals in our times precludes the possibility of thoroughly digesting it, and prevents the nutritive and stimulating effect upon the thinking faculties which a more moderate supply of less heterogeneous matter would produce. Then, too, the relation between reader and writer has undergone a change, or rather an additional relation has sprung up between them. Conscious of the incapacity of most readers to form intelligent judgments upon or draw logical conclusions from what they read, writers accommodate themselves to this inertness of thought. As for the reader, if he encounters a problem which requires close thought to enable him to understand it thoroughly, in nine cases out of ten the consideration of the problem will be deferred until some writer or other has obligingly relieved him of all necessity of mental labor by formulating a solution for him.

"Labor-saving" machines, as we all know, abound in our times. We believe that modern writers might be styled not unaptly "thought-saving" machines; for that is, in fact, the office which, to a very great extent, they perform for the reading pub-

lic. They condense facts, weigh evidence, arrange ideas, criticize, judge, and point out the sequences of cause and effect in the great strife of thought, and furnish convenient superficial summaries of the intellectual movements of the day for those who are themselves either unable or unwilling to study those movements.

The ancient maxim that "knowledge is power" was never before so universally accepted as true, nor so generally acted on, as now. The necessity of possessing a certain amount of knowledge for the practical discharge of the duties of life has helped to ingraft this maxim deeply on our age. Besides this, there is an almost universal pretension and desire to be ranked amongst the educated classes of society, together with an unceasing effort to bestow upon the greatest possible number the boon of education. The result of the combined working of these several factors is a general anxiety for knowledge. But notwithstanding this, we here repeat that before we can determine upon the claim of our age to supreme mental advancement we must make a qualitative as well as a quantitative analysis, that is to say, we must extend our inquiry and direct our attention upon two points, viz., the number of literary productions, and, going hand in hand with this, a higher standard of thought and style.

In regard to the first point, it would argue either gross ignorance or gross want of candor did we fail to note as distinguishing our age the increased number of instrumentalities by means of which information on every subject is gathered, and of channels through which it is diffused. A stream of printed matter, immense in volume, pours forth incessantly upon the world, the greater portion of which consists of the lighter kinds of literature. For the sake of greater clearness and definiteness in our remarks we may divide this literature into five classes.

First in order we place what is commonly called the newspaper press. The daily and weekly journals, whose readers number in the aggregate millions beyond computation, have—it is hardly necessary to remark—grown into a necessity of life, like tobacco and tea, and sugar and coffee. We dismiss them now, however, that we may refer to them later on. The next class is a motley crowd. It comprises all the serial and periodical publications, magazines, reviews, etc., with contents of a most heterogeneous character, promiscuously *mixed up*. Poetry, fiction, essays, reviews of books, novels in chapters, are interspersed here and there with a smattering of heavier matter, such as treatises on religion, sociology, mathematics, physics, and metaphysics. Many are eclectic in character, and are the *vade-mecum* of the "*habitués*" of literature. They are, in truth, indispensable to all who wish to keep *au fait* with the literary world, and they meet a want which the vastness

and variety of literary productions has necessarily created, and which a single individual could never supply without their aid. Third in order comes the incessant avalanche of novels. These, good, bad, and indifferent, are the pabulum on which the modern mind loves to feed, and hence the important part they play as agents of culture and civilization. A great falling off in numbers is noticeable in the next class, which consists of travels, explorations, biographies, and works on history, religion, politics, national economy, and that much contested battle-ground, philosophy. In this class too is comprehended polemic and controversial literature, which furnishes also a large amount of material for the second class. The rear of the procession is brought up by republications and translations of the standard classics of all times and of all nations. The publications belonging to this fifth class are, we regret to say, purchased by many rather because they are considered indispensable to a library than with any intention of reading and re-reading them until the golden treasures of their thought become fully known and appreciated. This is the picture we find ourselves compelled to paint of contemporary literature.

To the first and third class of our division belongs the distinction of having obtained the largest number of readers, and to these two classes, therefore, we shall confine our remarks in this paper.

The indifference and want of discrimination people generally exhibit in regard to what they read, strangely contrasts with the care shown in other occupations. If a person proposes to set out on a tour through distant countries, the moment the intention has ripened into resolution he commences to make preparations for it. Maps and guide-books are consulted, the route is carefully laid out, inquiry made as to the comfort and safety of railroads and steamship lines, their arrival and departure; the hotels at the stopping-places are decided upon—an investigation in which more experienced friends, who are acquainted with the localities to be visited, assist with their knowledge and advice; in short, every possible precaution is taken to insure the success of the trip. The details of the arrangements will vary, of course, according to the length of time the traveller has at his disposal, the distance to be traversed, the depth of his purse, and his station in life. But as a rule no one travels without previous preparation. Yet the same person, whose preliminary steps for a tour we have outlined, walks into a bookstore, selects at random some recent publication, or trusts entirely to the recommendation of a clerk or a eulogistic notice in a newspaper. It is certainly no exaggeration to say that the vast majority read without system, without purpose, without discrimination. We do not mean to imply that there are none

who read with aim and method and judgment; for such there are. But their number is only a trifling percentage of the reading public; they form, indeed, an almost infinitesimal fragment of the vast society of readers. The dictates of reason and common sense seem to have no influence or power when people engage in a pursuit so unimportant as "reading." The world seems to take for granted that the step from reading nothing to reading something denotes a great intellectual advance, and that it is therefore immaterial what is read, since it cannot fail to result ultimately in benefiting the reader. These remarks may seem ill-tempered and too sweeping to some, but unless the truth which they express is admitted it is impossible to explain intelligibly the conduct of a large portion of the reading public.

But let us return to the subject of newspapers. Between newspapers and newspapers there is as much difference as there is between an excellent saddle of mutton, well cooked, tender, juicy, delicious to the palate, and a tough sinewy steak cut from an animal of prehistoric times. So with newspapers. From the highest type of a good paper, for instance, the *London Times*, to the lowest, such as the Nihilistic organ, *Land and Liberty*, we pass through innumerable gradations of excellence until we reach those in which a microscopic inspection even, fails, to discover an intelligible reason for their existence. Let us analyze the process of newspaper-reading as it is prosecuted by civilized Christendom. In our description we follow in the main an astute observer of human nature, whose name, however, we are unable to rescue from oblivion. After the paper is obtained, the attention is first directed to the telegrams. But it would be erroneous to presume that anxiety about affairs of gravity occurring throughout the world is the motive. It is done for no better reason than because a habit has been acquired of wishing to be fed with the latest intelligence. A craving for news, like any other craving, once contracted must be satisfied. For this reason, then, all the telegraph news, home and foreign, great and small, is read with an equal amount of interest and an equal lack of reflection. After this the leading articles are turned to. The fate they meet is best described by saying "they are read;" for it must not be imagined that any concern is felt whether their contents are true or false, exaggerated or misrepresented. The eye runs over them to catch the general drift of what is written. Exceptions are made only in favor of anecdotes or really quite startling paragraphs, which are intrusted to memory for the sake of using them to create a sensation. Next comes, probably, the home and foreign correspondence, which is glanced over in the same way. There is probably a letter from Paris and one from London or from New York, each as likely to

have been written by some obscure scribe in the garret of a cheap boarding-house as received by mail. But the spiciness of the one is sure to be properly balanced by the dulness of the other, while both teem with a multitude of topics. Then follow divers articles, perhaps on Mr. Férry's education bill in France, or on the Zulu war, a brilliant account of the marriage or the funeral of some "great personage," or of a railroad disaster, described in such a graphic way that one either regrets not to have been present or feels his hair stand on end with horror. The local news column follows next in order, and then come sporting intelligence, law reports, shipping news, weather and money market. When the paper is put down an inconceivable variety of information has been jostled in a disorderly manner through the reader's mind, and the conclusion is generally drawn: "Nothing in the papers to-day."

We think this is as fair an account of average newspaper reading as can be rendered. The evening journals are skimmed over in similar style, only with this difference, that due allowance is made in the amount of attention bestowed upon them for the wear and tear on the brain of a whole day's work. Aware of this, the afternoon papers, as a rule, are the "*ne plus ultra*" of brevity and condensation. And here the fact must be recorded, that many fairly well-educated persons have fallen slaves to so slovenly a habit of reading. We have extant in our days large numbers of "confirmed newspaper-readers." All those who devote whatever spare time they can secure to skimming over a morning paper in the morning and an evening paper in the evening, with, perhaps, a weekly or two and a monthly on Sundays and at other leisure times, all these belong to one family, the family of "confirmed newspaper-readers." Excessive devotion to newspapers prevails mainly among men; but in our opinion, it is productive of the same evil effects that undue devotion to novels produces on females. News-reading does not promote a healthy mental condition; on the contrary, an individual that reads habitually in the above-described manner destroys by degrees his brain-power. The judgment will become weakened, the sense of mental discrimination blunted, intellectual initiative discouraged, and the mental powers finally become deadened, or at least seriously impaired by substituting a habit of mechanical skimming for that of intellectual reading. The influence of the press on the class of confirmed readers, as we have styled them, consequently denotes no real intellectual advancement. For, while a person who is not reading may be thinking, one who is engaged in mechanical reading is almost sure not to think. We have been speaking here of the better educated classes of society. If we descend a few steps on the social ladder, we encounter a state of

affairs still more discouraging in its character. The laboring classes, but a few generations ago, could not be counted as forming an integral part of the educated world. The laboring classes of to-day, with the exception, perhaps, of some rural districts where the much-vaunted benefits of a liberal education have not as yet gained a strong foothold, are now mostly habitual readers. Scanty means and a limited amount of time, which is all they can devote to mental culture, narrows down for them the field of reading matter. In the majority of cases a cheap newspaper is at once the Alpha and the Omega of intellectual food. They read not like those whose station in life is less humble, but they plod their way through from beginning to end, not omitting even the advertisements. Besides, the papers especially destined for the laborer have not that wide scope, nor that diversity of matter which first-class papers display. The articles are written so as to be within the understanding of the readers for whom they are intended, and a large space is generally devoted to a discussion of their own grievances and misfortunes, coupled with suggestions often very ill-judged, for the amelioration of their condition. They are, in fact, political levers, used alike by ambitious candidates for office, who court popularity in order to secure votes, and by unscrupulous schemers, to secure their goodwill under the pretence of having in view the improvement of their condition, but really to use them for their own selfish purposes.

The public dangers of our times, the social discontentment, the political corruption, the almost entire loss of correct judgment, the absence of the principles of morality, and the utter destruction of faith form an array of facts that must be ascribed to the pernicious effects produced by the circulation of cheap and bad newspaper organs among the masses. A few men without principles, or, what is worse still, and yet oftener the case, a few men with bad principles, acquire by means of cheap "laborers' journals" the direction of the intellect, of the will, nay, of the man himself. If in a state like Germany the suppression of over three hundred papers of Socialistic tendencies became a necessity, it was because the authority which is vested in every government could not allow the further corruption of its subjects. Could any stronger illustration be required to illustrate the detrimental influence of a large portion of the newspaper press upon society? If so, we refer to the reign of terror in Russia. Unless it be a progress from barbarism to civilization to advocate murder and assassination, unless it be an intellectual advance to have one's life threatened in print for being an officer of the crown, unless bloodshed and incendiarism, crime and rapine be the heralds of civilization, unless this be so, the Nihilistic press merits unqualified condemnation.

It may be argued against us that we have painted our picture darker than the reality and that we are blind to the benefits conferred upon mankind by the institution called "the press." This is not the case. We gladly acknowledge real merits when we find them. And so we hesitate not to say that a large number of our journals deserve high praise. But if the evils produced are not counterbalanced by the advantages accruing from the existence of an institution; if it is not to be denied, as it cannot be denied in these days, that the mischief wrought by the corrupt portion of venal newspapers is far beyond the control and influence not only of the uncorrupted press, but also almost beyond the control of national governments and of civilized society, how can it be asserted by people who think that the institution which is the cause of such a state of things, or, if not the first cause, is at least indisputably the agent without which the evils referred to could not have been spread to such an appalling extent, how can it be asserted that the universal prevalence of a habit of indiscriminate unreflective reading is evidence of the intellectual advancement claimed for our age?

The question is one of profit and loss, and is, simply, which has been the greater, the influence of the press for evil or its influence for good? To this question the answer is furnished by facts of such gravity that there can be no room for doubt as to what the answer should be.

On the branch of literature next in importance women chiefly waste their time. When the art of reading and writing and the rudimentary elements of arithmetic have been mastered, the novel becomes a staple article and an inseparable companion of the young female. It is true, novels figure in many domestic circles only as contraband and are read under prohibition. But this only shows, first, that parents sometimes possess common sense enough to conclude that such reading is not conducive to the healthful formation and development of character; and, in the second place, it exhibits the attractive power of these works of fiction. Not unfrequently trashy novels become almost the sole means of education. How very desirable, therefore, it would be to find in them material for real mental culture need not be dwelt upon here. Standard novels, such as might be put into the hands of the young without scruple or fear, can easily be counted. From that fact we may infer how very small their number is. Worthless trash, on the other hand, abounds. Fully three-fourths, if not more, of the publications under this head, have effects upon the intellect akin to those of newspapers. This class of novels, too, stimulates a morbid self-consciousness; the mind is filled with utterly absurd ideas about love and friendship, society and parental authority, and unrestrained

freedom and liberty of action. The religious element is rather avoided than brought forward, and what religious principles do fall under discussion, or are insinuated, are far more apt to undermine the faith instilled into the child's heart by the instruction of an anxious mother than to strengthen and fortify that faith. As to morality, the morality inculcated in these productions is generally of a most questionable character; for, the youthful mind imbibes from their pages certain notions that unlawful attachments are affiliated with depth of feeling and loftiness of character; and thoughts are generated which shrink from light until a ruined life and an irredeemable past, too late, betray their existence. Virtuous principles, checked in their harmonious development, wither away under the influence of this continuous novel-reading, until at last the distinction between right and wrong grows obscure. Thus not only is intellectual confusion created, but morality is destroyed by impressing false principles upon the young as the true principles of action. "To love and to err is but human." Such maxims are mild specimens of the sort of morality infiltrated by that curse of the age, "indiscriminate novel-reading." Poison, though sweetened by a liberal admixture of sugar, though attractive in form, though affording a momentary relief from the monotonous routine of an uneventful life, is poison nevertheless, and in the great majority of instances novels contain this poison in disguise. And yet how few trashy novels issue from the press without receiving words of praise and commendation from our newspaper press? And how few, too, are the instances in which merited censure is administered! Here, however, the materialistic tendency of our age asserts itself. The interest of the publisher and bookseller and the interest of the newspaper book reviewer here coincide. There are—and we take great pleasure in stating it—many men of character and of conscience among literary critics, men not only capable in the highest degree of forming an opinion and passing a sound judgment, but also morally incapable of giving any other than an honest one. To them we gladly render their due meed of honor. But, unfortunately, they are few. Author, publisher, bookseller are willing to pay for the favorable comments of the press; the press, in turn, is profited by conveying first to the public the tidings that So-and-so's long-expected sensational story has at last appeared and surpasses the most sanguine anticipations. Some papers are too high-toned; some affect, at least, to be too high-toned to sell their criticisms. The person whose doleful business it is to wade through all the new publications, and to whom the *reviewing* of the inevitable trash is intrusted, may refuse the direct bribe of money, to which the penny-a-liner is open. But the author, whose interest is united closely with the publishers', or very often the publishers

themselves, resort to other effective means at their disposal to secure a favorable notice from the well-known critic. Thus even the most trashy and pernicious novels rarely fail to receive laudatory notices. Moreover, it is much more agreeable to praise than to condemn; much more advantageous to make friends than to raise up enemies. Then, too, public opinion is shirked. A book which deserves, it may be, nothing but censure, but which, owing to a vitiated taste has been favorably received by the novel-reading public, few critics will have the courage to condemn as it deserves and as they would if they dared. In such cases the majority of our newspaper critics will prefer "unlimited discretion" (*sic*) to truthfulness, and from *prudential* motives will abstain from obtruding their own candid estimate of the value of the book, or rather of its worthlessness, upon the unwilling ear of the public.

Thus far in our remarks we have had reference mainly to that portion of the literature of fiction which supplies the demands of the middle and lower classes and obtains its support from them.

Novels are works of fiction. As works of art they may, from an artistic standpoint, possess a meritorious character. They may be excellent in that one particular, though faulty in every other point of view. But novels, after all, fall, like sculpture and painting, and poetry, also, under the requirements of ethics. Apart from the æsthetic, they ought to have a didactic side. In a novel, the purposes of the drama should be enlarged. Therefore, unless a novel aims at the purification of the human mind from the bondage of passion; unless it tries, as its ultimate end, to bring the true, the good, and the beautiful into prominence; unless it engenders in the reader love for virtue, and hatred and abhorrence of vice, it fails as a novel.

The field in which the novel moves is so large that there should exist no lack of means to keep this main constituent of excellence constantly in view. Dramatic and pathetic elements can blend in it with enchanting descriptions of nature. Yet, brief, unimpressive melodramatic scenes are too frequently introduced, which mar the even tenor of the story. Wearisome digressions, superfluous explanations, reflections which have neither depth nor meaning, often incumber an otherwise charming tale. An infusion of spirit is certainly desirable; but the sensational element ought never to overshadow the plot. The principal use of the dialogue ought to be restricted to certain definite ends, to bringing out the phases of character, to preparing the way for the incidents, and to foreshadowing the final catastrophe. In the dialogue there is wide room for the exhibition of art and skill and true discretion; for the tamer form of narrative needs interruption, and it increases the interest if persons tell their own tale, while the purpose of the con-

versation is gradually revealed to the reader as event follows event. But the talking must not degenerate into verbiage, while, at the same time, it should be sufficiently copious and discursive to be natural. The plot is not seldom a structure resting upon supports so fragile that the failure of one entails a collapse of the whole fabric. As a public road is often embellished and enlivened by flowers and foliage along the wayside, so the course of a tale ought to be embellished and enlivened by graceful descriptions and amusing or entertaining dissertations. The characters ought to be conceptions faithfully and consistently carried out on all sides.

These are some of the requirements of a good novel. Hence to produce a real work of art in this line of fiction requires more than a ready pen and felicitous expressions, than charm of style and mastery of language, than a lively imagination and a happy faculty of combination. The historical novel, moreover, undertakes to sketch the inner life of a period of the events of which history presents us with a formal account. Manners and customs, tastes and pleasures, estimable traits of character and glaring defects alike require careful treatment. They call therefore for elaborate studies.

Now let us ask candidly, who and what is the average novelist? Excepting those who stand at the head of the profession and whose works are a living protest against the tendency of modern literature to deterioration, the average novelist, he or she, is generally one who has failed in other fields, or who resorts to novel-writing for a livelihood. The demand for novels is so great that even a very inferior article commands some price. Money to this class of writers is the first object, and it is more easily obtained by turning out trashy novels by the ream, after a general pattern, than by earnest study. Thus men and women become novelists regardless whether or not they bring the necessary gifts and qualifications to their selected vocation. Aided and abetted by a venal press in the undertaking, they inundate the book market with novels, the quality of which is in inverse proportion to the quantity. Without genius, without talent, without ability, without either inspiration or real vocation, stern necessity, or a mere mercenary motive, incites to attempt success by the pen. So far as the effect concerns merely the purse, the result may often surpass expectation; but so far as "letters" are concerned, the attempt, as a general rule, neither secures literary laurels nor does it elevate the standard of excellence. When we consider the almost fabulous amount of work performed by some writers, simply as regards the manual labor on the manuscript, and when we further consider what frightful racking of the brain it must cost to avoid repetition in construction and to give each story a distinctive character of its own, we are not much surprised that a large portion of the novels

of our day is characterized by monotonous triviality, a slow dragging along, an utter absence of fresh spirit, and an evidently exhausted imagination. One must feel commiseration for those poor novelists; for there is nothing more dreary and difficult, more wearing than compulsory literary work. When persons decide upon engaging in such work they cast their lot in an evil hour; for having once entered the arena, retreat is all but impossible, while the toil and labor and wear and tear both of mind and body are immensely out of all proportion to the scanty returns made by shrewd publishers to second and third rate authors.

Much of what we have said in regard to novelists applies also to newspaper-men. The qualifications of an able editor are possessed by few. To a versatility of mind seldom met with, he must unite that rare quality of turning out a well-written leader at a moment's notice on almost every subject that may present itself. Then, besides the editor's other positions on the staff of good newspapers involve heavy responsibilities and require mental and physical exertions which tax strength and endurance severely. Many who occupy these positions are quite prominent writers, some of them distinguished; and unquestionably they sometimes render very important services to the public. But we are not referring to these, and when we leave the "*Dei majores*" we mix among a crowd of quite disreputable characters. It is a corps at once subservient and impudent, ignorant and yet full of conceit, seldom thoroughly acquainted with any branch of learning, yet flourishing a multitudinous knowledge as shallow as it is pretentious. Their ignorance is concealed or attempted to be concealed under a bombastic and exaggerated style. The average newspaper man has one wonderful talent, that is, the ability to write palpable nonsense without exertion of the brain; writing with him has become by dint of practice a mechanical rather than an intellectual occupation. Can he be ranked among the "men of letters"?

The conclusions we deduce from the foregoing considerations obviously cannot go towards making up a favorable verdict for either of the two lines of modern literature we have discussed.

It is well here to bear in mind that literature reflects indirectly, but truly, the character of an age. Moreover, literature is more than the mere expression of contemporaneous thought. As we have already observed, the literature of a given period acts as a silent but powerful agent in the formation of the character of the period that follows. Fancy and imagination issue from the human brain, and in their flight arrest the will and determine the conduct of countless individuals. They give to an age their own characteristics. The visible imprint left by an age in its literature, which is handed down to posterity, establishes therefore a more than for-

tuitous connection between two generations. Literature is a guide, so to speak, into a land beyond our own immediate horizon. And so the two branches of *modern literature* which we have examined will throw a light upon our own times, and also upon the near future that is already dawning upon us.

Burke asserts, that "the cause of a wrong taste is defective judgment." We fully agree with him, because, in the face of all contradiction we maintain, that the circulation of bad newspapers and bad novels would not have assumed the immense proportions of our day without gross defect of judgment on the part of the public. But while we find the primary cause of this in the want of a proper discrimination on the part of the reading public, it is not to be doubted that the vast quantity of very mediocre reading matter exerts a reflex influence, and produces defective judgment in those who devour it. A striking similarity, it seems to us, exists between the usefulness of alcoholic drinks and the usefulness of newspapers and novels; and in the discussion of the temperance question the arguments *pro* and *contra* have elicited a like confusion to that which exists in regard to the question before us. It is certainly going too far to regret the existence of wines, beers, and liquors, because they have filled inebriate asylums, or because intoxication, a sure effect of their immoderate use, often leads to crime. Stimulants in certain cases are highly beneficial when moderately used, and in certain climates and in certain conditions of life they are indispensable necessities. The highest authorities of the medical faculty sustain this opinion. In like manner, we hold on solid grounds that the extent to which the readers of our times indulge in newspapers and novels tends to promote an unhealthy condition of mental culture. We here simply state a deplorable fact, but we by no means pass a sweeping condemnation on the progress which we have maintained is apparent in the present age. The temperance question is analogous to the one we are treating. It is an extreme view to see in total abstinence the only remedy for excess. What is required is to abstain from *immoderate* use in one case, and from *indiscriminate* reading in the other. Here we must meet an objection which will be raised. Pope says:

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

He strikes here at the very root of the difficulty; for the reliance placed upon our own private opinions, a belief in a certain private infallibility, whatever matters are dealt with, where our inclinations lean powerfully all one way,—this, we contend, is the great error. On the other hand, were we to grant the absence of all authority in

the walks of private life, and to assume private infallibility, we would find ourselves before a mountain, the steep sides of which it is impossible to climb, while its solid rock defies digging away. There is, indeed, a way to avoid the dilemma and to solve the problem. As Jenyns says,

“ But have we then no laws besides our will,
No just criterion fix'd to good or ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light.”

We come now upon exceedingly delicate ground; for we touch the important questions of religion and of education. Faith and morality cannot be separated. Where the former is missing, the latter will die out; and where the former is established, the latter will at once appear. Immorality indicates, without fail, absence of religion. Nor have moral obligations, indeed, any value, if the future life is called in question; their value, where that is done, at best can have only an ephemeral character. We all know that the foundation of morality can alone be laid and must be laid in youth, in the tender age of childhood. It is, therefore, in the schools that correct moral principles ought to be ingrafted upon the children, for the school in a certain sense is their church, as the Church in turn is the school of the parents. These two great truths are frightfully ignored in our days. The elimination of religion from the education of the masses has been and is still prosecuted by the erection of undenominational schools, though these schools are the only ones the children of the poor can attend. No wonder that under these circumstances we notice an entire absence of correct principles as to right and wrong; no wonder young people who grow up in these modern schools display bad taste in their reading; no wonder they think right wrong, and wrong right. Temperance is not brought about by the conversion of the confirmed drunkard, but by instilling habits of self-restraint and moderation into the young, and by carefully training them during the period of adolescence. We do not mean to imply that it is not a noble undertaking to rescue those who become fatally addicted to intemperance from ruin; far from it. We assert merely that the one method is radically and thoroughly effective in that it prevents the disease, while the other simply prevents a fatal termination in individual instances. And so it is with children. Obedience to the injunctions of parents and of those who are in authority over them can be enforced for a time, but this obedience without religion will ever be slavish submission. No wonder, we repeat again, prohibited books are read on the sly; no wonder mischievous literature is

exerting so widespread and so pernicious an influence; no wonder the public taste descends lower and lower.

It is not within the scope of this paper to dwell upon the mission of the Catholic press, with which we are brought face to face. Nor do we intend to extol the "*index librorum prohibitorum*," issued by the one institution which alone has ever claimed the right of superintending the mental culture of her children, the Church of Rome. We leave to abler pens to take up these subjects. We have merely touched them, and we are conscious that in doing so we have been going to a length that many, perhaps, even of Catholics, will not follow us. We lay down only a principle, and we claim that if true Catholic ideas—and we do not mean by them the narrowmindedness freely attributed to Catholics—were breathed throughout the world, it would soon find to its surprise, as well as joy, great relief from two fatal evils,—demoralizing newspapers and novels, and drunkenness. For, we believe that if people are firmly grounded while young in right principles of faith and morality, and that if they hold fast to them, as they will if they attend to the duties imposed by the Church upon them, that in that case the harm wrought by bad literature will be greatly lessened, if not entirely prevented. An undue appetite kept in bounds may now and then break loose, but as the body tries to cast off external objects that accidentally enter and injure it, so the poisonous doctrines of false morality propagated by trashy papers and trashy novels will find no room or scope in a healthy moral atmosphere. If neither bad papers nor bad novels were any longer in demand, their supply would stop; and both these branches of literature could and would rise to a higher plane, and leave the decision not doubtful as to whether we surpass our ancestors in intellectual culture or not. In conclusion we add that it would be well for hyper-rigid moralists to bear in mind the classic truism.

"*Medium tenere beati.*"

BEZA AS A TRANSLATOR: HIS PERVERSIONS OF THE WORD OF GOD.

The Holy Bible, According to the Authorized Version (A. D. 1611). With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. New Testament, Vol. I., St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1878. Royal 8vo.

H Kανη Διαθηκη x. τ. λ. Novum Testamentum D. N. Jesu Christi Graeco-Latinum, Theodoro Beza interprete. Tiguri (ex typographeo Bodmeriano), 1671.

IN preparing the way to treat of the corruptions or deliberate mistranslations that disfigure all English Bibles outside of the Church, it was impossible to omit mention of the great "Reformer"¹ of Wittemberg. He was the immediate founder of the school of modern heretical mistranslation, though only virtually the inventor of the new exegesis, which seeks to destroy the Bible under pretext of investigating its meaning. And in a former article we have laid before our readers sufficient evidence, not only from his practice but also from his avowed principles, that he considered it his *right* to treat the Word of God as suited his humor or the interests of his theological system, omitting, altering, or adding to its words and falsifying its sense. To the examples alleged might have been added a hundred others.

But there is another great "Reformer" and propagator of the New Gospel, who must on no account be overlooked; for he was a master in this wicked art of mistranslation, and his influence on

¹ A Protestant divine has lately cautioned his brethren to avoid the use of the words "Reformation" and "Reformers," in their controversial dealings with Catholics. And his reason is that the latter, if they are conscientiously attached to their belief, must resent any imputation that it could have been *reformed*, that is, changed for the better. The advice was given, no doubt, with kindly, charitable intent, and we thank the author for it. But Catholics have so long heard these words that they have become indifferent to them, and have themselves no scruple to use them in their technical sense, as indicating individuals or an epoch, without going behind this outward meaning. They use them, so to speak, with quotation marks, either expressed or understood. We rather think the word has its advantages for those who are disposed to reflect seriously. Its latent blasphemy will soon be made plain to whoever soberly investigates its full force of meaning. It virtually says that the work of the Divine Architect and his inspired Apostles was clumsy patchwork, needing human repairs to prevent it from falling to pieces. What is this but to deny God's wisdom or God's power? The human element in the Church is in perpetual need of reformation or improvement, and will so remain to the day of judgment. But the divine element, the body of doctrine and morals bequeathed by Christ to His Church, of its nature, and further by divine promise, is irreformable, and the system which pretends to reform His work carries its absurdity with it in its very name.

the labors of English heterodox interpreters was perhaps far greater than that of Luther. We mean Theodore Beza. And to understand the career of this reforming Bible-interpreter, some idea of his early life is necessary. In the gay and reckless youth who showed himself now and then in the law-schools of Orleans, or in the fashionable fop whose amours formed the gossip of Parisian society towards the close of the first half of the sixteenth century,¹ none of his associates would have recognized the future friend and successor of the prophet of Geneva, the religious politician who was one day to figure in scenes of conspiracy and bloody war, the astute theologian who was to prop up the most revolting features of Calvinism by gloss and commentary and, when needed, by mis-translation and perversion of God's Holy Word. The law-studies of the embryo jurist were the veriest sham. Not Minerva and Themis, but Venus and Flora were his tutelary deities. He turned aside with abhorrence from the dreary pages² of Bartolo and Baldo, and found more genial sources of inspiration in the licentious muse of Catullus and Martial. His series of poems begun in Orleans and continued at Paris, in imitation of such models, reflects more perhaps of their lubricity than of their poetic coloring; and we can only smile at the apology or evasion afterwards used by the grave theologian of fifty to account for the sins of his youth. He says that, though he was pained by the moral filth of those old poets, and therefore compelled to read them with half-averted eyes, yet his incautious admiration of their wit and elegance induced him to do his best to resemble them in style;³ which excuse the Anglican biographer of Calvin disposes of with this brief comment: "A fine piece of prudish hypocrisy!"⁴ What would Mr. Dyer have said had he adverted to another excuse given in the same preface, in which Beza pretends that while composing these loose poems he did not understand what he was writing about, because of his tender age!⁵

¹ Beza's course of study in Orleans extended from the fifteenth to the twentieth year of his age (1534-39); his sojourn in Paris from that year to his twenty-ninth (1539-48), in which he fled to Geneva.

² This same thought he expressed by a happily-coined word, when living some years amid the gayeties of Parisian life, in a letter to his friend Pomponius Macutus (Pompon Maclot), "*Mihi quidem nunquam libebit βρετολογαλίζειν.*"

³ Beza's words are taken from his preface to the second edition of his poems, published by Stephanus, in 1569: "*Etsi enim, quod vere dico, illorum obscoenitate sic offendebar ut oculos etiam ipsos a quibusdam inter legendum averterem, tamen, ut illa ætate non satis cautus, ita illius quidem melle, istius vero salibus capiebar, ut in scribendo quam simillimus eorum (de ipso charactere loquor) evadere studerem.*"

⁴ Life of Calvin, by Thos. H. Dyer, London (Murray), 1850, p. 244.

⁵ Not having the full Latin original we give this passage as translated by the friendly hand of a Calvinist: "*Iene Edlen aber schämen sich nicht Alles, was ich in dieterischem Spiel (denn ein solches trieb mich ganz gewiss bei den meisten dieser Poesien,*

If this story were true, the innocence of the young student might be edifying, though in a well-taught Christian lad of sixteen or eighteen summers it could scarce be counted a prodigy. But it was not true either in fact or argument. And we can only pity the straits to which the theologian and "Evangelist" (as they called him) of riper years was reduced when called on to account for the wild sallies of his youth. He would have the world believe that the poems in question were written before his twentieth year. He had said, this once,¹ in his preface to the second edition of his poems, not only to remove the charge of immorality, but also, perhaps, with an author's vanity, and to forestall mere literary criticism, as the book was now obtaining a wider circle of readers. And consistency as well as shame made him stick to the statement. He repeated it again in his sixtieth year (1578). But the repetition of the assertion did not make it any the more credible. It met always the same smile of incredulous derision from his Lutheran and Catholic opponents. Nor has it found favor with his adherents and coreligionists of our day. Even Baum, his panegyrist rather than biographer, is forced to admit that Beza from interested motives has assigned a false date to these licentious effusions of his youth. With the modesty of a devotee, yet with the frankness of an impartial historian, he "ventures" to deny the truth of Beza's assertion.²

welche ich, die Alten nachahmend, verfertigt, ehe ich selber Altershalben verstand was das bedeute) von den Liebeleien jener poetischen Candida geschrieben, auf die keusche, auserwählte Gattin zu beziehen." Theodor Beza nach handschriftlichen Quellen dargestellt von Johan Wilh. Baum, Leipzig, 1843, p. 78. In addition to the silly excuse, he here adroitly manages to misstate the true issue between himself and his adversaries, Catholic and Lutheran.

¹ In his letter dedicating the *Juvenilia* (2d edition) to Wolmar: "Hic (at Orleans) a me intra annum ætatis vicesimum *perscripta fere sunt omnia poemata* quæ aliquot post annos edidi." (Baum's Beza, p. 29.) Melchior (or as Beza affectedly calls him, Melior) Wolmar was the teacher by whom Beza had been seduced into Lutheranism, as the new religion was then called in France.

² "Fast alle Gedichte dieser Art (the poems addressed to Candida) tragen einen Charakter von Intimität, welcher viel besser auf seine spätern pariser Verhältnisse passt als auf die in Orleans. Ich wage dies zu behaupten gegen die ausdrücklichen Worte Beza's," l. c. p. 29. He goes on to explain how Beza's position later in life, and the attacks of his enemies MAY (how kind this little word, but how untrue!) have moved him to antedate the poems as far back as possible. "Die spätere stellung des Mannes, die Jesuitische Anklagsucht und Anderes, MAG ihn bewogen haben diese Arbeiten so früh als möglich zu setzen." When your anti-Catholic combatant is sore beset, he never fails to fall back on the Jesuits for assistance. Surely, no Jesuit ever distinguished himself by assaulting Beza. The Launays, Bolsees, Castalios, and Remonds were not members of the Order. And it would be hard to find any one, Jesuit or not, who has said more to the injury of Beza's character than the Lutheran theologians, from the fiery Schlussemberg (in his *Theologia Calviniana*) to the impartial biographer Schlosser, in our own day. That ugly compound of prevarication, fraud, evasion, mental reservation, etc., to which calumny has affixed the name of

Had Beza in his younger days been taken to task for his verses, he would in all probability have imitated his lewd Pagan masters, put on a bold face, and defiantly maintained that moral soundness was the duty of the poet himself, but not of his strains, which might be good or wicked as he chose to make them, and that their so-called wickedness only gave them an additional charm of elegance :

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
 Ipsum : Versiculos nihil necesse est,
 Qui tamen denique habent salem ac leporem,
 Si sint molliculi ac parum pudici.

Or he might have argued that his verse could not be fairly taken as an index to his life, and that his poetic flights might follow a very different path from his daily walk and conversation. Or with still greater effrontery, like him of Sulmona, he might have rushed at once from theory to fact and boldly maintained that his muse was naughty but his life beyond reproach.

Crede mihi, mores distant a carmine nostro;
 Vita verecunda est, musa jocosa mihi.¹

But what might have passed unheeded in the mouth of the young debauchee of Paris would have roused the indignation of all religious men through Europe, and have probably led to inquiries and fatal discoveries if uttered at Geneva by the elderly theologian and Pontiff² of the Reformed Church.

Unquestionably, Beza's life, as Dyer³ says, was as free as his verses. And Schlosser⁴ intimates plainly enough that the early career of this young gallant would have furnished an ample field for confession had he been disposed later in life, or had the circumstances in which he was placed allowed him, to imitate the candor of an Augustine. His plea of youthful ignorance during his student

Jesuitism, was never better exemplified than in the daily life and actions of the leading Reformers, both on the Continent of Europe and in Great Britain, as impartial history bears witness.

¹ Trist, II, 353.

² This was the name by which Beza was generally known in Germany. At the conference of Mompelgard with the Lutherans, when Beza was unwilling to come to definite action, saying that a few theologians might agree on articles of faith, but the two Churches (Lutheran and Calvinist) would not accept their decision, Andreae, the Tübingen Superintendent, answered him: "Fear not. They call me the German (Lutheran) Pope, and you are known as the Pope of the French. Let us put our heads together and agree, and all the Bishops under us will follow." This anecdote is told by Beza himself. Nor was it all a joke on the part of Andreae, for he seems to have entertained a high idea of his own power and infallibility.

³ Ibid., p. 244.

⁴ Apud Baum, p. 63.

life in Orleans (to which period he would restrict the composition of his *Juvenilia*) is worth nothing to any one who has read Beza's own accounts of the condition of things in the law-school of that city, or who is acquainted with the horrible immorality of nearly all the universities at that period, and those especially in which Lutheranism was established, or into which it was beginning to creep. No innocence, no tender age was likely to be a safeguard against the prevailing corruption. They were wholesale sinks of immorality, and were so denounced in private and public even by the ministers of the new religion. The year after Beza left Orleans, Rudolph Gualterius (Walther), writing to Bullinger,¹ gives a fearful picture of the students and professors of the University of Marburg. The same was no less true of Rostock, Jena, Frankfort, Tübingen (styled by its own superintendent a new Sodom and Gomorrah), Helmstadt, Kœnigsberg, and others.² Wittemberg, where Luther lived, preached, and taught by word and example, enjoyed the bad pre-eminence that well became the birthplace and chief seat of the new religion, which taught, amongst other things, that good works were unnecessary, and perhaps a hindrance to salvation. Preachers, like Musæus, who had seen the results of Wittemberg education, denounced the place from their pulpits as the Devil's own foul cess-pool (*eine stinkende Cloake des Teufels*). They warned parents, as they valued their own and their children's salvation, not to send their sons to that den of iniquity. It were far better, said another from his pulpit, that a mother should plunge a dagger into her son's heart, or consign him at once to a house of public infamy, than send him to Wittemberg. Camerarius had already, in 1535, consulted Luther whether it would not be better to abolish all public schools in Lutheran Germany, since they had become so many hiding-places for vice and iniquity.³ Melancthon used to say with

¹ This letter was first published by Fuesslin in the middle of the last century, in his *Beyträge zur Erläuterung der Kirchen-Reformations-Geschichten des Schweitzerlandes*, Zurich, 1742-1758. His words are: "Disciplina morum hic talis est, qualem Bacchadibus suis Lyæus et Cupidinibus Venus præscripsit . . . Sed cur non his uterentur moribus discipuli, cum maxima professorum pars hæc soleat?" "The law of morals here is such as the God of wine would lay down for his Bacchants, and Venus for her Cupids . . . But why should the students act otherwise when such are the morals of most of the professors?" Not long after William, Landgrave of Hesse, in whose territory lay Marburg University, wrote a letter to the Duke of Holstein, begging him to forego his purpose of sending his son there, because (as he mildly stated the case) its morals were not the best (*weil daselbst die Sitten nicht zum Besten wären*).

² See the authorities given in full by Döllinger: *Die Reformation, ihre innere Entwicklung und ihre Wirkungen*, Regensburg, 1848, vol. i. pp. 230, 306-21.

³ *Ego quidem sæpe cogito, an non satius sit nullas esse publicas scholas, quam hoc otium quasi asyllum improbitati et vitiis constitutum.* Ep. ad Luth. apud Döllinger l. c. p. 525.

tears, that in the horrible corruption of the Wittemberg scholastic youth he recognized a sign of the coming end of the world. Melanchthon, at least, was not personally responsible for what he thus deplored; but it would have been a more profitable inquiry on his part to search out, or rather open his eyes to the manifest sources of such universal corruption, than to keep on tearfully prognosticating its results.

Whatever may have been Beza's student life in Orleans, his subsequent residence in Paris, from the twenty-first to the twenty-ninth year of his age, was one continued course of frivolous dissipation and dissoluteness. His own reticence generally, and (when compelled to speak) his evasions and almost uniform substitution of side issues to elude the main point in question, the fierce and perhaps exaggerated assaults of his enemies, the adroit excuses and apologies of his friends—all have combined to darken rather than illustrate this chapter of his life. It is, at all events, an ugly chapter, and contains no single line to please or edify the impartial Christian reader. By an abuse then only too prevalent, his fond uncle made over to him the possession of some rich ecclesiastical benefices; and these enabled the gay youth to lead a merry life, and gratify every lawless caprice. When only sixteen he had learned the new Gospel from Wolmar, who had taught him that the Catholic Church was the synagogue of Satan, and he saw no impropriety in spending her revenues in the service of sin and riotousness. In his own carefully worded reference to his Paris life, he admits¹ that the devil held him bound by three strong chains: the allurements of sensual pleasure, which are abundant and overpowering in that city, the hope of poetical fame, and the prospects of preferment at court. We could not expect him to say more, but his Protestant biographers add some details that partially fill up the picture. "The lady whom he celebrates in his poems under the name of *Candida* seems to have been the wife of a tailor living in the Rue de Calandre at Paris, with whom he had formed a criminal connection. A dangerous illness in 1548, said to have been the result of his profligacy, awakened more serious thoughts and occasioned his journey to Geneva, where he married the woman with whom he had cohabited in France."² Beza's own avowal that the woman he took with him to Geneva was of an inferior position in life, lends some color of truth to this statement. Schlosser, how-

¹ Ausser jenen oben erwähnten Hindernissen hatte mich Satan damals mit dreien gewaltigen Banden umgeben: den Lockungen der Wollust, die in jener Stadt zahllos und am mächtigsten sind, den süßen Schmeichelhoffnungen des Ruhms u. s. w. Apud Baum, p. 61.

² Ib. p. 245.

ever, represents him as secretly marrying a young woman, whom he had failed to lead astray. This partially tallies with Baum's version and Beza's own, who represent her as a virtuous woman. Baum gives her name as Claude Desnosz. It was the name she bore in Geneva; but that does not prove that it had been her name in France. Beza himself fled to Geneva under an assumed name (Thiebaud de May), and he might have given another to the companion of his flight. De Sainctes and Launay may not be sufficient authority to prove that the woman in question was Candida; but their testimony is as credible as Beza's. And since he was not overscrupulous in his adherence to truth where his interests were at stake, as Baum himself admits, we see no reason why his exculpatory assertions should be received as true on the strength of his own unsupported word. He claims that there was a private marriage as far back as 1544. This may be true; but the man who antedates his poems to save his character might not stick at antedating his marriage for the same purpose, especially where no chance of detection was possible. The marriage, if there was one, was private indeed, without witnesses, and very much after what Indian poets would call the *Gandharva* fashion.¹ The reasons he assigns for keeping his engagement secret are, first, that he did not wish to give offence to any one; and next he could not (euphemism for *would not*) get rid of the devil's money which he was drawing from his church livings.² Whether from fear of the coming storm, or because he wished sincerely to profess and practice the new religion, or from other yet undiscovered motive, he abandoned France and made his way to Geneva. The last thing he did before quitting his native soil was characteristic of the man. "In order to provide the necessary funds he sold his benefices; for though he had renounced the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, he did not scruple to enrich himself with her spoils, which he considered lawful prize, according to the example of the Israelites when quitting the land of Egypt."³ And thus with a clouded

¹ "Manu in his Book III. gives the form of eight different kinds of marriage. This (the Gandharva) is that without ceremonies and by mutual consent." Edwin Arnold, *The Book of Good Counsels from the Sanscrit* (London, 1861), p. 157 (note). But even the Gandharva rite does not exclude witnesses. That there were none in Beza's case, appears from his own words.

² "Theils damit ich den Anderen keinen Anstoss gäbe, theils weil ich mich von jenem Teuflichen Gelde, das ich von den oben erwähnten geistlichen Pfründen zog, noch nicht losmachen konnte." Baum, p. 61.

³ Dyer, l. c. Launay adds something still more flagrant. According to him, Beza not only robbed the Church by selling his own benefices, but fraudulently obtained an advance of money on some other benefice to which he had no title. It is not enough to reply that Launay afterwards returned to the Catholic Church. This, surely, does not make him a false witness; if it does, Beza's credibility must suffer on parallel grounds. Launay states as a public, notorious fact, that when Beza came into France

reputation, laden with the plunder of his Babylonian foe, he abandoned the scene of his former follies and vices, and departed to a strange land, where he could safely, without risk of confession or martyrdom, teach the world the pure, unalloyed meaning of the Scriptures, reform Catholic faith and morals, and do his best to destroy the Church he had robbed and betrayed!

Had Beza done nothing more than publish his *Juvenilia*, and lead a loose life in youth at Paris, history would have let his follies sleep forever in oblivion. The Catholic Church has had too many such among her children, whose muse was heathen and immoral, and whose lives in youth were a source of scandal. They generally ended, however, by bewailing their misspent days, atoning for the past, and turning their poetic powers to the praises of God and of His Saints. But when a man of this stamp, who has not washed out his sins by repentance, undertakes to raise his voice and hand against the Church of the Living God, boldly tells her that she has forfeited the promises of her Heavenly Founder, denounces her as buried for centuries in ignorance and error, and claims a mission to change and correct her doctrinal and moral teaching, we surely have the right to inquire into the antecedents and examine the character of the man who arrogates to himself such mission. The history of the Church for almost nineteen centuries has taught us that whenever God raises up a man to reform His Church by bringing back her children to the practice of the Gospel, He always invests him with a character that bears witness to itself. He will have all the virtues that he recommends. He will preach both by word and deed, or, as St. John says, not only *verbo atque lingua sed opere et veritate*. (1 John iv.) And we have learned also from the same history, as well as from the warnings of Holy Writ, what manner of men are they of whom God complains, that they presume to run without being sent, and to prophesy without being inspired;¹ who will not hear the Church, but attempt to teach her; who raise their puny arms in the mad attempt to pull down and overthrow the Pillar and Ground of Truth. On investigation it always comes to light that such men are not saints—not moved by the Spirit of God—but the slaves of sense or devoured by Satanic pride. And to come to our immediate point, when one of them gives himself

to attend the Conference of Poissy, at which there were present twelve Calvinist ministers, including Launay himself, the complaints of the defrauded creditor's family were so loud and pressing that to save themselves from further embarrassment and stave off the scandal to their Church, the ministers collected enough from their Church funds to repay his widow and son; and that he (Launay) was charged with the repayment. Unless there was some truth in the story, it would have been a bold risk to set it afloat, as long as any of those ministers were yet alive.

¹ I sent them not, yet they ran. I have not spoken to them, and yet they prophesied. Jer. xxiii. 21.

out as a discoverer of the hidden sense of God's Word, and presumes to expound it in opposition to the belief of all the Fathers of the Church, and of the whole Christian world, it surely is pertinent to inquire whether the new interpreter be self-commissioned or raised up by Providence to meet the necessities of the Church; whether his previous character for truth, honesty, and Christian life be such as to recommend his good purpose, or, on the other hand, such as to excite distrust of his pretensions. Hence we do not consider out of place what has been thus far said of Beza's life and character, up to the very day when he turned reformer and interpreter of the Word of God.¹

The sense of the Bible may be explained or distorted in two ways: by translation or by commentary. Beza tried his hand at both; but it is of the former only that we intend to speak. In the wicked art of insinuating dogmatical error by mistranslation he stands almost without a rival. In the abundance and recklessness of those perversions none have equalled him; in the effrontery which avowed and sought to justify them he is surpassed by none but Luther. Others, indeed, have sought to intrude their opinions into the Sacred Text by adroit omissions, additions, and false renderings; but they did it stealthily, for they were conscious of wrong and feared detection. Not so Luther and Beza, whose Bibles are the doctrinal foundations of the Lutheran and Anglican churches. They make no secret of their shame, but publish it, defend it, and glory in it. The others were tempted by the opportunity of drawing Scripture to their side, and yielded to the temptation. Luther and Beza mistranslate and pervert Scripture on theory and principle. Yet there is some difference between them. Luther quailed before the indignant outcry of the Catholic world, and in subsequent editions, from shame or policy, suppressed some of his worst perversions. We are not sure that the translator of Geneva ever retracted or corrected more than one passage.

Passing over the many errors of Beza, arising either from negligence or human frailty or from his ignorance of the Oriental languages and of all Greek outside of its classic region, we shall give some specimens of those only which were deliberately undertaken from a sectarian spirit. With that fine poetical genius of his, it would be almost a cruel injustice to suppose him really at heart a sincere believer in the crudities, as impious as absurd, of Calvinism. We should rather think he was skeptically inclined. It was as easy for him to

¹ Moreover, it must not be forgotten that his loose life and writings belong to a time when, though outwardly a Catholic, he was *intus et in cute a thorough Lutheran*. He tells us himself that God had mercifully brought him to the knowledge of "the Gospel" (such was their pet name for the new religion) in his sixteenth year.

exchange Lutheran opinions for Calvinistic as it had been to discard the religion of his fathers for Lutheranism. Gratitude and his position, therefore, rather than innate zeal for the new doctrines, urged him to do what he could with the pen for the propagation of the views of his teacher and benefactor, Calvin, and for the advancement of the sect that had bestowed upon him honors and emoluments. And the work that he did on their behalf, disgraceful and wicked as it was, endures in its evil consequences even to this day.

Wherever there was a chance of recommending as Scriptural the newfangled theories of Calvinism, or marking as unscriptural the Catholic doctrines touching free-will, good works, merit, justification, predestination, etc., Beza has seldom failed to make use of it. For example, thanks to the "horrible decrees," God is the author of all moral good and all moral evil. If a Catholic presumed to answer that sin can only be said to come from God *permissive*, Calvin and his school would raise the cry of "sophistry," and exhort their hearers to shun this papistical delusion, which excludes God from active concurrence. God is as much the author (the Christian may shudder, but it was their favorite illustration) of David's adultery and the treachery of Judas, as of Paul's calling and apostolate. And Beza easily finds for all this a warrant in Scripture. St. Peter (1 Epistle ii. 8) terms Christ a rock of scandal to the stiff-necked Jews, "who stumble at the Word and do not believe whereunto they are also set." So reads at present our Rhemish New Testament, and this is strictly conformable to the Greek (*εἰς ὃ καὶ ἐπεθῆσαν*). But the Latin had "in quo et positi sunt." And in this sense it was rendered in some of the early Anglican Bibles, "they believe not that whereon they were set;" and this meaning was indorsed by some of the moderate Lutherans, agreeably enough to their master's version, "und glauben nicht daran darauf sic gesetzt sind." So, too, Erasmus, and even Calvin. But Beza, by changing the word and substituting "created," brings out the "horrible decree" in its full force. "Disobedient, unto which they were created." The end, therefore, for which they were made by God is that they may disobey Him and perish eternally. Beza did not escape the censure of the Lutheran Flacius Illyricus for this, even in his own day. The text does not necessarily imply any connection between God's action and their guilt. And even if it did, it might simply indicate (by an ordinary Hebraism end or purpose being put for mere effect or consequence) the appointed order of Providence, in which reprobation follows upon a certain measure of guilt. But Beza, with his word "created," acts the interpreter, instead of the translator, and determines the meaning in the text. Again (Acts ii. 23) he mistranslates *πρόγνωσις* (prescience or foreknowledge) by "*providence*," to make out God's actual concurrence in the betrayal

and death of our Saviour. Even with the word "providence" the text would readily admit a Catholic interpretation, viz., that God willed positively the work of Redemption, and only permissively the sin of Judas and the Jews. But the translator's wanton change of words discloses his wicked intention of persuading the reader that the death of Christ for our sake upon the Cross, and the treachery of Judas, and the horrible crime of deicide, by which it was brought about, were all alike God's work. It is true that Beza afterwards, in his second edition (1584),¹ became ashamed of this change, and altered the word so as to give its true meaning (*præcognition*); but the mischief he had intended had been sufficiently wrought. It had already penetrated into the French, Italian, and Spanish Versions, made by apostates at Bale and Geneva.² And, besides, on such poor authority, it has found a permanent place in our Greek dictionaries, where we are told that besides its proper meaning of prescience, foreknowledge, etc., it has also "sometimes in the New Testament the sense of *decree, counsel, will*."³ Thus is unsuspecting youth made to drink sectarian poison from sources in which no one could suspect its existence!

If there was anything that grated on the ears of the Reformers, it was the ascribing of merit to the just or their good works. Yet nothing is more clearly laid down as Christ's doctrine in the New Testament. See Apoc. xxii. 11; Math. v. 10-12; xxv. 31; 2 Cor. iv. 17. These texts (especially where eternal life is called *μισθός* or *merces*) are too clear and could not well be meddled with. But there are others less direct, and here Beza exercised his ingenious pen. Wherever demerit or unworthiness is mentioned, the text is properly translated; where worth or merit occurs, it is skilfully thrust out of sight. Though *αξιός, ικανός, ἀξιόω*, and *ικανόω* all imply *worth, merit, deserving, etc.*, he has two weights and measures, one of which is uniformly used when occasion offers to turn the word against the Catholic doctrine. If the Baptist declares himself not worthy (*ικανός*) to carry or loosen the sandals of our Lord, or if the Centurion is, by his own testimony, not worthy

¹ See this amended version reproduced (by the side of the Vulgate) in the "Libri Omnes Historici N. T." (of Balduin Walæus), Amstelodami, 1662. The notes in this collection are principally taken from Beza's Commentary.

² See the Polyglot New Testament of Elias Hutter (Norimbergæ, 1599), tom. i. (Acts, p. 16.) The Spanish version is of Cassiodoro la Reyna, the Italian anonymous. The English version has correctly *foreknowledge*, because it follows the English Bible, published at Geneva in 1562, two years before Beza published his first edition. Otherwise, they would have been only too ready to follow their master in this as their successors did in his other perversions.

³ See the lexicon of Benjamin Hedericus, at the word *πρόγνωσις*: "(1) *præsentio prænotio, præscientia*, (2) *rerum præsentium scientia, etc.*, (3) in N. T. *interdum, decretum, consilium, voluntas*."

(*κατός*) to have Him for a guest, then Beza translates as we do "non sum *dignus*" (I am not worthy).¹ But if there be any question of title to heavenly reward, then *κατός*, *αξιός*, and the portion of them contained in *κατός* and *αξιός*, are expressed by *idoneus*, *par*, etc. So in Colossians i. 12, where the apostle, speaking in his own name and that of those called to the light of God's kingdom, gives thanks to the Father above, "who has made us worthy" to be partakers with His Saints, Beza renders it "who hath made us fit (*idoneus*)."² In St. Matthew (iii. 8) and St. Luke (iii. 16), where sinners are exhorted to produce "fruits worthy of penance," Beza retains the word *dignus*, but destroys the habitude or proportion of the works to the virtue, by turning the phrase thus "*dignum iis qui resipuerint*" (worthy of those who have repented). This might seem a small matter to Catholics, but with Calvinists it appears to be otherwise, seeing the pertinacity with which they make it a rule to vary their mode of translation. Dr. Murdoch is a Presbyterian in belief, and a thorough Bezaite in his system of interpretation. He handles the Peshito as capriciously as Beza does the Greek text. In his Syriac original he found but one word in all those places, *Showe* (*dignus*) and its verb *Ashwi* (*dignum fecit*). Yet while John and the Centurion are "unworthy," the Apostle and his fellow-believers (Col. i. 12) are only "fitted" for the inheritance of the Saints, and the works "worthy of repentance" are somewhat pedantically metamorphosed into works "that are in accord with repentance" (Matth. iii. 11), or works "comporting with repentance" (Luc. iii. 8).³

The horror that Calvin and his sect have of merit leads them from error to downright blasphemy, and they ridicule as Catholic sophistry⁴ the notion that Christ our Lord by His passion and death deserved to be glorified and exalted. St. Paul is too clear on this point to be gainsayed (Philip. ii. 9). Therefore Beza did

¹ Matth. iii. 11; Mark i. 7; Luc. iii. 16; Matth. viii. 8.

² So, too, his disciples blindly following their master's lead: the English *meet*, the Italian *abili*, the French *capables*, etc. We can scarcely imagine by what chance *dignos* (worthy) fell from the pen of the Spanish interpreter. See Hutter's Polyglot, vol. ii. p. 498.

³ But the most cunning and watchful men have their careless moments. And it so happened to Beza in Luke xx. 35, and xxi. 36, where he translates *digni*, though it is a question of eternal life. Hence all of them forgot their *abili*, *capables*, *meet*, etc. The French Geneva has even *faits dignes*, and the Italian *fatti degni*, like the Vulgate. But the English Calvinist, with his habitual caution, has the ambiguous phrase "counted worthie." Even Dr. Murdoch, having no longer the fear of Beza before his eyes, forgets his "fitted," "in accord," and "comporting with," etc., and gives us the true meaning of his original "worthy."

⁴ So Calvin repeatedly. See his Commentaries on the New Testament, edited by Tholuck, at Berlin, 1834, vol. vii. p. 15, and vol. vi., ad Philip. ii. 9.

not meddle with this passage. But he took in hand another (Hebr. ii. 9),¹ and by artful transposition of its clauses expanded from it or at least obscured the Catholic sense. His servile imitators, English, French, and others, in like manner darken the sense, and the apostate Spaniard has excelled them by striking out effectually St. Paul's Catholic meaning.²

Calvin teaches that human actions, whether good or bad, are not in man's power, but that they are, each and every one of them, wrought in virtue of God's eternal decree and predestination. There is therefore no free-will, man has no power of his own: God's power works in him the good and the evil. What Calvin taught from the pulpit and by treatise and commentary, Beza was determined to find in the text of Scripture, to put it there if wanting, and, if he found the contrary, to eliminate it from the sacred page. Thus, for example, St. Paul³ speaks of human nature as being weak, in order to commend the goodness of God who came down from Heaven to give it strength. The phrase he uses is "we being weak" (ὡς τῶν ἡμῶν ἀσθενούντων). The metaphor is taken from a sick man, as Macknight⁴ well observes, who is unable to help himself, who has lost his strength, or almost all. But enough of it, scanty as it is, remains to derive help and increase from the remedies given. So, too, weak and helpless as the sinner may be, enough of strength, that is of free-will, remains to him to be moved, acted upon, and strengthened by grace, and made to co-operate with the Divine Worker in seeking and obtaining healing and salvation. But this metaphor would not suit Beza, who held that man had no strength at all and was a mere automaton in the hands of God. He therefore corrected the Apostle by substituting for *weakness* in the text the absolute negation of all strength. He renders it "quum nullis viribus essemus," or as the Geneva French more emphatically puts it "du temps que nous estions encore desnués de toute force."⁵

¹ The proper and literal meaning of the verse in Greek is: "We behold the same Jesus, who was made somewhat less than the Angels, (now) crowned with honor and glory because of his suffering death." In order to pervert the Catholic sense of the Apostle, his words were thus transposed by Beza: "We behold Jesus crowned with honor and glory, who was somewhat inferior to the Angels, because of his suffering death," to lead the reader into the notion that Christ's passion and death explain why he was somewhat inferior to the Angels. The Anglican Bible of to-day, being a shift and compromise between Geneva and Rome, is characteristically ambiguous.

² Empero vemos a aquel Jesus coronado de gloria y de honore, que se hizo un poco menor que los Angeles por passion de muerte, etc., apud Hutter. ³ Rom. v. 6.

⁴ "The original word ἀσθενούν signifies *weak* through sickness, and is used here to show the pernicious influence of sin in weakening all the faculties of the soul." Macknight, *New Literal Translation of the Epistles*, Philadelphia, 1841, p. 80.

⁵ Apud Hutter, tom. ii. p. 38. Luther, though holding the same opinions, is more honest ("da wir noch schwach waren").

The Catholic Church teaches that Christ, by His incarnation, wrought this change, that men should be no longer of necessity "children of wrath," but should be entitled, if they would, to become children of God. The benefit of redemption is offered him for his willing acceptance, not forced upon him as if he were merely passive. His free-will enables him to lend his ear to God who invites, and the grace which moved him to listen, grows with his good dispositions, and at last secures his obedience. From a sinner he becomes a servant and child of God. As long as he perseveres in this state, as long as he has good will, moved, guided, and strengthened by grace, he has in his hands the power to become a child of God in the highest sense of the word, and to claim eternal fellowship with God's children in heaven. But he must not glory in this power, for it is God's gift. And all this passes more or less distinctly through the mind of the Catholic who reads or hears, as he does every day at Mass, those words of St. John, "To as many as have received Him, He hath given POWER to become the children of God." But Beza saw free-will in the word "power," and though he elsewhere renders ἐξουσία by *potestas* (power), here he refuses to do so, lest, as he impudently says in his notes, it should give countenance to the Catholic sophists (this is the pet name for our theologians with Calvin and himself) in upholding their hateful doctrine of free-will. He, therefore, rendered it, "Dedit eis hanc dignitatem ut fierent," "He gave them this dignity that they should become," etc. In a subsequent edition, he altered this to "Dedit eis hoc jus ut facti fuerint,"¹ "He gave them this right (or privilege) that they have become," etc. According to Beza, a Christian and child of God, being little better than a stock or a stone, may be gifted indeed with dignities and rights at the hands of his heavenly Father, but not with power, lest it should interfere with God's exclusive right of omnipotence to drive man to sin or good works, to salvation or reprobation, as it should best please Him.

St. James teaches that faith without good works is dead, but through good works is made perfect. Hence he calls them co-workers with faith (James ii. 22). But this is intolerable to Calvinist ears. Hence Beza, not daring to say with Luther that one Apostle contradicts another, tries to disfigure and darken what he has not the boldness to deny. St. James says, "Faith worked together (*co-operated* in the Greek and Vulgate) with the works" of Abraham. Beza weakens this as far as he can venture in his

¹ Walæus, op. cit. p. 801. Beza's note is not given, but in its stead one from Daniel Heinsius, not unlike it in spirit, in which he professes his dislike for either *potestas*, *jus*, or *dignitas*, as the proper equivalent here for ἐξουσία, and suggests "prærogativa." In fact, this was the very word that had been used by the English Calvinistic Bibles of 1562, 1577, and 1579. The Genevan French has, like Beza, "ce droit."

translation, "Faith was a helper (administra) of his works." And in this he was followed by some, not all, of the English Calvinist versions. There is another text (Luke vii. 47) where Beza's craft shows itself, and has furnished a model for all English heterodox Bibles. The Reformers introduced a doctrine, which had been unknown to all Christendom since the days of the Apostles, viz., that faith alone justifies the sinner. The Catholic Church has always taught that, though faith is the primary cause of justification, yet there are other dispositions which must concur in the work, such as the fear of God, hope, love, sorrow for sin, etc. And so vital and important is their concurrence, that Scripture often attributes to one of them the work of justification, without any mention of faith or the other dispositions. The passage quoted from St. Luke is a case in point. Here the sinful woman, by testimony of Our Lord himself, is forgiven her many offences because of her great love. "I say to thee that many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much."

It was no easy matter to elude the plain meaning of this text. Beza began by selecting a word, *nam* (for), less pointed and of less connective force than *οτι* (because). But how slight after all the difference between "many sins are forgiven, *because* she loved," and "are forgiven, for she loved?" Beza saw it and called punctuation to his aid. He improved his work by changing the Greek comma after "forgiven" first into a colon, and finally into a full stop.¹ It then read thus "Many sins are forgiven her. For she loved much." Then, by means of a note, he justifies himself for having translated it (as he confesses) against Catholics, an "impudent, silly" set (as he styles them) of interpreters, who abuse this passage of St. Luke in order to overthrow the Solifidian doctrines brought in by the Reformers. He so translated it purposely, he adds, in order that his readers may understand that the clause ("for she loved much") is not an antecedent but a consequent. After this lucid explanation, what devout Calvinistic reader can fail to be convinced that Beza is right, and that Our Lord actually meant "she hath loved much," *because* much has been forgiven her. Why not say at once, as some do, that "because" is a Hebraism for "therefore," and give up tampering with the text? Why not plead the drift of the parable, which (as even some Catholic divines argue) seems to call for "therefore?" But Beza knew no Hebrew, and cared little for exegetical reasons. His only object, as he avows, was to wrest this text from its Catholic meaning; and to accomplish this, he would not shrink from mistranslation. The same recklessness is visible in some commentators of the English Protestant Church,

¹ Of this he became ashamed, and in subsequent editions it was changed to a colon.

heirs of his bad spirit no less than of his false doctrine. One of them¹ thinks that Our Lord's words ("thy faith hath saved thee," v. 50) are decisive against *because*. Then they are equally so against *for*, unless the punctuation be changed. Do they not, on the contrary, clearly prove what Catholics say, that neither love nor faith exclusively works justification, but that both concur, and hence by Scripture usage it is ascribed to either of them indifferently? It would seem a matter of great importance to our enemies to rid themselves, by fair means or foul, of this little word "*because*." The Catholic Church loses nothing, in whatever way it be translated.

But this is not the only place where Beza has changed the punctuation to suit his sectarian purpose. In translating 1 Timothy i. 13 he was confronted by the Catholic doctrine contained in the text, that a sinner receives grace not, indeed, in proportion to his merits, which are none, but inasmuch as he is found less undeserving, that is, in proportion to the fewer obstacles he puts in the way of its reception. This was gall and wormwood to the Calvinist interpreter, who had been taught that to bestow grace, to justify, to save, or to damn His creatures are so many absolute acts of God's conquering omnipotence, utterly irrespective of any dispositions, merits, or demerits, on the part of man. Yet the Apostle plainly teaches him from his own example, that to him who sins from ignorance rather than malice God will show that mercy which He will not extend to the stubborn sinner. Here are his words: "Who before was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and contumelious; but I obtained mercy, *because* I did it ignorantly in unbelief." How was Calvinism to be got into such a text, or its anti-Calvinistic teaching to be gotten out of it? Beza arbitrarily changed the punctuation; and besides this the substitution of *for* (nam) for *because* (ὅτι), again stood him in good stead. Here is the way in which he translates it:

"Who before was a blasphemer, and persecutor, and doer of wrong to others: but I received mercy. For I did it being ignorant: that is lacking faith."²

¹ Either the Bishop of St. David's or Canon Cook, of Exeter, in the work placed at the head of this article.

² "Qui prius eram blasphemus et persecutor et injuriis alios afficiens: sed misericordia sum donatus. Nam ignorans id faciebam: nempe fidei experts." Thus it read in the first edition. But some feeling of shame got the better of him, and he restored the original punctuation. At least, in the edition of Zurich, 1671, which heads this article, the verse is as follows: "Qui prius eram blasphemus et persecutor et injuriosus: sed mei misertus est, nam ignorans id faciebam fidei experts." Here all is connected, and the interpolation *nempe* banished. The other changes (*mei misertus est* and *injuriosus*) are merely verbal. From the latter came the "injurious" of the English Bible; the old Geneva version had "oppressor." Dr. Campbell, who soundly rates Beza for this perversion, does not seem to have been aware of this

How cunningly the Apostle's obtaining mercy is here severed as far as possible from the negative disposition to which he ascribes it! And what a mine of Calvinistic theology may lie hidden under that little word *nempe*, which is falsely put into the mouth of St. Paul! Is, then, want of faith the same as ignorance on the part of the sinner, and is it the cause that of itself produces sin? Or is it meant to be insinuated that on the other hand he who has faith is in no danger of sinning? We know that Beza held from his master the inamissibility of justice and all the other abominable doctrines on this head invented by the founders of the new religion, and thus pithily formulated by Luther: "Every work done by an unbeliever is sin. In the believer there is no sin that can separate him from God. The only sin that can damn a man is unbelief. Even if a just man try to lose his soul by committing the most enormous sins, he cannot do it unless he refuse to believe."¹ It is astonishing how few readers know of these outrageous impious paradoxes spread out on the pages of the founder of modern heresy, though reprinted a hundred times in the last three centuries, and again more than once in our own day by his own children. What wonder is it that with such comfortable doctrines, Lutheran Germany soon became so corrupt in morals that many found their only relief in the thought that the end of the world was fast approaching. Calvin's doctrine of election is said to have been a great comfort during life and a solace in his dying hour to that monster of cruelty and hypocrisy, Oliver Cromwell.

Speaking of "inamissible justice," we must give another text, in which St. Paul *volens nolens* has been dragged down to the exact standard of Calvinist orthodoxy by this unscrupulous interpreter. In Hebrews x. 38, the Apostle, applying and explaining a prophecy of Habacuc, says, "The just man shall live by faith; but if HE

change. See his four Gospels, translated, with dissertations and notes, Andover, 1837, vol. i. p. 384. Or perhaps the change was not made by Beza, but by editors after his death.

¹ See Luther's Epistle to Melancthon from the Wartburg, his treatise de Captivitate Babylonica, and his Works *passim*, for if he has said these things once, he has said them a hundred times. We have given before an extract from his letter to Melancthon; we now give a passage (Englished in the text) from his Book on the Babylonian Bondage. "*Ita vides quam dives sit homo Christianus: etiam volens non potest perdere salutem quantiscumque peccatis nisi nolit credere. Nulla enim peccata eum possunt damnare, nisi sola incredulitas.*" Luth. Opp. (Erlangen), vol. v. p. 59.

The horrid doctrine that everything, good or bad, done by an unbeliever is a sin, so repugnant to Scripture and common sense, was held not only by Luther and Calvin, with their disciples, but also by some bad men inside of the Church, Jansenius, the Port-Royalists, Quesnel, etc., who pretended to be Catholics in spite of Rome's anathemas. They have received their reward *before men*. For the non-Catholic world with one accord glorifies their memory, and has canonized them in its calendar as saints, martyrs, heroic confessors, etc.

draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in HIM." Here we have evidently a supposition that one justified and made a friend of God may fall away from grace by his own act and become displeasing to God. But this is inconsistent with Calvin's doctrine, with which Beza will allow neither Paul nor any other inspired writer to interfere. "NON PATIAR," he says, in the spirit, if not in the words, of Luther,¹ "I WILL NOT ALLOW this passage of Paul to stand in the way of my master's theory." And he accomplishes his purpose by mistranslation. Here is his version :

"Justus autem ex fide vivet; at si quis se subduxerit, non EST GRATUM animo meo."²

Thus we have substituted for the just man, of whom St. Paul speaks, a vague personage (QUIS) of whom the Saint never dreamed, and in the second clause a neuter or impersonal action (non est gratum), which says, in general terms, that "God is not pleased," instead of what St. Paul clearly intends, His positive displeasure with the just man (ἐν αὐτῷ) who becomes a prevaricator. The Anglican Bishop, Pearson, qualifies this wicked perversion but too mildly when he says, "Illa verba a Theodoro Beza haud bona fide sunt translata." (Theodore Beza has not translated these words in good faith.) Dr. Campbell's comment is more just and more to the purpose. "This is one of the many passages in which this interpreter (Beza) has judged that the sacred penmen having expressed themselves incautiously and given a handle to the patrons of erroneous tenets, stood in need of him more as a corrector than a translator." But neither Bishop Pearson nor Dr. Campbell have any word of complaint (nor even of information to their readers) that this gross error yet disfigures the authorized Bible of King James. Will the Anglo-American Committee of Revision erase this blasphemous perversion of the true words, inspired by the Holy Ghost and written by St. Paul, but altered and defaced by the Anglican translators out of blind devotion to their Genevese master? We hope so; for we are told they mean well and honestly. But, as far as we can judge from what we have heard and seen, their labors are intended to remove rather philological errors than

¹ "Superest locus ille Pauli quem NON PATIAR adversari huic sententiae." Luther's letter to Melancthon, 9th of September, 1521, in De Wette Luther's Briefe, Berlin, 1826, tom. ii. p. 48.

² "The just man shall live by faith; but if ANY ONE withdraw himself, it shall not please my soul." This was in the first edition; but afterwards (as in the edition of Zurich, 1671) the latter clause has been amended thus: "at si quis se subduxerit, non probet eum animus meus." Campbell says that in the old English Bibles it reads: "If HE withdraw himself," etc. He cannot mean *all*, for the Genevese version (1562), reprinted in Hutter's Polyglot, has "if ANY withdraw, my soul," etc. The same foul corruption is found in the French, Spanish, and Italian Bibles manufactured in the workshop of Geneva.

theological mistranslations. From the character of some of the revisors (Unitarians, Broad-churchmen, and infidels) we should naturally expect some impartiality. But these men are in the minority, and as likely as not to be overpowered by the great "Protestant tradition" which holds that Rome, like Cato's Carthage, must be destroyed, and that for such an end all means, good and bad, are lawful and becoming. Yet we will not despair. A few months hence we shall know our fate. The revisors will have issued their final decision, and then perhaps

Sarem fuor di speranza e fuor d'errore.

In the eyes of Calvin and Beza it is only "a popish figment" to maintain that Christ died for all men, or that He wills the salvation of all. This is a favor reserved to the orthodox few, whom the eternal decrees will save in spite of their sins. But the Catholic Church did not invent this doctrine. It was revealed to her from the beginning and recorded in her Sacred Books (Rom. xiv. 15; Cor. viii. 11; 1 Tim. ii. 4, 6; iv. 10; Jo. xvii. 19; 1 Jo. ii. 2). Beza did not find it convenient to meddle with all these texts. He only selected a few which he so contrived to amend as to prevent his readers from being misled by what he considered the excessive indulgence of the sacred penmen. In 1 Tim. ii. 9, the Apostle says that God "will have ALL men to be saved," and again v. 6, He gave Himself a ransom for ALL. There can be no mistake as to the true meaning of the terms used by the writer, *πάντας ἀνθρώπους* and *ὑπὲρ πάντων*. The proper Latin word, to convey the Apostle's idea, would have been *omnes* (used by our Vulgate) or *cuncti* or *singuli*. But to Beza any of these terms seemed to express too clearly St. Paul's meaning and to overthrow Calvin's theory. Hence he determined to shun them one and all, as *cane pejus et angue*. He chose in their stead the word *quivis*, the universality of which points to class and character rather than simply number. His version is "*quosvis* homines vult servari" and (v. 6) "*qui sese ipse dedit redemptionis pretium pro quibusvis*." That is as much as to say Christ has purchased by His blood, and wills the salvation, not of all individual men, but of men of all sorts and kinds. His eternal decrees do not regard the rich or the poor, the mighty or the lowly, the learned or the unlettered, but pick out some from all these classes. This perversion is so barefaced that none of the other Genevese versions, whether French, Spanish, Italian, or English, has ventured to follow Beza. Yet his influence in thus translating has been felt in Protestant Great Britain, and his in-

genious substitute for "all men" is yet heard on the lips of her ministers, when they speak of the Saviour of mankind.¹

In the same epistle (iv. 10) the Apostle rejects the Calvinistic theory so explicitly that it would seem almost impossible to elude the force of his language. But in the service of his sect Beza's zeal was daunted by no difficulty. St. Paul says that Christ is "the Saviour of all men (πάντων ἀνθρώπων), especially of the faithful." This latter limiting clause only brings into clearer light the universality spoken of in the former ("ALL men"). As this made it impossible to garble the sense by substituting *quorumvis* for *omnium*, Beza boldly lays hold of the appellation given our Lord by the Apostle, and weakens and obscures its meaning. He calls him the Preserver (instead of Saviour) of all men, "Qui est conservator omnium hominum, maxime vero fidelium." The word Σωτήρ (Saviour) occurs twenty-two times in the New Testament, and everywhere else² Beza translates it by *servator*.³ His having chosen another and (as he considered it) a much weaker word, shows his bad purpose of saving Calvinism at the expense of St. Paul. None of the other Calvinist interpreters has had the courage to imitate him, except the French Genevese version, which translates "le conservateur de tous hommes."⁴

In spite of Beza's rigid moral theories and dreadful, eternal decrees, he is practically indulgent for the sake of the elect and the orthodox, which are with him almost synonymous. When it is a question of sinners who are to be punished with damnation, he

¹ Dr. Campbell observes that "there are amongst ourselves (in Great Britain) certain divines, who in quoting these passages of scripture never say, would have *all men to be saved*, and *the Saviour of all men*, but invariably *all sorts of men*; charitably intending by this prudent correction to secure the unwary from being seduced by the latitudinarian expressions of the Apostle" (Four Gospels, vol. i. p. 382).

² Except in Eph. v. 23, where it is slightly paraphrased: *Qui dat salutem corpori*.

³ Out of affection of a purer Latinity, he (like his enemy, Castalio) would not use the word *Salvator*, by which our Lord is called in the Vulgate, and by which he was known to all Christians from the beginning. The words *salvo* and *salvator* are not found in Cicero, hence they are discarded by writers of classical Latin, who use in their stead *servo* and *servator*. But it is very doubtful whether the latter word renders accurately the idea we attach to saviour. Cicero, who ought to know, says there is no one Latin word that can express the Greek *soter* in its fulness. "*Hoc quantum est! Ita magnum, ut Latino uno verbo exprimi non possit.*" (Acts ii., in Ver., lib. iv., cap. 63.) Had our early Christian fathers deemed the word *servator* sufficient, they would not have sought another. St. Augustine, in one of his sermons, makes a very good remark on this subject. He says: "*Nec quaerant grammatici quam sit Latinum, sed Christiani quam verum. Salus enim Latinum nomen est. Salvare et Salvator, non fuerunt hæc Latina antequam veniret Salvator: quando ad Latinos venit, et hæc Latina fecit.*"

The first time the word "*Salvator*" occurs in pagan classical literature is on an inscription in the reign of Trajan.

⁴ In Hutter's Polyglot, tom. ii. p. 596.

becomes quite lenient. In vain do St. Paul and St. John cry out with warning voice that murder, hatred, envy, sorcery, adultery, uncleanness, drunkenness exclude from salvation; and that such as do these things (*qui talia agunt*, as his own version has it with the Vulgate) shall not be heirs to the kingdom of Heaven, but shall be left outside, while the just enter by the gates into the City. This, indeed, is taught throughout the whole New Testament. But Beza, for reasons of his own, undertakes to correct this teaching. He would have us believe that it is not the commission of these sins, but the *habit* of committing them that forfeits salvation. Christ at the last day will banish from His presence not occasional sinners, but only those who have made sin their profession and constant occupation. To inculcate this view, he translates improperly Matth. vii. 23; xiii. 41; Luke xiii. 27; 1. John iii. 9, and perhaps other places that we cannot now call to mind.² We give first the English (with St. Jerome's Latin) and then Beza's perversion. "Depart from me, ye who work iniquity," *qui operamini iniquitatem* (Matth. vii. 23). "The Son of man shall send his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity (*eos qui faciunt iniquitatem*), and shall cast them into the furnace of fire" (Matt. xiii. 41). "Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity," *omnes operarii iniquitatis* (Luke xiii. 27). "Every one that is born of God, committeth no sin," *omnis qui natus est ex Deo, peccatum non facit* (1. John iii. 9). Instead of the passages quoted above in St. Jerome's Latin, Beza's rendering is as follows: Matth. vii. 23, "Qui operam datis transgressionibus legis."³ The next (Matth. xiii. 41), "Eos qui dant operam transgressionibus legis."⁴ The third (Luke xiii. 27), "Omnes qui datis operam iniquitati."⁵ And finally in St. John's Epistle, "Quisquis natus est ex Deo, peccato non dat operam."⁶

The purpose of Beza in replacing "facere" (to do) by the phrase "dare operam," betrays itself only too clearly. *Dare operam* is not simply "to do," but to apply oneself strenuously and earnestly, to devote oneself to any pursuit. None, therefore, will be lost to the company of saints and angels, none deprived of the beatific vision, but those who are so depraved that they make of iniquity the business of their life. In the just man two or three sins amount to

¹ Gal. v. 21; Apoc. xxii. 14, 15.

² Dr. Campbell, in his review of Beza as a translator (Gospels, vol. i., pp. 372-90), notices the first and the last, but has overlooked the two others.

³ So in Walæus's ed. of Beza's version; but in the edition used by Dr. Campbell "iniquitati" stands in place of "transgressionibus legis" (*απομιμνήσκου*). In the Zurich ed. of 1671 it is "qui facitis iniquitatem."

⁴ But in the Zurich of 1671, "eos qui faciunt iniquitatem."

⁵ So in ed. of Walæus; but in ed. of Zurich, "omnes qui facitis quod injustum est."

⁶ Changed likewise to "peccatum non committit" in the Zurich edition.

nothing ; to forfeit his chance of heaven he must become an habitual sinner. Nay, even habitual sinning is not sufficient to rob him of his prerogative. His sins must not only be habitual but enormous and breaches of every commandment. If any were to suspect that here we are going too far, exaggerating and almost slandering Beza, we should not wonder at the suspicion. But it is no slander, no exaggeration. We only repeat Beza's explanation of what he meant by *dare operam*. In his note on Matth. vii. 23, he thus explains the words "qui operam datis," etc.:

"Id est, OMNIBUS SCELERIBUS et FLAGITIIS ADDICTI homines, Hebraico idiotismo (*poale aven*¹) et qui velut artem peccandi exercent, sicut Latini medicinam, argentariam *facere* dicunt. Hi sunt qui in sacris libris passim ἀμαρτωλοί, id est, *peccatores* dicuntur."²

The last sentence, in which the meaning of "doers of iniquity" given to the text of Matthew, is extended to many or most other places of Scripture, where the word "sinners" is to be found, is particularly worthy of notice. For here we have no longer a gloss upon one passage, but we find laid down a general canon of dogmatical interpretation extending to all the sacred books, a canon as false as it is blasphemous, if there be any truth at all in the revelation of the New Testament, and in the perpetual teaching of the Church, to whose care that revelation was intrusted by her Divine Founder. According to our evangelist of Geneva, there is no such necessity of frightening sinners as some pious, silly folks imagine. We should not fear God's anger, where He has not intimated it, nor His threats, where He has made none. Divine vengeance does not await those who sin now and again, out of weakness or passion, but only those whose wickedness is without bounds, and who make it their calling and business to offend God. In other words the *amateur* sinner runs no risk. It is only the *professional* sinner who may expect condemnation. This would seem clear enough, but Beza is yet more explicit. In another edition, he changed the words above mentioned to "qui facitis iniquitatem," but added a note to show the world that though the clamor of friends and enemies had made a change in his rendering, it had by no means made him change

¹ This little scrap of Hebrew erudition volunteered by some of his associates (for he himself knew nothing of the language), is out of place. For *pahal* (like *asa*) with *aven* may mean "to do" what is wrong, as well as "to be engaged in the practice" of sin.

² In Walæus's ed. of Beza's version, p. 76, "That is (by a Hebrew idiom, *poale aven*), given over to wickedness and shameful crimes of every kind, and making of sin, as it were, a calling (or business), just as they say in Latin to practice medicine, or the art of a silversmith. These are they who are called in very many places of the Holy Book ἀμαρτωλοί, that is, sinners."

his opinions.¹ In the note he repeats his shameful comment even, if possible, more offensively than before.

"Dicuntur ergo facere iniquitatem et a Christo rejiciuntur hoc in loco, non qui *uno et altero scelere* sunt contaminati, sed qui hanc velut artem faciunt, ut sceleste agendo vitam tolerant, et Dei nomine abutantur ad quæstum, quo cupiditatibus suis satisfaciant."²

Here we have again repeated that it is not one or two or a few sins that call for rejection by Christ, but making of sin one's calling and occupation.³ Nay, here he goes farther and limits it to the gaining of one's bread and sustenance by sinful life. None then but harlots, highwaymen, pirates and the like are excluded from salvation! It is not so easy to understand the latter portion of the note, unless we take it for a sting of this clerical wasp meant for some of his brethren in the ministry. Or perhaps it is merely an idle fling at Baldwin, Bolsec, Carlstadt, Hesshusius, and other rival theologians, with whom his master and himself were then embroiled. But surely Beza cannot have thought that Catholic and Lutheran theologians, or even hypocrites who traded their Calvinistic ministry, were the only ones to be picked out for damnation on the last, great day.

This latitudinarian doctrine of Beza must have had some motive *from outside*, for he did not find it revealed in the new Gospel of his Genevan master, nor will we take the uncharitable liberty of hinting that it might be a theory constructed in self-defence, a theological Cicero's pleading *Pro Domo Sua*. If we may hazard a conjecture, the explanation must be sought in the character of the times and circumstances in which the Calvinistic party then found itself. The heads of the sect in Geneva had great hopes of bringing the whole of France under their control through Anthony of Navarre, who had good prospects of mounting the French throne, his brother Condé, Coligny, and a great many others of the highest order of nobility, who for some reason or other were disciples of Calvinism. With them were coupled many others of the lower *noblesse*, whose numbers and influence were not inconsiderable. What had led them to take sides with Calvin's faction against their

¹ This was Beza's usual fashion. See how he dealt with Acts ii. 27, and how he explained the change, made in deference to complaints of which he did not recognize the justice.

² "This passage styles doers of iniquity, and represents as rejected by Christ, not those who stain themselves with *one or two crimes*, but those who make it, as it were, their business to earn their livelihood by evil doing, and make an ill use of God's name in order to gain wherewith to gratify their passions." For the Latin text of these words I am indebted to Dr. Campbell, as it has been omitted by Walæus.

³ The French Calvinistic version has thoroughly caught Beza's idea, and in two places (Luke xiii. and St. John's Epistle) translates the phrase "*dare operam*" by "*faire le mestier de l'iniquite.*"

native land and the faith of their fathers? Was it religious conviction, a love of pure doctrine, or a desire to save their souls? No doubt the sectarian jargon which was current in that day made such explanations both easy and common. But those who gave and those who heard them knew better. Most of these knew little and cared less for the inner difference between Catholic and Calvinist doctrines; and whether they did or not, they were determined that Calvinism should impose on them no yoke of moral restraint which they had refused to tolerate in the church of their baptism.¹ The heads of the Calvinistic party were notorious for their loose lives. Their dissolute behavior was the talk of France, and its echoes resounded in Geneva. Some notice had to be taken of the complaints of those evangelicals who wrote from France. Was Calvinism to be introduced into that country, ushered in at court and protected by libertines? Were the doctrines of pure religion to be championed by men who were far wickedder than those they sought to withdraw from the old religion? On the other hand, if these illustrious champions of the new religion, the Anthonys, Condés, and their titled adherents were rebuked for their licentious lives, might they not resent it? Might it not make them and their noble followers grow cold, or at least lukewarm, in the service of "the Gospel?" The difficulty was felt at Geneva and met after consultation.² A letter not only kind and temperate,

¹ Mr. Dyer, though not friendly to the Catholic Church, has estimated these converts at their proper value. Speaking of those of the titled classes, he says, "The conversion of many of these, however, must be ascribed to other causes than conviction. Works of religious controversy were but little read in France, and, with the exception of Coligny and a few others, the French nobility had neither leisure nor inclination for such inquiries. Disgust at some real or imagined slight or injury at court was frequently the cause of a resort to Geneva. Something must also be attributed to fashion, a term which may seem strange when used with reference to one of the most precise and rigid forms of Christianity, but which may be justified by the fact that the adoption of Calvinism did not produce any amelioration of morals among the higher classes in France, which remained as lax as ever." *Life of Calvin*, p. 475.

² In a private letter to Bullinger, of May, 1561 (and first published in our day by Dr. Paul Henry, from MS. at Berne), Calvin denounces Anthony of Navarre as a slave to his pleasures, and boastfully adds: "I have reprehended him for his conduct, just as I should a private individual of my flock, and Beza has treated him quite as unceremoniously." We do not believe a word of all this. In the first place Calvin's personal character for veracity is not such that we should swallow anything either improbable in itself or exculpatory of his conduct, on the strength of his word alone. His denial of all connection with the Amboise conspiracy, his earlier letters in regard to Servetus, and especially the one to Farel, of February 13, 1546, suppressed by Beza, repudiated and denied by his panegyrists for centuries, but found at last in the Royal Library at Paris, all reveal the amount of trickery and deceit as well as rancor and hate that entered into Calvin's composition. And, secondly, we have before our eyes, in black and white, the letter (lately made known by Dr. Henry) which, conjointly with Beza, he wrote to Anthony's brother Condé. And from the tone and temper of the known letter it is safer to argue that of the unknown than from Calvin's idle boast. See following note.

but even tender, was written to Condé¹ about his mistresses; and Beza took up the New Testament to prove that ordinary profligates might be good Calvinists and in the way of salvation, while nothing short of an extraordinary and superlative degree of profligacy—in fact the making a livelihood out of it, which was a case inconceivable in a prince or nobleman—was required for damnation at the last day!

Beza goes still farther in his comment on Matth. v. 20: *Nisi iustitia vestra*, etc., “Unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.” He did not venture to tamper with the text, though no doubt his fingers itched to substitute “sound doctrine” for “justice” (or righteousness) in the Saviour’s discourse. He reserved the poison for the commentary. Here are his words:

“*Justitiæ nomine intellige sinceram tum doctrinam tum vitam, cum verbo Dei videlicet, quod est iustitiæ vera norma, congruentem. Sed de doctrina potissimum hic agi liquet ex sequenti reprehensione falsarum legis interpretationum.*” Then explaining what is meant by not entering the kingdom of heaven, he adds: “*Id est, indignos fore qui in ecclesia doceatis. Nec enim de quorumvis piorum officio sed de solis doctoribus agit: et nomine regni cælorum, ut alibi sæpe, non triumphantem (ut vulgo loquuntur) sed adhuc militantem et ministerio pastorum egentem ecclesiam intelligit.*”²

¹ “Condé is said not to have abandoned one of his numerous mistresses on account of his adopting the evangelical religion. He, like his brother Anthony, sometimes stood in need of admonitions from Geneva; but probably the more decided character of that prince and his indispensableness to the Calvinistic cause, occasioned them to be administered with more reserve and gentleness. There is extant a joint letter of Calvin and Beza to Condé, in which his *foible* is handled very tenderly, and indeed Beza was not exactly the person to lecture on such a topic.” Dyer, *Life of Calvin*, p. 498.

By way of specimen Dyer gives in a note the following passage from the letter: “*Nous n’estimons pas qu’il y ait du mal ou Dieu ne soit directement offensé: mais qu’on orra dire que vous faites l’amour aux dames, cela est pour déroger beaucoup à votre autorité et reputation. Les bons en seront offensés, les malins en feront leur risée,*” etc. Was this the style in which St. Paul terrified the unchaste governor at Cæsarea? In the homily of the Genevan evangelist not a word about God’s anger and the “judgment to come,” not a word of the danger hanging over Condé’s soul! In its stead we have a shabby appeal to human respect. “You will lose your influence and good name, and make wicked Papists laugh.” The sin itself is softened down from its harsh, true name, and is disguised in the playful parlance of worldlings, as “making love to the ladies.” Nay, it is hinted that this is only an *indirect* way of offending God! And we are asked to believe, on their mere word, that these men rebuked the King of Navarre and handled him as unceremoniously as if he were a mere plebeian of their congregation! It would be hard to take their oath for it!

² “By the word ‘justice’ understand a pure doctrine and a pure life; that is, conformable to God’s Word, which is the true standard of justice. But from the rebuke that follows, of false interpretations of the law, it is clear that it is a question here of

Never was there a more deplorable backing down (it would be comical if it were not so wicked) than in these comments on one and the same verse. He begins by establishing, against the opinion of the whole world, that Our Saviour's word "justice" means both sound doctrine and pure life. In the next sentence he restricts it *chiefly* to sound doctrine. In the third pure life vanishes altogether, and we are told that it is not uprightness of living, but *only* of teaching, that is commended in the text; and that the kingdom spoken of is not heaven above, but the Church that stands yet in need of sound teaching. Was not this "a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort" for the Bourbons, Condés, and other noble libertines? What need had they of good works or chaste lives when Christ had declared through that "godly man and chosen vessel," Beza, that all the righteousness He expects is *orthodoxy*? And were they not daily intriguing, plotting, fighting, and ready to die for orthodoxy of the most improved pattern, that which was taught in Geneva? Well may Dr. Campbell (though a Presbyterian minister) exclaim: "For my part I have seen nothing in any commentator or casuist which bears a stronger resemblance to that mode of subverting, under pretence of explaining the divine law, which was adopted by the scribes and so severely reprehended by Our Lord."¹

There are a great many other wilful perversions of Beza against the teaching of the Church in the matter of justification, free-will, good works, and kindred subjects, but to enumerate them all would call for double our space. We may instance Rom. v. 18; xvi. 18; 1 Pet. i. 22; 2 Cor. vi. 1 out of many, which we must pass over. Let us come rather to the Church, her constitution, hierarchy, and ministry. In the first place, to his credit be it said, he did not attempt to oust the word "church" from Scripture as did the rabble horde of theologians who established the new religion in England and Scotland. He did not believe that the Catholic Church was the "pillar and ground of truth" (1 Tim. iii. 15); yet he allowed her to remain in quiet possession of that glorious appellation, when with a subtle stroke of his pen he might have transferred it to Timothy, as some Protestant interpreters have already done, and the

doctrine more than anything else." And on the final words "you shall not enter," etc., he adds, "that is, you will be unworthy to teach in the Church. For he speaks not here of the duty of any kind of pious men, but *only* of teachers; and by the "Kingdom of Heaven," as often elsewhere, he means not the Church triumphant (as they call it), but the Church yet militant and yet in need of the ministry of pastors." For the Latin text of this note I am again indebted to Dr. Campbell (*ibid.*), as Walæus has left it out, and inserted in its stead a very sensible note of Fred. Spanheim. In the same way in Luc. xiii. 41, he replaces Beza's comment by that of Grotius, at whose apostasy he plainly hints, by calling him, "Inter nostros olim numeratus."

¹ Gospels, p. 387.

revision committee may yet do,¹ unless restrained by the conservative element among them. He believed that the Scriptures were all-sufficient to explain themselves, but he did not exactly thrust this doctrine anywhere into his text, as had been done by Junius and Tremellius.² He retains in John v. 39 the apparent ambiguity of the Greek and St. Jerome;³ but in a note decides against the usual Protestant interpretation, and holds that on exegetical grounds it must be rendered "you search" in the indicative mood. Yet in spite of all this Beza could not deny himself the pleasure of foisting into some text or other the Protestant idea of "searching the Scripture." He had succeeded (as he thought) by interpolation, adroit mistranslation, etc., in putting all the newly discovered theories of Calvinism into the mouth of some evangelist or apostle, or with still more wanton impiety into the words of our very Lord Himself. Why should he not do the same good turn for that cardinal doctrine, or rock, on which Protestantism has built itself? We shall say nothing of the way in which he has adjusted or un-

¹ Or they may have it transferred to the "mystery of godliness," as Dr. Murdoch does in his translation of the Peshitto, in defiance of all laws of language, but by the magical aid of "Knapp and Griesbach's punctuation."

² In the second of Esdras (Neh. viii. 8), we read as follows: "They (Esdras, Nehemias, and the Levite interpreters referred to in next verse) read in the book of the law of God distinctly and plainly to be understood; and they (the people) understood when it was read." The Jews on their return from bondage had forgotten their Hebrew, and spoke only the language of their oppressors. What more natural, then, that out of reverence, the holy books should be read first in the sacred tongue in which they were written, and then read over again in Chaldee, the Levites translating as they read, for there were as yet neither Chaldee version nor paraphrase? It is precisely what the priest does amongst ourselves. He first sings or reads the gospel in the language of the Church, and then turning to the people reads and explains it in the vernacular. And how do these anti-Catholic interpreters disguise and pervert this simple fact? By shamefully adding to the text three words of their own, "PER SCRIPTURAM IPSAM." Here is their latter half of the verse: "Exponendo sensum dabant intelligentiam per scripturam ipsam." "Explaining the sense, they caused them to understand by means of the Scripture itself." Who would not infer from this that it is laid down as scriptural usage that Scripture must be made its own commentary, and that the right understanding of it comes from itself? Even if this were true, why put it down as the word of God, when He did not inspire nor Nehemias write it? But this is ever the curse of heresy, to prate about God's word and the reverence due it, but to show none; on the contrary, to tear it to pieces by erasure, interpolation, or other ill treatment that may suit caprice or interest.

Junius and Tremellius did for the Old Testament what Beza did for the New; and it should not be forgotten that all three were guides to our English Protestant translators, those of King James not excluded.

³ Ερευγᾶτε; scrutamini. The war-cry of modern heresy is grounded, at best, on a doubtful passage of Scripture. King James's translators, in opposition to their favorite guide, Beza, to the context, and to the voice of all Christian antiquity, translate it as a command, "search." The growing sentiment of interpreters, outside of the Church, is against it. Will this be taken into consideration by the new revisers, or will it be too hard to give up the old Shibboleth? But there are other passages, far more important, that need examination and correction.

derstood the text in 2 Pet. iii. 16; 2 Tim. iii. 16; and Acts xvii. 11, because there he is only one among the crowd of anti-Catholic translators. But in Acts ix. 22, where the Anglican version, with St. Jerome and the Douay Bible, says that Paul confounded the Jews, "*affirming* (or *proving*¹) that He was the Christ," Beza found his opportunity. He translates the single word "*affirming*" (*συμβιβάζων*) by three Latin words, "*collatis testimoniis demonstrans*" (proving by comparing of testimonies), in order to recommend the "*searching*" and "*comparing*" of Scripture with itself.² Now it is very likely that St. Paul did compare the life and teaching of Our Lord with the prophecies of Moses, David, Isaias, Jeremy, Micheas, Zachary, etc., to show how fully they were verified in Him. But St. Luke says nothing of the kind; and it would be stretching charity to its limit to suppose that Beza innocently took it upon himself to supply the inspired writer's omission.

Catholics reverence divine tradition, because it is God's Word, and His Word, whether committed to parchment or given orally by His apostles, is worthy of the same veneration. But heretics, for very good reasons of their own, hate the Unwritten Word. The Written they can get into their hands by unlawful seizure; and once in possession of what is not theirs, they treat it as they would the spoils of an enemy. They distort and mutilate it as far as they find necessary, and then turn it into a weapon for their warfare. But the Unwritten Word is beyond their reach. From the bosom of Cath-

¹ So in the modern Anglican version; but the old Genevese had "*confirming*." The Geneva French does not follow Beza, but has simply "*confermant*." The Italian and Spanish Calvinist versions take after the Vulgate (*affermando, afirmando*). (Apud Hutter, vol. i. (Acts), p. 102.) Perhaps *instructing* (*i. e.*, enlightening and convincing by authoritative instruction) would be the more appropriate term. It certainly conveys better the Catholic idea of how the Church and her Apostles teach outsiders. And the word in question (*συμβιβάζω*) was thus rendered by Beza himself in another place (1 Corinthians ii. 16), where all versions, Catholic and Protestant, agree. In the Syriac it is "*showing*," which simple word Dr. Murdoch, with the pedagogism which marks his entire translation, swells out into "*demonstrating*." Perhaps he had his eye here, as elsewhere, on Beza's word, "*demonstrans*."

² Beza in a note (edition of Walæus, p. 1120) has endeavored to justify this translation. But the editor, with good sense and impartiality, immediately appends another note from another Calvinist, Ludovicus de Dieu, infinitely superior to Beza in learning as well as honesty, in which all the sophistry of the Genevan interpolator is mercilessly demolished. But Beza's mischief has not died with him. It has been insidiously stowed away in dictionaries to poison the mind of unsuspecting youth and teach them that *συμβιβάζω* besides its meaning in classical Greek (*concilio, coagmento*, etc.), signifies, also, "*in the Holy Books to teach, instruct, and especially, to prove by comparing passages of Scripture.*" "*In sacris literis est doceo, instruo, INPRIMIS collatis Scripturæ locis probo.*" (Lexicon Benj. Hederici, sub. v.) Is there not something beyond what is human in this zealous persistent effort to transfer theological venom and falsehood from dusty tomes to the child's schoolbook? And does it not reveal the hand of one, who as Our Lord says, has day and night and through the ages, but one thought, *ut furetur et mactet et perdat?*"

olic unity, whence they have been ignominiously thrust out, it cries aloud and condemns them. If they could only lay hands on it, they would be satisfied; for they could do with it, as with the Written Word, falsify its utterances and, like Satan in the desert, frame out of it weapons against its Author. But they cannot seize it. They must content themselves with hating, deriding, and condemning it. For this purpose they make use of the Written Word, of which they hold unjust possession. The wanton, undisguised malice with which the word "tradition" was used or discarded in translating the text by the apostles of the new religion, and especially those who protestantized the English-speaking world, is positively shocking to the Christian. Wherever *παράδοσις* (traditio) was used in a Catholic sense, they change it to *ordinance, instruction, teaching, doctrine delivered*, or something else. But where it was used in a Jewish or bad sense, they invariably translated it by "tradition."¹ Twice (Col. ii. 20;² 1 Pet. i. 18) they intrude it into the text, to make it out condemned by the inspired author, where he never even mentioned it. It is true that some of these perversions have been corrected in King James's Bible; but that signifies nothing. Some of them were thrown away, when they had done their dirty work; others were left to continue it. And what amount of thanks we owe to his translators for having eliminated sundry corruptions from their Bible, is a question, which will be discussed hereafter.

In the two passages from 2 Thessalonians, where the Apostle speaks in the Catholic sense, Beza, for "traditions," has in the singular number "doctrine delivered" (*doctrina tradita*). But in 1 Cor. xi. 2 he seems to have forgotten himself, and gives squarely "sicut tradidi vobis, traditiones retinetis." In 1 Peter i. 18, where the original has "your vain conversation handed down from your fathers" (*ἐκ τῆς ματαίας ὑμῶν ἀναστρουφῆς πατροπαράδοῦσου*), it may be remarked that "handed-down-from-your-fathers" is but one word in Greek.³ Substantially it does not differ from the adjective *πατριζός*

¹ The word *παράδοσις* occurs thirteen times in the New Testament, ten times in the unfavorable (or Jewish) sense, and three times (1 Corinthians xi. 2; 2 Thessalonians ii. 15; iii. 6) in the good or Catholic sense. The Vulgate has it twice (without evil intent, it need not be said) where it is not found in the original, and in another place translates it loosely by *præceptum* (1 Corinthians xi. 2).

² In the English Bible of Geneva (1579), "Why . . . are ye led with traditions?" In that of 1562, reprinted by Hutter, "Why are ye burthened with traditions?" They followed and improved on Beza, who says, "Ritibus oneramini." The modern Anglican has "ordinances."

³ We have no compound in our language nor even in our Teutonic sister, rich as it is, to express this. To match it we must go back to our primitive Aryan tongue and common mother, where by the side of the adjectives *pitrya, paitrika* (*patrius, paternus*, *πατριος, πατρικος*) they have also *pitri-gamin, pitri-daya, pitri-prapda, pitrargita*, etc., all meaning *father-given*, or *father-derived*, if we had such forms in English. Sometimes we can succeed in imitating them as "God-given" (*Devadattas*).

(*patrius, paternus*), used subsequently by the Apostle when writing to the Galatians (Gal. i. 14).¹ But Beza, to have his fling at Catholic belief, spins it out into "*ex patrum traditionibus accepta*" (received from the *traditions* of your fathers). The Geneva English has it "received by the traditions of THE FATHERS," no doubt, to suggest to the mind of ignorant readers, that here are meant Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and the others whom we call "the Fathers," and to whom we perpetually appeal as channels of Catholic tradition. But it will be said that even the Latin Vulgate has here introduced the word "tradition." We answer in the first place that heretics have never professed or wished it to be supposed that they have translated from the Vulgate, or taken it for a guide. On the contrary, they would have the world believe that they undertook to translate afresh from the original Greek and Hebrew, because the Vulgate had failed to do it properly. Inaccuracy, therefore, in the Vulgate can never be alleged as an excuse for inaccuracy in a Protestant translation. In the next place, the Vulgate was neither undertaken, nor given to the people, to serve as a rule and standard of faith. But heretical versions pretend to be such; and with them literal exactness is (or rather should be, for their practice does not tally with their principle) a matter of primary importance. In the third place the translator of the Vulgate undertook and accomplished his task *in good faith*, with no bad purpose of forcing the text to sanction the doctrines he believed, and to condemn the doctrines he rejected. There is, therefore, an immense difference between our authorized interpreter and the volunteers who translate our Book, a Book that does not belong to them by any right or title, to subserve the interests of their sect or heresy. And we cannot tolerate any attempt on their part to put themselves on a footing with him, or to appeal to his example in their justification.

We have more, much more, to say of Beza's wilful mistranslations on this and other points, which must be reserved for another article.

¹ Rendered *paternarum* by the Vulgate, but diluted by Beza, for his own purpose, into "*quas a patribus meis acceperam*."

THE LOGIC OF EVOLUTION.

The Descent of Man. By Charles Darwin. Appletons, 1871.

Evolution and Logic. By Edward H. Parker, M.D., Poughkeepsie,
1878.

The Logic of Special Creation. By Laique. Ibid.

The Catholic World, December, 1877, and passim.

WE would gladly believe what LAIQUE implies, that the evolutionists merely prescind from the existence of God and Revelation, and endeavor to find out the origin of things from natural science alone. This is a laudable exercise of reason. Even in our schools of theology, as well as in the *Senior* class of our colleges, as LAIQUE must know, we are practiced in such investigations and prove God's existence and attributes independently of revealed religion; for it can be proved most exactly, LAIQUE's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. That we know it first by faith matters not. We receive a great many truths by faith alone, in fact nearly all that we learn, and it is only the recipients of what is called a liberal education who reduce them, each in his own profession, to their logical basis, and secure the multitude from error. But we have great reason to fear that Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, etc., do not confine themselves to the study of natural history as a department of science, but that they reject, and hold in contempt, other equally or superiorly reasonable sources of truth. They seem to pay no attention to the "common-sense" (to use a technical term) of mankind. Tyndall laughs at prayer. Huxley ridiculed the Mosaic record in his New York lectures, calling it Miltonic, and so on. Now even if man's origin can be traced by the study of comparative anatomy, it is absurd to say that it may not be otherwise known. And it is in the highest degree unreasonable to ignore the teaching of religion, the facts of history, the truths of metaphysics, and the universal tradition of the human race, when these conflict with our theories. Nothing short of mathematical demonstration, or its equivalent, of the truth of a system, would make this course reasonable.

In the first place then we say to LAIQUE that the existence of God is a fact, not an assumption. And no conclusions in any field of scientific investigation may disregard facts in other fields. We think, moreover, that LAIQUE exaggerates the hypothesis of evolution. It is not a universal law. Whatever may be said of geology and chemistry, whereof more further on, evolution cannot be maintained in the moral and intellectual sphere. There is growth, we admit, but this as a rule is succeeded in races and nations, as well

as in individuals, by climax and decay, and absorption or death. The world shows periodicity, rather than constant development. We have not evolved a language comparable to the Latin or Greek, much less the Sanscrit. We do not approach the ancients in sculpture, painting or architecture, nor, perhaps, in mechanics. The Jews leaped from brick-making to a magnificent religious code, and a ritual which reached its climax under Solomon, and has risen and fallen occasionally since, but surely absolute progress has not been verified. Do you say that Christianity is a development of Judaism? We refer you to the fact that Christianity has had splendid phases, and then again depressions at times, though we deny that it was ever lost. Have the law codes of modern Europe approached the perfection of the XII Tables, the "written reason" of the Romans? Have the Chinese improved on Confucius? What process of evolution is shown in the production of Shakspeare? And does our more recent poetry excel his? So, too, as regards Homer, Demosthenes, Virgil, etc. These men are so singular and independent of antecedents that, from analogy, we might conclude in favor of a like origin for the various species of animals, and especially for the noblest, man. Yes, each particular nation, like an individual, grows, matures, decays and dies. Anarchy succeeds republicanism, just as this is born of revolution, and this is begot of tyranny, which is the debasement of monarchy, which is the result of anarchy. These changes are completed in a longer or shorter space of time in each nation or century, but there is no constant evolution of the less perfect into the more perfect. There is continual motion in a circle. So of civilization, the very refinements of which foster the germs that will eventually destroy it. This was very high in Greece and Rome, but it fell and died, and but for the incorporated spirit of Christianity surviving, it would probably not yet be resurrected. This circle is found in geology also. Nebulæ become solid, solids give birth to plants, and so on. But the rock is also worn away by the rain and changed into soil, and into vapor. The plant becomes coal and the coal becomes gases, and the gases are changed again into the rock. The sea is always invading the land, and the land in turn enlarges its bounds, as the sea recedes. Our cemeteries become cornfields: "from human mould we reap our daily bread," and we bury our dead in the gardens of our ancestors. Where is the constant development towards the higher form? So much for LAIQUE'S presentation of the evolution assumption. What we propose, however, is to show how illogical Darwin is, and for this purpose we will criticize the first chapter of his *Descent of Man*, as it summarizes and reduces to a conclusion the substance of the whole work.

Mr. Darwin's conclusion is as follows: "Consequently we ought

frankly to admit their community of descent (of man and other vertebrate animals). To take any other view is to admit that our structure and that of all the animals around is a mere snare laid to entrap our judgment. This conclusion is greatly strengthened, if we look to the members of the whole animal series, and consider the evidence derived from their affinities or classification, their geographical distribution and geological succession. It is only our own natural prejudice, and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demigods, which leads us to demur to this conclusion."

This "frank" expression reminds us of the candor with which Huxley, in his New York lectures (September, 1877), recommended the admission that there may be worlds, in which two and two are not four! As to the snare laid to entrap our judgment: will Darwin maintain that the apparent motion of the sun around the earth is also a snare? How pleased Colored-Brother Jasper must have been with the Professor's conclusion. Regarding geological succession we will see that this does not help him. Concerning the persuasion of our forefathers that they were descended from demigods: this and the legend of the Golden Age confirms the Bible history of the elevated state in which man first appeared. How does Darwin account for this universal tradition? What right has he to call it arrogance? Its universality gives positive presumption in favor of its truth.

Let us follow the Professor's logic, however:

I. His first argument is drawn from the transmission of certain traits and variations from father to son. "Man varies in bodily structure and in mental faculties." "Such variations are transmitted to his offspring in accordance with the laws which prevail with the lower animals." "Man, like many other animals, has given rise to varieties and sub-races differing but slightly from each other, or to races differing so much that they must be classed as doubtful species." Therefore man is a modified descendant of some pre-existing form. This conclusion is unwarranted. The strict conclusion (admitting the truth of the premises) is, that "men are more or less different from their primitive progenitors," but still are men. The assertion that some of the various races of men must be classed as doubtful species is contrary to fact: no matter how degraded the savage is, we have no difficulty in recognizing him as a man. No experience shows that accidental changes have risen into specific ones. "The oak and the bee and the rose, remain still the oak and the bee and the rose, throughout the accidental variations of ages; although every oak and bee and rose and every leaf on every tree differs in some respect from every other individual of its kind. Who has ever noticed oak leaves changing into maple leaves? If nature ad-

mitted such a change, a thousand indications would point to it. The transition is said by the evolutionists to be gradual, but some of it would always be apparent. We would have around us a host of transitional forms, from the fish to the lizard, from the lizard to the bird, from the bird to the ape, from the ape to the man. Where do we find such transitional forms?" The leap of Mr. Darwin from accidental variations to specific changes is therefore unwarranted, and his argument worthless.

2. Darwin pretends a transition from a lower grade to a higher. "The lower cannot generate the higher: force 10 cannot produce force 20." If we have to admit improvement in animals and plants under man's cultivation and care, this is because man's knowledge and aid causes the advance. Animals and plants left to themselves very soon fall back. And this applies very remarkably to mankind itself. Men neglected, and not elevated by external influences coming from outside and above, may and do degenerate, and become more or less brutal (as we say), but the rise from barbarism to civilization is due to positive and superior causes. History shows and popular legends tell how some greater one came and taught and raised each people, some godlike Orpheus, or sagelike Cadmus, or Moses, or Hiawatha, but we find no warrant for assuming that men ever civilized themselves, though we can easily understand how they may and do speedily fall in manners; much less is it probable that apes improved themselves into men. The story of the man, "who lifted himself by his waistband," out West, is long ago exploded, and were it not for Christianity, men would fall away instead of remaining stationary or advancing.

3. Darwin pretends that "man tends to increase at so rapid a rate, as to lead to occasional severe struggles for existence, and consequently to beneficial variations, whether in body or mind, being preserved, and injurious ones eliminated." Here he bases his argument upon the "struggle for existence:" concerning which we will merely say that it is the best men of the country who expose themselves for the common weal and die, leaving the propagation of the race to the stay-at-homes. War exhausts nations instead of advancing them, and this is true of the victors as well as of the vanquished. Witness the condition of savage tribes always at war with each other! We admit, however, that some races give way before others, but these also in their turn mature and die out. Indefinite progress is not verified. When races die out, others begin the march of civilization, very often with scarce a relic of their predecessors' outfit to start with. A complete return to barbarism is impossible for Christendom, because the Church endures forever: but the nations which possess Christianity rise and fall just the same, and so it will be till the final dissolution, when the whole

human race will die perhaps of inanition, or because the earth will be no longer a fit habitation for man.¹ Besides, "the struggle for existence is greatest in our large cities. Do we find the flower of the race in them?" Is it not the country blood that supplies the city's waste? And "would not the population of the city die out, if it were not for the accessions it receives from the country, where the people grow up apparently without any such struggle?"

4. Darwin maintains that the anatomical similarity of man to lower animals gives traces of a common genetic origin or descent. This argument may be thus stated: "Wherever there is a similarity of bodily structure or development, there are 'traces' of a common origin or descent. But man and other mammals have similar bodily structures and a similar development. Therefore man and other mammals show traces, etc." The first proposition contains the conclusion, and should be proved. Mr. Darwin does not prove it. The second proposition he proves abundantly, and no one ever denied it. His twenty pages of proof are interesting, but superfluous. What we want him to show is that where there is similarity, etc., there are traces of common descent. What wonder is it that man should be like other animals, destined as he is to live on the earth like them, amongst them, and on similar food? If he were totally unlike them, there would be reason for the wonder. There seems to be a very good reason why all the creatures that move upon the earth's surface should be of similar build. This is because they were made to live upon the one same surface, exposed to the same elements which impede motion and tend to destroy life. Man is an inhabitant of the earth like other animals, eating and drinking and moving like them. Why should he not resemble the rest? The same reasoning holds for the similarity in all the creatures that move in the air. The same for those that inhabit the water. Nay, more, there is a very evident reason why each of the great families of creatures should resemble one another. Abstracting from the accidental elements (if indeed there be any of these) which enter into their formation, the air, the land and the water are after all but different forms of one substance, are all composed of the same ingredients. Water may be considered as liquefied air, earth as solidified water. Marble can be melted into the liquid form, and air could be compressed into the solid. The elements composing all these various substances are few and identical. Hence their influence on animal life is similar in whatever

¹ We know that certain exceptions are raised to Vico's theory, the perennial existence of the Chinese for instance, and the Jewish people. Exceptions confirm the rule. The day of the Chinese is a long one comparatively. As for the Jews, their continued existence is owing to a special Providence, and as we showed above, neither their history nor that of the Chinese give any aid to the hypothesis of Evolution.

state they may be found, and the living animal which maintains life by overcoming the obstacles they oppose to its motion (life is motion or force), by adopting and assimilating them, and making them its own, requires similar faculties and like formation in whatever department of creation it may be found. We fail to see the force of the Professor's argument. Indeed, "to say that because the bodily structure of man is similar to that of the ape, therefore man is the descendant or co-descendant of the ape, is as uncalled for, as to say that because the bodily structure of the ape is similar to that of man, therefore the ape is the descendant of man." Look where Darwin's logic brings us out! Indeed from what we have seen above (No. 2), it is not unlikely that man left to himself would become more or less brutal, but what ground have we for thinking that a lot of apes could rise into the condition of reasonable beings?

5. Darwin says: "The homological construction of the whole frame in the members of the same class is intelligible, if we admit their descent from a common progenitor, together with their subsequent adaptation to diversified conditions. In any other view the similarity of pattern between the hand of a man or monkey, the foot of a horse, the flipper of a seal, the wing of a bat, etc., is utterly inexplicable." This is not true. The hand and the foot and the flipper and the wing are similar, because the elements in which they move and whose friction they encounter are "generally" (to use a technical term) similar. Moreover, these limbs serve purposes more or less similar for animals formed on the same "general" plan (V. No. 4), for habitation of the same terraqueous globe. Any greater similarity, however, than their respective uses require, between a man's hand and a horse's foot, we confess we do not perceive. Moreover, whoever made the first progenitor of any race, or, in Darwin's hypothesis, of all the races, could surely make others, and still others like them. We think as we have shown that similarity of structure can be accounted for without admitting community of descent. If it cannot, and if we are obliged to admit this conclusion in this particular department of science, then it is left for us to examine whether God, who freely gave laws to nature, has not deviated from them in this matter. If Revelation tells us that He has, then our conclusions from the study of natural history hold no longer, and must be set aside, because they are not essentially true, and however and how long soever they may fit in harmoniously, it is not repugnant that God, in the exercise of his liberty, should have acted otherwise. This is the difference that exists between mathematical and metaphysical conclusions, and those drawn from the contingent sciences. God's free will can influence these, but not those. And no investigator of the origin of things may logically

ignore the First Cause and His Attributes. Here we are at issue with LAIQUE, who says that "the scientist neither affirms nor denies the being of a God, as a scientist." He grants, however, that the being of a God is an assumption that is a necessity to the human mind. If it is necessary, then it is true. We prove God's existence from its necessity. Further, let us admit that "community of descent" makes similarity of structure intelligible; can we therefore conclude that it is the true theory? No. Plato imagined "the heavenly bodies to be under control of intellectual agents, and this made their movements intelligible. A theory may be ingenious, plausible, even satisfactory, but yet not necessarily true. So the similarity of animals is intelligible in the hypothesis of a common progenitor," but this is not the only way of explaining their likeness.

6. Darwin says: "Man is developed from an ovule . . . about the 125th of an inch in diameter, which differs in no respect from the ovules of other animals." "How does he know that it doesn't? He admits that the best microscope does not reveal everything with sufficient distinctness, and therefore he argues from effect to cause, and maintains that similarity of diseases and their imparting is a proof of similar organic structure. Very well. Then in like manner we would say: dissimilarity in the final development of two ovules will be a proof that the two ovules are really dissimilar. One ovule constantly develops into a monkey, another constantly into a dog, another into a man. Is it conceivable that the three ovules are identically the same, so as to differ 'in no respect?'" Further: "the wings and feet of birds, no less than the hands and feet of man, all arise from the same fundamental embryonic form." Indeed! "We have two embryos: one develops into hands and feet, another into wings and feathers, yet we are told that they are both the same fundamental form. What is the fundamental form? Who has seen it? What is fundamental, and what accidental in its constitution?—You cannot conclude the fundamental sameness of two ovules otherwise than by their results, and the results constantly show their difference, not their sameness."

7. "Although Darwin has endeavored to convince us (with what success we have seen), that the human ovule differs in no respect from the ovules of other animals, he is compelled by abundant evidence to admit that there is something in man which does not exist in the lower animals, and something in these, which does not exist in him." Men of science have always explained these organic differences by the old philosophic and scientific axiom: like generates like. Animals of different species owe their specific differences to their having issued from progenitors of different species.

This explanation was supported by an induction based on centuries of observation without a single example to the contrary. The professor explains the difference between animals by his theory of rudiments. For example: he places man in the order of four-handed animals, considering his feet as rudimentary or undeveloped hands. So he makes every difference between man and any other species to depend either on the development in man of an organ which is undeveloped and rudimentary in lower animals, or (as in the example cited), on the development in lower animals of some organ which is rudimentary and undeveloped in man. He goes on to account for this rudimentary condition: "The chief agents in causing organs to become rudimentary seems to have been disuse at that period of life when the organ is chiefly used (and this is generally during maturity), and also inheritance at a corresponding period of life." Now this idea of rudimentary organs is an assumption. He does not establish it. Nor does he prove that the absence of certain useless parts (how does he know that any part is useless?) was a real suppression of a pre-existing part. Does history tell of any species possessing parts different from, or other than, the same species to-day? If you except monsters, Siamese twins, four-armed infants, etc., and these exceptions only confirm the rule, it does not. That there should exist in the lower animals organs rudimentary of those developed in man, is consistent with the hypothesis of evolution. But when the reverse is stated, may we not ask: where then is the constant transition from the lower to the higher form? Why isn't man's eye as perfect as that of the lynx? His ear better than the hound's? He would certainly be more perfect, if it were so. Say that he has something better than these: intelligence. But there is no incompatibility between advanced intellect and perfection of sense. The development of the higher faculty does not imply neglect of the lower, but rather more active and perfect use. Mr. Darwin asserts that "not a few muscles, which are regularly present in some of the lower animals, can occasionally be detected in man in a greatly reduced condition." We say that such muscles are not at all in a reduced condition, but in that required by the nature of the individual. "Remnants of the *panniculus carnosus* in an efficient state are found in various parts of our bodies; for instance, the muscles on the forehead, by which the eyebrows are raised." On what ground can this muscle be called a *remnant*? "The muscles which serve to move the external ear are in a rudimentary condition in man . . . The whole external shell (of the ear) may be considered a rudiment, together with the various folds and prominences, which in the lower animals strengthen and support the ear when erect." Where is the proof that such condition is merely rudimentary? "The nictitating

membrane is especially well developed in birds, . . . but in man it exists as a mere rudiment, called the semilunar fold." "How do you prove that the semilunar fold is a mere rudiment, and not a special organism purposely contrived by the hand of the Creator, at the first production of man?" We admit that man's body is still very imperfectly understood. The various and contending schools of medicine certainly show this. And we cannot explain why one sex possesses what seem to be rudimentary parts corresponding to developed ones in the other. *Seem to be*: for we dare not assert that they are not complete and useful parts in themselves. When the Homœopaths and Allopaths and the Water-cure and the Eclectic have agreed amongst themselves on the essential points, regarding man's knowledge of his own body, they may turn their attention to these minor accessories. For the present, however, we cannot allow Mr. Darwin to assume without proof that they are what he claims. And, as he has not proved it, the argumentation based thereupon falls to the ground.

8. Before referring again to the professor's insistence upon geology, the lapse of ages, etc. (No. 10), we may still further illustrate the Logic of Evolution by a quotation from a discourse, delivered by Dr. Draper, at Springfield, Mass., on the 11th of October, 1877. It contains his answer to the question which his school must solve in order to make its doctrine acceptable. "How can we be satisfied that the members of this long series (the succeeding races found in the geological strata) are strictly the successive descendants by evolution from older forms, and in their turn progenitors of the latter? How do we know that they have not been introduced by sudden creations, and removed by sudden extinctions? Simply for this reason: the new groups make their appearance, while their predecessors are in full vigor. They come under an imperfect model which very gradually improves. Evolution implies such lapses of time. Creation is a sudden affair." This solution is not satisfactory. In the first place, the First Cause "could make new groups even while the others still flourished." Agassiz held that God made eight distinct species of men. Then again, according to Darwin (V. No. 7), it is while animals are in full vigor that they transmit their characteristics to their descendants. And besides, if the circumstances of those periods allowed those groups to flourish "in full vigor," those surroundings must have been wanting, which, according to Darwin, induce changes and developments in a race. Indeed the coexistence, asserted by Dr. Draper, of varying groups seems to show that distinct races could have flourished at the same period, as we see them do now, without any need of one being derived from the other. As to the model very gradually improving, the fact is "the most ancient known vertebrates are the

selachians and the ganoids, the highest of all the fishes in structure." (Agassiz, quoted by Dr. Parker, p. 17.) So much for the argument of Dr. Draper, after stating which, he adjured his hearers not to reject evolution.

9. We have not alluded to Mr. Darwin's argument from "sexual selection." We maintain, however, that facts do not support it. Besides, too much is claimed for this principle. The perpetuation of the race appears to be left to its ordinary members, and though it be true, that "*fortes creantur fortibus*," yet, as was said of nations (No. 3), so in families, a climax is verified; and not only are the greatest individuals remarkably unprolific, but their children are very often notoriously inferior, and their stock speedily dies out. Animals improve by crossing of superiorly gifted individuals, it is true, but it is man who makes the selection. We have no authority for the assumption that animals out of the state of domestication have improved on the qualities possessed by their predecessors in all historic time. The reverse is speedily verified, when they return to the wild state. We ourselves, even at our best, dare not maintain our mental or physical superiority to our fathers of the best periods in past ages, and this notwithstanding our superior opportunities for profiting by the "struggle for existence." If any change has taken place, it is very probably for the worse. There are even those, who hold that just as various animal tribes have become exhausted and have disappeared from the earth, so even the human race gradually but surely, and in spite of occasional revivals of bodily and mental vigor, increases in weakness, and will eventually die out. This is asserted by astronomers, as a necessity of their theory that with the gradual extinction of the volcanic fires the earth loses its heat, grows less and less fertile, and will at last be totally unfit to sustain human life.

10. We may advert here to another singular assumption of Mr. Darwin's. When he is asked why, if his theory of gradual transformation is true, no perceptible specific change is noticed in the various races of domestic animals, where man's ingenuity has been brought to play in improving breeds, etc.: why for instance, our household friend, the cat, is clearly "that same old cat," the Egyptians, two thousand generations (of cats) ago, called *Sciau* (shee-ow), a name evidently formed like the *miau* of the Grecians, and the *gnao* of the Italians, in imitation of the same vocal sounds with which we ourselves are so familiar; he replies that this period, in the existence of the feline tribe, is too brief for us to notice the change which, nevertheless, is surely taking place, and appeals to cycles of time. This is appealing to something we know nothing about, and as it is gratuitously asserted, it is as readily denied. If geology, as far as it has progressed, as well as history, shows no

traces of transition, from one species to another in the cat, or any other tribe, where do you base your assumption? How shall we designate the *frankness*, which asks us "frankly" to admit a conclusion grounded on such baseless hypothesis? And yet I but prove myself "a savage" (*Descent of Man*, vol. 2, p. 369), if, after his arguments and the details by which they are supported, I do not believe that man is the "co-descendant with other mammals of a common progenitor!" Yet, as we have endeavored to show, it is on such pillars that the professor raises his edifice of evolution. Would it be too much for us to say that if these be its foundations, it is indeed a "castle in Spain," the "baseless fabric of a vision?" And for such a theory he wants us to reject, even without examination, all historical evidence, metaphysics, the testimony of our senses, the Church, and the inspired word of God!

11. We proposed to deal only with the *logical process* of Darwinism. We say nothing about its repugnance to the conclusions of metaphysics, nothing about the destruction of morality which is a necessary outcome of the system, when it is not content with evolving the body of man from the brutal form, but claims that even his mind and soul are mere developments of corresponding (?) constituent parts of lower animals. But we will notice the concluding paragraph in LAIQUE's very well formulated exposition of the new theory, and with this bring our remarks to a close. "Some are honest enough to say that, if biological evolution is true, the Bible is not, but as they said the same when cosmical evolution was announced, they may allay their fears, and enlarge their conceptions of Deity, and hold with the evolutionist that God was there in the beginning of this world, and will be in it to the end of it." The truth of the Bible is independent of our philosophical and scientific systems, and "honest" people will acknowledge, when they witness how one of these overthrows and succeeds to another, that their unaided reason is very weak, and that their assurance of the truth of the Bible must be derived from another source. For our part we say, under correction of the Church of God, the infallible interpreter of the Bible, that if the letter of the Mosaic record were the only obstacle in the way of the acceptance of evolution, we do not see why this theory could not be defended, at least as far as the production of Adam's body is concerned. The earth indeed the Lord has delivered up to the disputations of men, but his Revealed Word not so. He has appointed an infallible teacher to guard and interpret it, lest it become for "honest" people a snare and a stumbling-block, instead of a lamp for their feet and a light on their way; and we are blessed in the knowledge that, while the Church does not directly teach geology, natural history, or any other science, she decides when the Word of God is contradicted in their name, and thus indirectly, but just as certainly, secures us from error.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE VERY REVEREND PÈRE LACORDAIRE, O. P. Translated from the French of Rev. Père Chocarne, O. P. New York: P. O'Shea, Agen 1879.

This is a deeply interesting work. We have read it with pleasure, and, we hope, with profit. It delineates the life and character of one who, by the power of his intellect, the eloquence of his lips and pen, and above all by the sanctity of his life, contributed greatly to the preservation and spread of our Holy Faith in France in the midst of the social and moral dissolution that followed after the revolution of 1830, and whose influence still lives, perpetuated in the institutions he was instrumental in calling into existence. Lacordaire was evidently one of those great souls whom Almighty God, foreseeing the exigencies of his Church and the necessities of society, calls into existence, schools, and fits for the execution of His designs in the special work He desires accomplished, and accordingly in Lacordaire's life the hand of Divine Providence is plainly and frequently manifest, interposing, directing, and shaping his destiny.

There are some men whose characters cannot be fully understood, nor the influence they exert be measured simply by the exterior events of their history. They lead *interior* lives, and to understand them correctly and arrive at a correct estimate of their work, we must penetrate behind the veil of mere outward facts, and bring ourselves into communion with the spirit which worked through all they did. Lacordaire was one of these men, and hence the author of the work before us very properly has aimed, and we think successfully, at depicting his *inner* life. In this he has done real service to the cause of truth. For, widely as Lacordaire is known, and highly as his writings are esteemed, the relation he sustained to Catholicity in France, and the important part he performed, we think, is not fully understood. It may not be amiss, therefore, if, availing ourselves of the materials furnished by the volume before us, we devote more space to an exhibit of this, than we ordinarily do to a book notice.

Henry Lacordaire was born in the year 1802. Deprived of his father a few years after, his early education devolved upon his mother, from whom he seems to have inherited his indomitable strength of will, his almost Spartan austerity, his love of a simple and regular life, and his early religious impressions.

At the age of ten he entered the Lyceum at Dijon. Here, made the butt and victim of his school-fellows, he felt "the hand of sorrow, which, whilst it afflicted him, made him turn to God in an earnest decided manner." Unprotected by his masters and abandoned by all, it was his custom, he tells us, to conceal himself under a bench during the hours of recreation, and there "pour out his tears to God, offer to Him his childish troubles as a sacrifice, and by sentiments of piety raise himself to the cross of His Divine Son." Referring in his old age to these troubles, he says: "Brought up by a strong and courageous Christian mother, the sentiment of religion had passed from her bosom into mine like a sweet and virgin milk. Suffering transformed that precious liquor into the manly blood which made me whilst still a child a kind of martyr."

At the age of twelve he made his first Communion, and it was, he says, "my last religious joy, the last ray which my mother's soul was to shed upon me." "It pleased God that I should fall into the abyss of unbelief,

in order that one day I might the better understand the glory of revealed truth."

That such should have been the sad experience of a lad of fifteen is nothing wonderful when we remind ourselves of the irreligious condition of the lyceums and colleges of France at this time. Their professors and students alike were avowed atheists, rationalists, or St. Simonists, and there was really nothing in them to support faith. It is not surprising then that Lacordaire, young in years and experience, unable to answer the arguments and objections opposed to his faith, and possessed naturally of an inquisitive (he defines it an incredulous) mind, should eventually become, like his fellows, involved in skepticism or infidelity.

Having passed through the lyceum at Dijon, he entered upon the study of law, and in due time was admitted to the bar. At an age unauthorized by law, he made his maiden plea, and with such success that he was assured he might rise to the first rank as a barrister, although his oratory was not considered sufficiently forensic. Said M. Legnier, in passing an encomium upon him: "Gentlemen, this is not Patru; it is Bossuet."

But now, however, that this vast field of usefulness lay open before him, he felt disinclined to enter upon it. His studies had been of more use to him than to qualify him for pleading causes and the adjudication of rights. They had opened his eyes to the historic and social evidences of Christianity. "I had grown for nine years in unbelief," he wrote to a friend (he was now in his twenty-second year), "when I heard the voice of God calling me to Himself. If I seek the logical causes of my conversion, I can find no others than the historic and social evidences of Christianity—an evidence which appeared incontrovertible to me so soon as my age enabled me to clear up the doubts which I had drawn in with the very air of the University." . . . "I have reached Catholic belief through social belief; and nothing appears to me better demonstrated than this argument: Society is necessary, therefore the Christian religion is divine, for it is the means of bringing society to its true perfection, adapting itself to man with all his weakness, and to the social order in all its conditions."

His skepticism appears, indeed, to have been all along far more that of the mind than of the heart. There was in him no aversion to religion; on the contrary, he loved "the Gospel for its incomparable morality, and respected its ministers, because of their salutary influence on society." He thus analyzes his character about a year before his conversion, in a letter to a friend: "There are in me two contrary principles, which are always at war, and which sometimes make me very unhappy—a cold, calm reason, opposed to a burning imagination—and the first disenchanting me of all the illusions which the second presents. Nobody would commit more follies than I should do on one side of my being, were I not withheld by a habit of reflection which presents things to me in all their aspects. I have played the game of the material interests of this world, and, without having much enjoyed its pleasures or been intoxicated with its delights, I have tasted enough to be convinced that all is vain under the sun; and this conviction comes both from my imagination, which has no limits save the Infinite, and from my reason, which analyzes all it touches. I have a most religious heart, and a very incredulous mind; but as it is in the nature of things that the mind must at last allow itself to be subjugated by the affections, it is most likely that I shall one day become a Christian." "Would you believe it," a year afterwards he writes, "I am every day growing more and

more a Christian. It is strange, this progressive change in my opinions ; I am beginning to believe, and yet I was never more a philosopher. A little philosophy draws us from religion, but a good deal of it brings us back again—a profound truth !”

If the fall of Lacordaire into skepticism was ordered by God that he might the better understand the glory of revealed truth, his recall to that truth by means of the historic and social evidences of Christianity must be considered no less providential. The great work and want of the day was to build up and establish modern society, just set free from a state of tutelage. And what use was made of the Church in all this fever of organization and new systems? *Absolutely none* ; it was an understood thing that the world could do without her. She had had her day. Men no longer thought it worth while to attack her dogmas, her morality, or her practice ; they thrust her aside among old-fashioned worn-out institutions, and judged her unfit to be used in the work of emancipating the future. St. Simonists, Phalansterians, Socialists, Communists, Equalitarians, etc., were all seeking some new basis of society. The laws that had previously governed the family were declared obsolete, and men racked their brains to invent new ones. The old religion had had its day, and there was to be a religion of the future.

It was in the midst of this social confusion, whilst his inquisitive mind was busy analyzing its component parts and tendencies, and seeking to give each its proper interpretation and value, that Lacordaire awoke to the conviction that there can be “no society without religion, no religion without Christianity, and no Christianity without the Catholic Church.”

To place this stone, rejected by the builders, in its proper position in the social edifice, Lacordaire felt was henceforth to be the work of his life. That he might properly prepare himself for its accomplishment, he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Here, although his diligent attention to his studies, his ready submission to authority, his humility and modesty, acquired for him the approbation of his superiors, his want of previous training, his lively and original nature, not yet under much control, his to them singular and original opinions, his repugnance to points of routine, puzzled his directors and made them doubt his vocation to the priesthood and postpone his ordination. His perseverance under every trial to which they subjected him proved the sincerity of his character and resolved their scruples, and he was accordingly admitted to the priesthood, September 25th, 1827.

Having refused the appointment of Auditor of the Rota at the Court of Rome, our young priest accepted the humble post of Chaplain to a convent of the Visitation Nuns, and here, whilst catechizing little children and hearing confessions, he gave himself up to prepare for what he felt was to be the mission of his life. “Strength is only to be found at the source,” he says, “and it is there I must seek it. The road will be long, and the more so as I intend to gather up on my way whatever may serve me to frame an apology for Christianity, which I have in my mind ; its outline is not yet clearly defined, but I see that its materials must be furnished by Holy Scripture, the Fathers, history, and philosophy. Whatever I have hitherto read in defence of religion appears to me to be weak and incomplete. Modern theologians invariably take a guide ; it is for all the world like a tour in Switzerland ; if a celebrated traveller has followed any particular road, every one else must go the same way and neglect paths that would lead to new beauties, which, however, are not yet made historic.”

For some six or seven years after his ordination, Père Lecordaire re-

mained for the most part in seclusion, diligently engaged in his studies. He had during this period prepared and delivered some sermons, composed after the usual conventional models, but had failed in his own estimation and in that of his hearers. The stiff, didactic methods then in vogue were not suited to his vivacious intellect and fancy, which scorned to be bound to the letter of the manuscript, and longed to roam and soar at will amid the realms of truth.

His mission he felt to be among the young. "The young suit me," he writes. "Whenever I have been called up to address them in our college chapels, I have done some good. If ever I am destined to utilize my powers for the Church, it must be in the apologetical style; that is to say, in that form which gathers up the glories and beauties of the history and polemics of religion in order to exalt Christianity in the minds of the hearers, and by this means compel their belief in it."

An opportunity to prove the truth of his opinion was afforded, when having been asked he consented to give a course of religious conferences to the pupils of the College Stanislaus in Paris.

The effect of these conferences was wonderful, beyond all expectation. The attendance upon the first was comparatively small, but upon those succeeding it became so great that the students for whom they had been designed were dismissed to make room for strangers, and the desire to gain admittance was so great, that we are told such distinguished men as Berryer and Chateaubriand did not scorn to gain access to the hall through a window by means of a ladder. At a bound Lacordaire freed himself from the conventional rules that hitherto had regulated the sermon. The old formulas were broken up, and instead of delivering a written discourse in the customary dry scholastic method, he spoke from the fulness of his overflowing heart. "His whole being preached; his eye, like a flame, kindled where it fell, and his voice rang out natural and unrestrained, now piercing, now persuasive, now supplicating, now menacing." "It was not merely the priest that spoke, but the poet, the citizen, and the philosopher—it was the man of the day speaking to men of his own time of the past, and of a religion they believed to be in its last agony; leading them first to admire his talent, and finally to respect his doctrine." The enthusiasm he created in the minds of the youth, the evident sympathy he showed for their ideas, aspirations, and struggles; the novelty of his manner of preaching; the, for them, too great liberality of his views, and above all the remembrance of certain articles from his pen published in the *Avenir*, occasioned considerable alarm in the minds of those who adhered to old traditions, who, failing to see the possibility of any harmony, antagonized, in their minds, reason and faith, science and religion, and society and the Church.

He was denounced to the Government as a fanatical Republican likely to upset the minds of the youths of France, and to the Archbishop of Paris as a preacher of novelties, and a man whose example was dangerous. In obedience to authority the Conferences at St. Stanislaus were suspended, and Lacordaire quietly withdrew into his beloved seclusion and busied himself with his studies, awaiting in patience the time when the seed he had sown should produce its fruits and reveal his true character. "Obedience costs something," he remarked, "but I have learned from experience, that sooner or later it is always rewarded, and that God alone knows what is good for us. . . . *Light comes to him who submits*, as to a man who opens his eyes." He had not long to wait. The influence for good he had acquired over the hearts of the young had

been noticed and won him friends who, unknown to him, were active in demanding his recall.

The pulpit of Notre Dame was now intrusted to him, and in that vast edifice, whose walls proved too small to contain the crowds that assembled to hear his words, he made that apology for Christianity, and for the Catholic Church as its exponent and efficient cause, for which his previous life had been the preparation—an apology most admirably suited to the wants of his own age and also, we may add, to those of our own. "For if," as is well observed by Father Chocarne, "there is any fact to all those who study the signs of the times it is that the evil from which we are suffering is a religious evil, and that the great question to be decided is to know whether man and society can exist without supernatural faith, without any positive communication with God. In this lies the whole struggle of the day. On the one side unbelievers, armed with the powers of reason, with the discoveries of science, and the progress of industry, would exclude from the life of man all Divine intervention and all positive religion, and aim at making humanity shake off forever the yoke of revelation. On the other hand believers labor to make the belief of God once more enter into all the normal conditions of human and social life; but whilst pleading the rights of faith they often exaggerate them and diminish the range of natural reason; they are terrified at the bold investigations of science, and behold with anxiety the conquests of mind over the hidden forces of nature. Hence arises in both parties a mutual antagonism." In passing personally from the darkness of infidelity to the light of faith Lacordaire had experienced no antagonism, and had found no necessity to chain his reason; rather he had enlarged her bounds and given her wider freedom; he had, as he expresses it, only added to his manhood "the God who made him." It was this God, found by him once more after He had been lost, that he felt himself especially called upon to preach to an age that had forgotten Him, but that had felt His absence and was already demanding Him from the voices of nature and from the harmonies of the world. "You thought," said he, "to have cast God from off His throne, and in spite of your mad attempt . . . God is pursuing you without intermission. He is everywhere crossing your road, and presenting Himself in all shapes before your minds. In your philosophical deductions, in your studies of natural science, in your historical researches, in your attempts at social reform, the question of God is always the first to present itself, because it is in fact the first everywhere, and it is as impossible to do without God as it is to change Him. He is to-day what He was yesterday, and what He will be to-morrow. He presses you on all sides and you do not see Him. Like the old Pagans, you raise your altars to the *unknown God*. Now the God whom you seek, without knowing it, whom you invoke in secret, the God of Light, of Science, and of the Future, is He whom I preach to you, the God of the Gospel, Jesus Christ our Lord, in whom alone is life and salvation."

In making this apology for his holy faith he was careful to oppose (and in this lies the secret of his success) no legitimate progress, no praiseworthy aspirations. It was his merit to discern between the truths and the errors of reason, and to combat the latter without denouncing reason itself. He held up to view the negative results of modern philosophy as so many evidences of the insufficiency of reason bereft of God, as so many proofs of the absolute necessity for faith. He recognized the discoveries of science and the progress of industry as the auxiliaries of Divine Truth, as pioneers smoothing the way for the

heralds of the Gospel, and preparing for the unity of the Church under one Shepherd.

He taught society that its troubles proceed from its rejection of religion on the one hand, and its indulgence in unrestrained freedom on the other. But he saw no reason that its acceptance of religion should necessitate the destruction of its freedom. Liberty, like reason and science, he believed to be a blessing, a civilizing power, and not a scourge—a happy consequence of Redemption, and not an enemy of the Church; he asserted that the existence of the people dated from the Gospel—that great charter of freedom—which had broken the chains of the slave and proclaimed the right of all to justice and truth. But whilst he insisted upon this he constantly urged his conviction that “where God is not, the love of liberty can only engender, as history, modern and ancient, attests, anarchy and despotism.”

Such for thirty years was the doctrine taught to France by the religious patriotism of Lacordaire. It has been objected that his conferences were too rational and not addressed sufficiently to the spiritual nature of man, but his mission in his estimation was addressed rather to the masses than to the individual, and accordingly he “aimed to prepare souls for faith,” and in this work he was eminently successful. “If,” says his biographer, “it is insisted on that he never converted any one, we will admit it; it is enough for us to know that he converted public opinion, in other words, the world.” It was not, however, alone by the eloquence of the tongue that Lacordaire was instrumental in leading souls to the threshold of the Church. His name is intimately connected with that of his friend Frederick Ozanam in the formation of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, “that magnificent tree whose branches now extend over the length and breadth of the Catholic world,” and is also inseparably united with the establishment of the Order of Preaching Friars in France, of which he was a member, and over which he presided as Superior to the time of his death.

The piety of Lacordaire was of the heroic order; his chief devotion was that of the Crucifix; his love for penance and humility was excessive, and his entire life a practical exemplification and illustration of his holy faith.

It is needless for us to say that the Life of Lacordaire, by Father Chocarne, from which mainly we have drawn the above sketch, is worthy of being studied as well as read.

THE EVOLUTION OF MAN. From the German of *Ernst Haeckel*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

This book is in marked contrast with Mr. Darwin's work on the same subject, the “Descent of Man.” The latter naturalist states his opinions cautiously, argues calmly, speaks of religion with respect, is at pains to make it appear that his views do not contradict the immortality of the soul, and, in a few measured words, puts on record his own conviction that “the birth both of the species and of the individual are equally parts of that great sequence of events which our minds *refuse to accept as the result of blind chance.*”

The present work shows no such deference to religion. Its author seems extremely anxious to prove that evolution does contradict all religious teaching; he sneers at Biblical traditions, and goes out of his way to deny the freedom of the will and the existence of anything whatsoever independent of matter and material force—conclusions, we need not say, which would remain entirely unsubstantiated, even were his fundamental theory of evolution satisfactorily proven.

His attempt to demonstrate the non-existence of mind or spirit as a separate substance from matter, not only involves a fallacy, but also shows either a complete ignorance or a gross misapprehension of at least the Catholic philosophy of the subject. It does not follow that mind is a mere function of the brain, because "the former can in no case act without the latter." The intellect does indeed depend *for its object* upon the imagination and memory—in other words, upon the sensitive faculties of the brain; you cannot think without something to think upon, just as you cannot thresh grain unless there is grain present to be threshed. But besides this picture in our imagination, we are conscious to ourselves of another perception, above and beyond the former, an *idea*, which represents its object in a general and abstract manner. Now this idea, simply because it *is* general and abstract, free from all material conditions, must be the act of an immaterial faculty; and this immaterial power we call the intellect. The German professor then falls into a fallacy when he says that because the two things always go together, they are one and the same. Modern physical science thinks it has achieved a vast discovery, when it has shown, as the *Scientific American* puts it, "how dependent is the exercise of the abstractest faculties of the mind on the functions of the body." We would refer our too complacent scientists to the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas (P. I, Quest. 84, Art. 7), where they will not only find this dependence clearly stated, but its exact nature defined, and its complete harmony with the rest of his philosophy demonstrated.

Haeckel's argument from the hereditary transmission of individual mental qualities is of still less strength—in fact, against the scholastic system it is utterly pointless. It is by no means necessary that "as every man inherits certain individual mental qualities from each parent, we must suppose that portions of the mind of each were transferred to the germ at the time of its procreation." If the understanding depends, as we have said, for the object of its cognition upon the imaginative and memorative powers of the brain, it becomes evident that according as these faculties are more or less perfect, the object will be presented with greater or less readiness, precision, and vividness to the mind, and accordingly its perception will be more or less rapid and profound. This fact can be almost palpably tested by any student in geometry. So well was this principle understood by the founders of the scholastic system that they believed the mental differences between man and man to consist, perhaps chiefly, in differences of the imaginative and memorative powers. Moreover, it follows from their principles that, since the soul is the substantial form of the body, differences in the intellectual power itself depend upon constitution of body. "Manifestum est enim," says St. Thomas, "quod quanto corpus est melius dispositum, tanto meliorem sortitur animam. Quod manifeste apparet in his quæ sunt secundum speciem diversa. Cujus ratio est, quia actus et forma recipitur in materia secundum materiæ capacitatem. Unde etiam, quum in hominibus quidam habeant corpus melius dispositum, sortiuntur animam majoris virtutis in intelligendo. . . . Alio modo contingit hoc ex parte inferiorum virtutum, quibus intellectus indiget ad sui operationem. Illi enim in quibus virtus imaginativa, et cogitativa, et memorativa est melius disposita, sunt melius dispositi ad intelligendum." *Summa Theologica*, P.I, Quest. 85, Art. 7.

It is, therefore, plainly evident that the transmission of certain purely physical characteristics by parents is sufficient to determine mental peculiarities in their offspring, without the slightest necessity for supposing "a particle of the father's mind" and "a portion of the mother's mind"

to be communicated to the germ. When Haeckel brings such absurdities as these against Christian philosophy, he succeeds only in showing his own ignorance of *the* philosophy of Christianity. Whatever force this objection may possess against spurious German systems of psychology, it has none at all against the scholastics.

The same may be said of his objection drawn from the gradual mental development of children. Moreover, even leaving out of the question the sensitive faculties, it is manifest that a purely spiritual power, beginning as "tabula rasa," must acquire its knowledge by degrees, and that its conceptions must broaden and deepen, day by day, as the bounds of the child's experience enlarge.

St. George Mivart says of Mr. Darwin's endeavor to show that there is no difference in *kind* between man's intellectual and moral faculties and the psychical powers of brutes: "In this endeavor he fails utterly. The result is, that Man (the totality of his nature, and not his anatomy only being considered) is seen, yet more clearly by this very failure, to differ from every other animal by a distinction far more profound than any which separates each irrational animal from every other."

We may say that Haeckel's effort to extend the same thesis has met with still more signal failure, while the tone of rancor which characterizes the attempt renders the failure more conspicuous. The violent spirit to which we here allude has been strikingly evidenced of late in Haeckel's attack on his scientific *confrère* Virchow, who ventured to utter, with reference to evolution and religion, some opinions not sufficiently "advanced" to suit the former professor's peculiar taste. One cannot help regretting that such a spirit should rule, to so great an extent, the feelings of a man whose knowledge of physiological facts is undoubtedly great.

The "Evolution of Man" deals chiefly, of course, with the supposed development of the body of man from the lower animals. It is founded in great measure on the principle that "Ontogeny," or the genesis of the individual, is a repetition in brief of "Phylogeny," or the genesis of the species. Owing to this fact, the book is loaded with minute details of human embryology, which are apt to render it nauseous to the reader of good intentions, and dangerous to any other.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By *John Richard Green, M.A.* Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1879.

The general characteristics of Mr. Green as a historical writer have become well known. Without the smoothness and polish of style of Hume, or the power of word painting of Macaulay, he surpasses both in terseness and vigor of language, and clearness and directness of narration. He is honest, too, than either, of whom the first was utterly lacking in candor and did not hesitate sometimes to suppress and sometimes to garble important documents, while the second, consciously or unconsciously, had more regard to the effects which he might produce by the manner in which he stated his facts than to their logical connection. From both these faults Mr. Green is free. He means to be fair, and strives to narrate events as they actually occurred. Every important fact in history has, however, a moral significance which depends for its proper exhibition in historical narrative upon the coloring the writer gives it, and the manner in which he links it with other facts, antecedent, concomitant, or subsequent. Here it is that the writer's own opinions, partialities, or prejudices influence him, even when intend-

ing to be strictly truthful; and here it is that Mr. Green's personal opinions plainly affect his manner of viewing and describing events. He is Puritan in feeling, a sincere admirer of its principles, and he could not, if he would, avoid describing the period comprised in this volume, a period in which Puritanism in England played so important a part, in such manner as constitutes a real, though perhaps undesigned, eulogy of the Puritan movement. In saying this, as is evident from our previous remarks, we do not charge Mr. Green with intentional unfairness, or with designedly withholding facts when they go against the interest he evidently is in sympathy with. But it is easy to see that under the unconscious influence of partiality in one direction and of prejudice in the other, he throws into the background some facts while he brings into the foreground others of no greater, and sometimes of much less importance. Thus the faults, the weaknesses, the inconsistencies of the Stuart kings, their unreliability, their vacillations of purpose, and faithlessness to solemn pledges, their arbitrary despotic spirit, combined with want of courage and determination to persevere in the measures they attempted, are all most clearly exhibited. In like manner whatever can tell in favor of their Puritan opponents are prominently brought to view, while whatever tells to their disadvantage, seems either not to be felt by the writer to be worthy of mention, or else are referred to in a way that scarcely attracts attention.

As Mr. Green's personal bias influences his arrangement of facts, so, too, as a matter of course, they affect his estimate of them. He attributes, for example, the resistance made to the arbitrary measures of James and Charles, and the insistence upon the principles of Constitutional Government to the influence of Puritan ideas. He seems to have no knowledge of the fact, or to entirely forget it, that the principles which led to the steady firm resistance of what was tyrannical in the rule of the Stuarts were no original discovery on the part of the Puritans, nor were the Puritans, in fact, steadfast adherents to those principles. Those principles found expression long before in the struggles of the people of England against the tyranny of feudal rulers and the usurpations of the Crown. Those principles the Puritans adopted for a time, and employed as convenient means for overthrowing the house of Stuart; but when they gained the ascendancy they quickly abandoned them and became more tyrannical than the dynasty they overthrew. This Mr. Green seems not to perceive, and hence frankly acknowledging specific instances of the intolerance, bigotry, and domineering spirit of Puritan leaders, he represents them as only exceptional, and not as elements entering deeply into the Puritan character.

In like manner, and from the cause already stated, he fails to do justice to Catholics and the principles to which they held throughout the struggle. The grievous oppressions of Ireland, too, are touched upon very lightly, and the cruelties inflicted upon the Irish people receive only incidental mention. They are referred to as instances of necessary severity, and not, as they actually were, the natural outcome of the ruthless spirit which animated Cromwell and his fanatical adherents and followers.

But while Mr. Green's work is open to criticism on the points mentioned, one must award it high praise on other accounts. Any unfairness in his narrative is, as we have said, undesigned. He does not mean to play the part of an advocate, but of a fair and impartial historian. He is honest in intention and spirit, and to those who can "read between the lines" of his work, and give their real significance to facts from knowledge already acquired, his history will be valuable. It is

clear, concise, graphic, and a valuable contribution to English historical literature.

A HISTORY OF THE MASS AND ITS CEREMONIES IN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN CHURCH By *Rev. John O'Brien, A.M.*, Professor of Sacred Liturgy in Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmettsburg, Maryland. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879. 8vo., pp. 414.

We have to thank Father O'Brien for having given us a book that was long needed not only by the more intelligent of the laity, but also by our clergy. The Mass as a sacrifice has been treated of abundantly in books of great learning, and also in popular manuals that are within the reach of all Catholics. But the Mass as a religious ceremony, or complex of ceremonies, is, to a great extent, independent of dogma, and has been made the subject of profound study by very learned men, especially within the last three centuries. These historical and liturgical researches are to be found in large and learned volumes, not a few of them rare and expensive, and not easily accessible to the laity and clergy generally. In the volume before us, Father O'Brien has collected from all these sources what was most necessary and important, and has given the public an interesting and valuable history of the Mass and its rites and ceremonies, whether they be of primary importance, or only secondary and casual. In his preface he modestly disavows any claim to originality: and professes that his work is nothing new, but only a compilation. The author's modesty may commend and enhance his merits; it must not be allowed to disparage them. What he may justly claim as his own, and what is too often wanting in compilers (to use his own modest word), is sound judgment and discrimination in the choice of his sources, making use only of the best; accuracy of statement, bringing forward nothing for which he has not authority; and finally good taste in deciding which of the very numerous minor details were to be mentioned, and which of them should be omitted. Some of them were necessary, and all could not be introduced. He has been very happy in choosing those which were best fitted to interest the reader and illustrate his main subject.

Father O'Brien has done honor to himself and good service to the American Church by his book. It is one that must be productive of much good not only amongst ourselves, but amongst those who are outside of the Church, but honestly seeking after the truth. Besides, it will occupy a deservedly honorable place in an American Catholic literature. Ought it not, therefore, approach as nearly as possible to perfection? We have heard with pleasure that the popularity of the book has been such that another edition has been called for. This would be a favorable opportunity for correcting or modifying at least a few statements, which rest indeed upon some authority, but have been rejected by the best critics. Durandus is admirable in his own sphere, that of liturgy, but we cannot accept him as good historical authority in the assertion for which he is quoted on page 190 (in note). We had rather rely on Benedict XIV or Calmet. See the Dissertation of the latter prefixed to his Commentary on Machabees. So, too, we are willing to leave the "Epistola ad Messanenenses" (p. 126) where it properly belongs, among matters of pious belief, which one is free to receive or reject. But it would have given a better idea of the great wisdom and discretion that Rome uses in such questions, to intimate that she compelled the Austrian Jesuit (Inchafer) to change the title of his book, "*Veritas Vindicata*," and reduce it to more modest terms, taming down the bold word *Veritas* (Truth) into *Conjectatio* (Conjecture). And thus it appeared in the edition that

was permitted by the Sac. Congr. of the Index: "De Epistola B. M. V. ad Messanenses Conjectatio," etc.

There is another assertion on p. 140 (in note), which we feel sure the reverend author on reflection will not refuse to modify. It is said that St. James the Less was, "according to the most probable opinion," the son of St. Joseph by a former wife, Escha or Salome. Instead of being most probable, it is highly improbable and false. The testimony of St. Jerome, coinciding as it does with the *consensus ecclesiæ* (indeed, St. Peter Damian uses the strong expression, *ecclesiæ fides est*), annihilates whatever there may be of patristic testimony, or opinion rather, to the contrary. Besides, he tells us where they got their opinion, viz., out of the crazy dreams and fictions of apocryphal writers with their imaginary Eschas "sequentes deliramenta apocryphorum et quandam Melcham aut Escham mulierculam confingentes" (in cap. xii. Matt., tom. vii., p. 86, ed. Vallarsi). And in his book against Helvidius, he says of St. Joseph, what the whole Church holds of him at this day, "Virgo fuit per Mariam," that is, because of what was due to her and to the relation between them, one not of their own choice, but established by counsel of the Most High. And it is only proper to suppose (as Baronius aptly remarks) that He who, crying on the Cross, gave her in old age to the care of the Virgin John (Virginem Matrem Virgini commendavit, as St. Jerome says), had been equally mindful of what was due to her dignity, when He was choosing the Guardian of her youth. Baronius says this much better, but writing from memory we cannot give his words but merely their substance.

We hope that the reverend author will accept our few remarks, not as censure, but in the kindly, respectful sense in which they are offered to his consideration. His book is a very good one, and we feel an interest in its being made as perfect as possible.

MOONDYNE: A STORY FROM THE UNDER-WORLD. By *John Boyle O'Reilly*. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Company. 1879.

It would be difficult to characterize this book briefly. In outward form it is a fiction, a tale, wild and strange, of more than ordinary interest and told with far more than ordinary power.

The thread of the narrative winds through novel and strange scenes, chiefly in Australia, but also in England. The pictures both of men and of nature are vivid, and drawn with a master's hand. The story is one of wrong and outrage, wrought out in great degree under the forms of law, and of evil and sin fostered by harsh and ill-judged legislation, or by perfunctory, routine and sometimes malicious administration even of just laws. It is a tale, too, of evil overcome by good, and of patient, long-continued, perseverance in working out well-matured plans of benevolence to mankind.

But it demands consideration from another point of view. Fiction, in its purposes, nowadays goes far beyond the mere engaging of the reader's attention in the incidents narrated. It frequently, indeed commonly, aims at inculcating and does inculcate, for good or ill, ideas on every question, religious, moral, political, industrial, social, which men are trying to work out to practical solutions.

This is the case with "Moondyne." It has a most serious purpose underneath the pictures of English and Australian life it presents. Its author is deeply in earnest. He evidently writes not simply or chiefly to entertain, but that he may inculcate his ideas as regards the wrong and misery which he believes have their roots in the structure and adminis-

tration of law, and in the existing condition of society, especially the condition of the poor and the treatment of criminals.

And just here, we think the author has made a mistake and one that possibly may be harmful to some of his readers. Mr. Wyville (Moondyne), the hero of the story, is not a Christian, so far as we can discover from anything that escapes from his lips, or anything related of him. So far as can be gathered from the story, he might be as indifferent to Christianity, not to say ignorant of it, as either of the noble Australian savages whom the author introduces into the story. This, it seems to us, is a mistake. There should, we think, have been some allusion to the source whence the hero drew his marvellous insight into the perplexing problems of society, his patience and calmness, and strength, and power, impossible to humanity, under the circumstances depicted, unless supernaturally aided.

We would not, of course, have had the author to make religion a prominent element in his story, much less lug it in. But the entire suppression of it seemingly as an element in "Moondyne's" character, the entire absence of any connection with it throughout his whole career, seems as strange as would the exclusion of all reference to war in a story whose chief hero was a military conqueror. It gives in fact an air of unreality to "Moondyne," which otherwise he would not have. It may also serve in some minds to foster the mischievous error that humanity unaided by divine grace may rise to the heroic perfection attributed to him.

A like rigid exclusion of religious ideas seems to us to characterize the *philosophy* of the work in its relation to social problems and wrongs. We understand, we think, the writer's motive, and we sympathize with it. He wished to avoid, we suppose, the mistake into which not a few writers of fiction fall, of stuffing their productions with religious discussions. In this he was right, but in his *abstinence* he seems to us to have gone to the other extreme.

The book is issued in handsome style, and will be widely read, no doubt, not only by the talented author's hosts of admirers, but by the thoughtful reading public generally.

LOUISA KIRKBRIDE; a Tale of New York. By Rev. A. J. Thebaud, S. J. New York: Peter F. Collier, Publisher. 1879. Large 8vo., pp. 528.

No one who has ever read the admirable works of Father Thebaud on Gentilism and the Spread of Early Christianity would ever have dreamed of his appearing in this new literary *rôle*. Some may have been tempted to lift up their hands in astonishment, if not in holy horror, at the sight of the earnest philosophic investigator of history sitting among the inditers of love-*tales*, the grave theologian turned novelist! But novelist is no term of reproach; for great and good men are prominent in their ranks. Nor is it essential to the novel that it should be a mere love-story or frivolous in character. And even if the novel appear light and trifling by the side of the scientific or theological treatise, any one who reads this book will readily discover that F. Thebaud is eminently one who knows how to impart both dignity and sterling value to trifles.

Works of fiction are almost a necessity, and it is preposterous to inquire whether of their nature they do more harm than good. Man has in his natural constitution a tendency to relish and enjoy this literature, just as he is naturally drawn to admire eloquence and to be charmed by poetry; and all natural impulses, as a rule, are good in themselves. We

do not deny that our fallen nature, being no longer what God made it, has now some tendencies and impulses that are sinful and wrong, or, to speak with more precision, which may lead to wrong and sin. But God's goodness and mercy are visible even here. For side by side with these impulses, when they rise in the soul, there rises with them a feeling of shame and a foretaste of remorse, that are sufficient to warn us of their true character. But no such baleful shadow waits upon our natural tendency to enjoy fiction. And its marvellous attractions shine out most conspicuously in the age of childhood, when man feels least the effects of Adam's fall. We see it alike in the young heathen (and we have millions of them at home, without going to India or Africa) and in the child who is sanctified by baptismal grace. The question then does not really turn on the innate tendency of fiction to do harm, for no such tendency exists; but on the ill use that writers and readers make of this natural inclination. And then the question is properly narrowed down to this, whether more good or evil results from fiction? It is the same inquiry as that which is made into the proportion of good and evil that follows from the knowledge of reading and writing, or from the art of printing.

This is what Father Thebaud had in view in writing "*Louisa Kirkbride*," which is a pleasant, interesting, and well-written story, even independently of its high moral purpose. His principal aim is to warn Christian families against two dreadful evils, which are the ruin of social, political, and religious life amongst us, and which are not only practiced, but almost taught in our day. One is the cursed love of lucre; the other the abdication by parents of their rights and duties as such, and the consequent absence of domestic education for the children of the rising generation.

We will not spoil the pleasure of our readers by giving an analysis of F. Thebaud's book, as we prefer that they should read it for themselves. We merely call attention to one or more chapters in which the author most graphically and skilfully sketches the causes that led to the memorable fraud of Black Friday—a fraud in which it is said (and we have no hesitation in believing it) that some of the highest officials of the Washington government were partakers and gainers.

FAITH AND RATIONALISM, with Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics.
By *George P. Fisher, D.D.*, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 743 and 745 Broadway. 1879.

The author of this neatly bound and clearly printed volume informs us in his short preface that it originated in an address which he had been invited to deliver at Princeton Theological School, and that the theme proving attractive to him he was led to add several short Supplementary Essays under the following titles: 1. The Teaching of Theology on the Moral Basis of Faith. 2. The Doctrine of Nescience respecting God. 3. The Doctrine of Evolution in its Relation to the Argument of Design. 4. The Reasonableness of the Christian Doctrine of Prayer. 5. Jesus was not a Religious Enthusiast. 6. The Moral and Spiritual Elements of the Atonement. 7. The Unity of Belief among Christians. These he cast into an appendix which takes up somewhat more room than is devoted to the main subject. At the present time almost any plea for supernatural faith is calculated to win attention from all who feel the necessity of opposing some barrier to the growing Agnosticism and Atheism of the day. We hardly think, however, that Dr. Fisher's book will do much towards strengthening that barrier. Its best argu-

ments have been far more ably presented time and again, when the Rationalistic tendency was less prevalent and less deeply seated than now. While it contains many things of undoubted merit, among which the Supplementary Essays on the Doctrine of Evolution and Prayer may be particularly specified, yet as we lay down the book our feeling is certainly not one of satisfaction; and this, it seems to us, arises in part from its eclectic character. We feel as we read that notwithstanding the eminent authorities cited, did the author deal less in quotation and more in original composition, we would be able to obtain a clearer insight into his meaning. Our misgivings moreover are awakened by a passage that meets us on the opening page of his address. He there tells us that he can "claim to represent no party or school in theology, but feels himself drawn with an increasing conviction to the Catholic truth, which has been the life of Christian piety in all ages of the Church." This, we must confess, strikes us as somewhat vague. It looks like saying that he is an advocate of what is now usually termed "Common Christianity," a creed, the articles of which it is perhaps impossible to define. Our doubts as to the ability of the author to uphold the claims of faith on the ground of "Common Christianity" grow as we read; or rather we cease to have any doubts in this respect at all. It is idle to attempt to combat Rationalism successfully from the position Dr. Fisher has chosen. The liberty to accept or reject whatever does not seem "essential religious truth" is in itself a species of Rationalism. The disintegration of Protestantism, and the lapse of so many of those who once professed it into the abyss of total unbelief, is in the main to be attributed to this principle. If faith is to "overcome the world," it will not be a faith that is fragmentary, even though the fragment seem to embrace all that is "fundamental" in the Gospel. It must be a sincere and unqualified assent to all that is proposed for belief by the one authoritative and infallible Judge and Teacher.

CATHOLICITY IN THE CAROLINAS AND GEORGIA, LEAVES OF ITS HISTORY. By Rev. Dr. I. I. O'Connell, O. S. B., A.D. 1820-A.D. 1878. New York: D. & I. Sadlier & Co. 8vo., pp. 647.

The author describes in this volume the growth of Catholicity from humble beginnings in the two Carolinas and Georgia, the labors of its missionaries, the trials and difficulties that surrounded the planting and maturing of the grain of mustard-seed, and much more besides, of which he was an eye-witness, and of which he can say, *quorum pars magna fui*. He gives becoming praise to the heroic exertions and eminent genius of Bishop England, whose life was spent in this arduous field of labor, and to whom it is chiefly due that our Religion obtained a foothold and made some progress in those States. Whatever is, is for the best, and no man should dare to investigate God's counsels. But one is often tempted to speculate, what might have been the difference, had the illustrious bishop been assigned to some great northern centre of Catholic population, where external advantages of every kind would have seconded his unrivalled eloquence and matchless powers of controversy. Nor has the reverend author forgotten those others who labored with and under Bishop England, though in a more limited sphere. Each has his record and in many cases with exuberance of detail.

This is no ordinary book, nor is it a mere historical summary of Religion and its progress in those three States. It is like those old mediæval books, written in the solitude of the cloister by some venerable monk,

intended to be a full and faithful transcript of the writer's mind, embodying the reminiscences of youth and the wise reflections matured by age and repose in the shades of the monastery. Hence we have fact, incident, and anecdote intermingled with considerations on all the great religious, moral, social, and even political questions of the day. His judgments on men and events may not please all. But no reader can deny that they are honestly formed and uttered with candor. Some things perhaps might have received more prominence, while others might have been safely left to oblivion. Of the writer's diligence and accuracy in all important matters, there can be no doubt; and the best proof of it is, that whenever we have found any trace of inexactness, it was only in details, and these few in number and trifling in character. The care and pains with which he has gathered so much material, cannot be sufficiently commended. It must have cost him years of toil and trouble. But then it was with him a labor of love. In this work he has erected a monument to his own memory. From it the future historian will glean much that is valuable. And even in our day, while the remembrance of these events is still fresh in the minds of many, its perusal will instruct and delight a large circle of readers.

MODERN CHROMATICS. By *Ogden N. Rood*. International Science Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

Few subjects, in the whole range of physical science, present more difficulties in the way of their complete explanation than the familiar phenomena of color. We do not think that these difficulties have been entirely overcome in the volume before us, though something has doubtless been done toward their final removal. With regard to our perception of color, the author adheres throughout to the theory of Young, as developed by Helmholtz and Maxwell. Indeed, this physiological side of the question, together with its relations to art, occupy the work to the partial exclusion of the physical causes of the phenomena. The chapter on color-blindness, the series of experiments on mixtures by means of Maxwell's admirably simple and effective color-disks, and the treatment of the subject of contrast, are, we think, deserving of great praise. To artists the work will be invaluable; to teachers it will also, without doubt, prove useful. It must, however, remain a matter of regret that Professor Rood did not think it within the scope of his work to dwell more at length on the fundamental Physics of his question, and particularly to attempt some simple explanation of the colors produced by Interference, Polarization, and Opalescence. Though he devotes two short chapters to the description of these colors, he gives only the shadow of an explanation of their production. This omission necessarily makes the book somewhat technical in character, and will render it, we fear, for the general reader, of but slender interest and comparatively meagre utility.

The author says: "Light is something which comes from the luminous body to us; in the act of vision we are essentially passive, and not engaged in shooting out toward the object long, delicate feelers, *as was supposed by the ancients*." In this he very probably follows Mr. Tyndall, and as the error seems to be becoming popular, it is necessary that it should be corrected. The Aristotelian Philosophy certainly comprised a large and powerful school among the ancients, and it was the teaching of this school that light is not a body nor a substance of any kind, but an accident transmitted by the luminous body to our eyes by

means of an intervening medium. To this teaching modern science, after some wandering, has been forced to return, and it would be well if it were to admit, more frequently than it does, that Wisdom was not born with it.

THE JESUITS: THEIR FOUNDATION AND HISTORY. By *B. N.* London: Burns & Oates. 1879.

This is a most valuable and interesting work.

The members of the Society of Jesus have fulfilled literally our Saviour's prediction: "Ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake." They have borne in silence most injurious accusations, until even from the ranks of their enemies defenders rose up in their vindication, and proved the malice and falsehood of those accusations. The more closely their history is studied, the more plainly appears the wonderful Providence of God in the establishment of this Society, in the persecutions which He permits continually to come upon it, and the manner in which, in spite of jealousy, and hatred, and opposition on every side, it achieves under His protection and aid beneficent results, and renders invaluable services to both science and religion.

The work before us took its rise in an idea of the author to translate Cr  tineau Joly's *Histoire de la Compagnie de J  sus* into English. On further consideration, however, he resolved to use the work just named only as a source from which materials might be drawn, and with the assistance of other modern works to "condense a history of the Order into a popular form." A popular history is what the author had specially in view, and in this he has succeeded admirably; for, while care and research have evidently not been spared to make it accurate and reliable, yet everything unnecessary to a clear understanding of the facts and events related is rigidly excluded. The style is simple and clear, and the narrative direct and consecutive.

Commencing with an account of St. Ignatius and his companions, and of the foundation of the Society, its history is traced in Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, Germany, Russia, England, America, the East Indies, China, Japan, Africa, up to the year 1870. It is a work of immense research, and no small amount of labor and of skill must have been expended on it to give as compact and concise, and yet as clear and complete, an account of the labors, trials, and achievements of the Society of Jesus as this valuable work presents.

THE SPIRIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF SALES. Translated from the French of the Bishop of Belley. By *Rev. Joseph M. Finotti.* New Edition. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1879.

The writings of St. Francis de Sales are all useful and edifying. They cannot be too widely circulated or too carefully perused. They are suitable for persons of the most widely different dispositions and in every condition of life. They are peculiarly suitable, too, for the present times, for they are well calculated to correct their prevailing evils, which, though differing somewhat in outward form from those which St. Francis de Sales so successfully combated, yet are, essentially, the same.

This volume is not a work of St. Francis; it was composed by the Right Rev. John Peter Camus, an humble and able, most zealous and devout French bishop; yet it is transfused throughout by the spirit of St. Francis, at whose hands the author received consecration to the office

of bishop, and whom he always looked up to as his master and teacher, and made his model for imitation.

The work before us consists of a succession of brief statements of what St. Francis did or said on an almost infinite number and variety of subjects. They are not didactic in form, but often anecdotes and narratives told in a simple and very interesting way, forming a complete picture of the Saint and of his inner life, his practical methods of combating different evils, his humility, sincerity, penetrating insight into character, sweetness of temper, his zeal and charity. At the same time almost every subject connected with Christian duty, even in what might seem to some trivial details, and almost every form of temptation that assails Christians, is touched upon and explained in a very familiar and simple and attractive manner.

LESSONS IN PRACTICAL SCIENCE; OR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE REGARDING THINGS IN DAILY USE. Prepared expressly for Schools and Academies. By the Author of "The Neptune Outward Bound," "The Neptune Afloat," etc. New York: P. O'Shea, Agent. 1879.

This is a very useful work, mainly designed for the class-room, yet at the same time well fitted for home reading in the family circle. It embraces a large number of subjects, such as glass and Etruscan ware, paper, printing, cotton, its growth and manufacture, calico printing, woollen manufactures, carpets, shoddy, silk, india-rubber, gutta-percha, clocks and watches, plated ware, cutlery, metallic and paper money, telegraphy, the telephone, the phonograph, sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate and cocoa, coal and useful subjects obtained from it, gas, etc.

These subjects are all treated of systematically, yet in a familiar and entertaining way. Their history, progress, and present methods of making and employing them are explained, and a large amount of useful and important information is imparted.

The matter is thrown into the form of question and answer, and the questions and answers are so well arranged and expressed, that the dryness of a mere textbook is avoided, and the reader's interest well maintained.

We cordially commend the work as a welcome addition to books suited for the home circle as well as for the school-room.

THE ART OF READING. By *Ernest Legouve*, of the French Academy. Translated and illustrated with copious Notes, mainly Biographical. By *Edward Roth*. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1879. 8vo., pp. 372.

Many a book is injured by translation from one language into another, and it is counted high praise to say that a translator has succeeded to some degree in rendering the spirit as well as the letter of his original. Mr. Roth was already favorably known as a translator; in this volume he has surpassed himself. He has given us in an English dress all the gayety, lively humor, and sprightliness of M. Legouve. In fact he has improved on the book; for in its translated form it is far more valuable to American scholars than if they possessed the original and could read it fluently. This is owing to Mr. Roth's copious notes, in which excellent biographical accounts are given of all the celebrities of French literature mentioned in M. Legouve's book. As a rule these accounts are models of both critical judgment and comprehensive brevity, and fur-

nish an amount of information that could be found elsewhere with difficulty.

M. Legouve's treatise is by no means merely dry and didactic, as a reader might conjecture from the title; it gives not only more pleasantly but perhaps more effectively all that could be learned on this difficult and important subject from a manual compiled in the usual way for schools or students. We hope that this valuable little book will find many readers amongst our young student class, and even amongst the teaching body, of which Mr. Roth has long been a member and a model, guiding both the young and their teachers not only by word but likewise by example.

A GENTLE REMONSTRANCE. A Letter addressed to the Rev. S. C. Ewer, S.T.D., on the subject of Ritualism, being a Review of Dr. Ewer's recent Lectures at Newark (N. J.). By the Rev. Aloysius Joshua Dodgson Bradley, B.A., Pemb. College, Oxford, Missionary Coadjutor at the Pro-Cathedral of Liverpool, formerly Rector of the P. E. (Prot. Episcopal) Chapel of St. Sacrament, New York City. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet. 1879. 12mo., pp. 269.

An admirable little treatise, and one that shows in a very commendable way the controversial skill and keen humor of our old friend, Rev. Mr. Bradley. Knowing all about Ritualism from past experience, he shows up its manifold follies and contradictions. While his argument is able to convince, his style is good-natured to rebuke, without unnecessarily wounding his former conferees. This little work will be read with pleasure and profit by Catholics, but will not be pleasant reading for Dr. Ewer, who holds the singular and most unheard of and anomalous position of a Protestant minister, living by his Protestant pulpit, and yet hating and denouncing Protestantism as the bane of religion and the root of all evil.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE SENSES. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother.

This little work is one of a series entitled "Manuals for Teachers," prepared at the request of the Literature Committee of the National Education Society of England, by distinguished teachers. After revision designed to adapt them to the special wants of American teachers, they have been republished in this country. The subjects discussed are "The senses," "How the Child Gets his First Ideas," "How the Child Perceives," "How the Child Forms Conceptions," "How We shall Cultivate the Child's Senses," "Object Lessons," "Lessons on Color and Form," "Subjects of School Instruction."

Without expressing an opinion as to the correctness of some of the principles laid down in this work, particularly as regards the origin of ideas, we commend it to teachers, particularly of very young children, as containing many practical valuable suggestions.

MEMORIE DOCUMENTALE PER LA STORIA DELLA RIVOLUZIONE ITALIANA, RACCOLTE DA PAOLO MENCACCI, ROMANO. Vol. I: Parte I. Roma: Tipografia di Mario Armanni. 1879.

This is the first number of a series of historical documents, bearing on the horrible Revolution that after a preparation of thirty years and more has burst upon the Italian peninsula in our day, destroying the Pope's temporal sovereignty and doing its best to legislate Catholic populations into unbelief. As far as we have looked over the first number it seems very interesting, and we can safely commend it to our Catholic readers, especially since we have heard that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has approved of the publication. It appears in

monthly numbers, and will be completed in six volumes. The price per year is sixteen francs, and the address is, "Office of the Divin Salvatore, via dei Fornari 214, Roma."

LONG LIFE AND HOW TO REACH IT. By *Joseph G. Richardson, M.D.*, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, Membre Associé Etranger de la Société Française de Hygiène. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1879.

This is one of a series of little books, entitled American Health Primers. Its scope is more comprehensive than some, perhaps, would expect from its title. It treats of the "Causes of Disease, and How to Avoid Them," "Heat and Cold as Causes of Disease," "Contagion, and How to Escape It," "Clothing, and How to Wear It," "Pure Air, and How to Breathe It," "Pure Water, and How to Obtain It," "Baths, and How to Take Them," "The House, and How to Build it, and Live In It," "Food, and How to Digest It," "Impurities of Food and Drink," "Exercise, and How to Take It," "Sleep, and How to Secure It," "Mental Power, and How to Retain It," "Parasitic Enemies," "Old Age and How to Meet It."

JESU CRISTO se non è Vero Dio, Vero Homo, diventa il pessimo fra gli empj, inevitabile l'Ateismo, discioglimento della società. Per Monsignor C. Demenico Cerri di Macello. Torino: Tip. e Lit. Camilla e Bertolero. 1879. 8vo., pp. 102.

We have no space now to notice this book, with its revolting, incoherent title, and its often rash, sometimes suspicious assertions. We are not yet decided whether the work be the result of indiscreet, incompetent zeal, or whether we ought to recall our Saviour's words, *ecce manus tradentis me mecum est in mensa* (Luc. xxii. 21).

LA NOUVELLE ATALA: Ou la Fille de l'Esprit. Legende Indienne, par Chata-Ima (De la Louisiane). Nouvelle Orleans: Imprimerie du Propagateur Catholique. 1879, pp. 148.

We regret that the late hour at which this book of Rev. Mr. Roquette has come to hand prevents us from doing more at present than simply acknowledge its receipt.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BIBLE REVISION. By *Members of the American Revision Committee*. Philadelphia: Am. Sund. School Union. 1879. 8vo., pp. 192.

We shall probably have the opportunity, as we have the intention, of saying something of this book in our next number.

THE SOLEMN BLESSING AND OPENING OF THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. PATRICK, New York, on the Feast of St. Gregory VII, Pope and Confessor, May 28th, 1879: containing a full description of the Cathedral, etc. New York: Cath. Publication Society. 1879. 8vo., pp. 69.

GNAD und FREIHEIT: GEWISSEN und GESETZ. Ein Wort zur Lösung zwei interessanter, viel besprochener Fragen. Von *Dr. Aug. Rohling*, Professor der Theologie an der K. K. Carl-Ferdinands-Universität zu Prag. Prag, 1870.

EPIPHANIES OF THE RISEN LORD. By *George Dana Boardman*, author of "Studies in the Creative Week." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879. 8vo., pp. 289.

ESSAYS FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Edited by *Allen Thorndike Rice*. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1879. 8vo., pp. 482.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WIZARD CLIP (Smithfield, W. Va.). A Monograph. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1879.

